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THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL

THE FALLEN

THE

UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA WHO FELL IN THE CONFEDERATE WAR

FIVE VOLUMES IN ONE

BY

REV JOHN LIPSCOMB JOHNSON B A

BALTIMORE
TURNBULL BROTHERS.
1871

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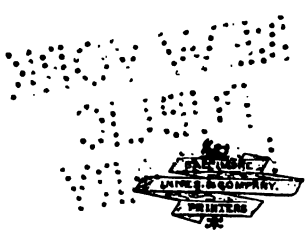

TO MY ALMA MATER,

THIS WORK,

COMMEMORATIVE OF HER FALLEN SONS,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

No apology, it is believed, will be required for the publication of THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL. The people for whose eye it is intended do not believe that the sword is the arbiter of right, nor have they ceased to cherish the principles which they made so gigantic an effort to maintain. They are not ashamed of their kinsmen who fell in the great Confederate struggle, and who, sleeping now by mountain and river, in forest and field, in glen and dale, have bequeathed to them as a proud heritage the glory which their heroism achieved. Though poor and oppressed, the Southern people still have — if only this — a wealth of affection to lavish upon their dead: too poor to raise but here and there the costly marble shaft, they are yet rich in the highest and holiest offerings of the heart. They give honor themselves: they would that all might give it. When in the soft days of spring they go, men, matrons, maidens and trooping children, with garlands for their graves, they greet with hearty God-speed him who can bring but a single blossom: even thus will they welcome this offering to their memory — this wreath of cypress and laurel and oak, fashioned by many hands for the brow of the grand Old Mother that sits mourning for her martyred children.

Some words of explanation, however, may not be out of place here. The preparation of this work was suggested to me during the recent war, by the death, in rapid succession, of so many young men whose friendship I had enjoyed when a student at college;

but the pressure of professional duties gave me no opportunity to undertake it until about two years ago, when, with the prospect of a season of comparative leisure, and encouraged by some of the warmest friends of the University, I began to collect the necessary facts, with the view to binding together the names of all the Alumni of that institution who fell in defence of the South. Even then I was painfully aware that the task I assumed was a difficult and delicate one: the material was to be gathered from every quarter of what was once the Confederacy, and I felt that when this was collected, I should, in digesting and arranging it, be handling as it were the very ashes of the dead, and meddling with memories so sacred that not to touch them reverently and lovingly would be to profane them. Far beyond my expectation it has proved difficult and laborious; and, but for the encouragement and cordial coöperation of those to whom the work especially appealed for sympathy, it might have been abandoned. For two years all the leisure consistent with the proper discharge of other obligations has been industriously devoted to it; and, after all, the catalogue of names, though grown to more than twice the anticipated length, is probably incomplete.

No improper feeling will be attributed to me for limiting my work to a single class of men. I could prepare but one chapter for the great record-book of the Southern dead, and it was natural enough that I should turn to those to whom I was most closely bound by the bright memories of my youth. Other classes were not less distinguished for gallantry, not less devoted to duty; and if for the alumni of every institution of learning in the South some should be found to undertake what I have attempted for those of the University, they will receive warmer encouragement from none than from myself. Indeed, in this event they would find that in doing my own work I have incidentally and in part performed theirs too; for many of the University men were alumni of other institutions as well.

In the preparation of memoirs, my highest aim has been to secure fidelity in the life-record, and accuracy in the delineation

of character. To this end I have sought the aid, whenever it was possible, of those who were able not merely to state the bare, skeleton facts of a life, but, from intimate personal acquaintance, to give those delicate touches and subtle shades of character which make the man to stand out instinct with personality. How fortunate I have been in securing such aid will be seen by a glance at the *Index*, which is studded with the names of those who responded to my appeals. To all these I record here my grateful acknowledgment for their graceful contributions. Their articles, not less than their names, are a warrant that the MEMORIAL will not fail to meet approval. Some memoirs I have marked *anonymous* either because the writers wish it so, or because they are not distinctly enough the product of any one pen to justify other credit.

It will be noticed that the articles vary much in length, and some may be disposed to censure me on this account. To these it will be needful only to state that it was never intended to measure merit by the amount of matter in a memoir. As was anticipated from the beginning, there was in some cases a lack of material, in others an abundance; and to this fact the inequality of length is due. In some instances the want of material is to be traced to those who alone were able to furnish it; in others, life had been too short to give more than the promise of excellence, or to justify more than a brief notice. "*Causa difficilis laudare puerum; non enim res laudanda, sed spes est.*"

Some attention has been given to the subject of genealogy, under the belief that this feature of the book would be valued by those who do not sympathize with the convulsions of society consequent upon the disastrous termination of the war. In this connection, Bishop Meade's *Old Churches and Families of Virginia* has been of invaluable service. In the frequent use that has been made of this work, the proper credit may not always have been given.

In the matter of arrangement, it seemed to me to be desirable to follow out a plan by which, while each article should be of special interest to some family, the whole series might be a contribution to history. Accordingly, the memoirs appear in their

chronological order, so as to present the great events of the war in their proper succession. Of course these leading events are referred to in more than a single article; but the reference being in most cases to different companies, regiments, or brigades, moving simultaneously to battle, the record of the Southern forces is thus made only the more minute. And it may be added that the statements here made of military movements are based not simply upon the histories that have appeared, but in the main upon the authority of those who took part in the actions described. This is particularly true of the minor features of great battles — a fact which may not be without interest to the future historian.

The work thus perpared and arranged, contains the names of nearly two hundred Alumni of the University of Virginia; among them representatives of every Southern State, every religious denomination, every arm of the military service, and every grade short of Major-General. No invidious distinction is made among these, for they were brethren; and whether they perished on the gallows, in prison, in the hospital, or in the fierce conflict of arms, they deserve alike to be remembered. The list comprises not a few of those who achieved the highest honors of their Alma Mater; twelve Masters of Arts, two Bachelors of Arts, nine Bachelors of Law, and two Doctors of Medicine are found in it; while the Literary Societies are represented by six Valedictory Orators, four Readers, thirteen Presidents, and five Magazine Editors.

With these notes of explanation I conclude my task. If the MEMORIAL receive but a tithe of public favor as compared with the labor it has cost, I shall be more than gratified. If any object that it abounds in eulogy, I reply that the words of strong affection or glowing admiration, found here and there, are feeble when contrasted with the praise in the simple statements of the great deeds of these men. If Cicero, and Pericles, and Robert Hall could count the dead a worthy theme for their princely eloquence; if Collins, Thomson, Dryden, Cowley, Wordsworth, Johnson, and Tennyson could sing in elegiac strains to the memory of

broken friendships: surely we, without fearful heart or faltering hand, may write a word, even of praise, for our kinsmen who, though they died so soon, laid not down their lives before they had made them sublime. History will yet inquire for them, and the fulness of time will accord them honors which the present denies. They were men of whom friends and foes will, ultimately, alike be proud. Already in a distant land the prophecy has gone forth that their great chieftain, the beloved Lee, will hold a place in the heart of the entire American people; and what ever light shall gather about his name, will radiate theirs also. For them, as for him, may the prophecy be recorded here: "Not yet," said *The London Weekly Dispatch*, in speaking of General Lee, immediately after his death,—"not yet, perhaps, will the bitter feelings of the war have sufficiently passed away to enable his countrymen of Pennsylvania, of Massachusetts, to appreciate him at his true worth; but the day will come when the men of the trans-Atlantic Republic will recall his name with as much pride as we do those of Hampden and of Falkland, without inquiring whether they fought for King or for Parliament. Even now it will soften the memory of his fame if they recall that in declaring against the Federal Government after having held a commission in its army he only followed the example of George Washington, the friend and fellow-soldier of his grandfather, who in the same way disowned his allegiance to King George when he believed that his duty to his native land required the sacrifice."

J. L. JOHNSON.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., February 3d, 1871.

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THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL

THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL.

CONRAD BROTHERS.

HOLMES A. CONRAD, Sergeant, and H. TUCKER CONRAD, Private,
"Border Guards," 2d Virginia Infantry.

The 21st day of July, 1861, closed upon a scene of mingled joy and sadness for the South. The first wave of invasion had vainly spent itself against the rock of Southern valor and endurance. The defiant host, which, on the morning of that eventful day, had advanced with its proud battle-cry of "On to Richmond!", were at sunset seeking safety in a hasty and disorderly retreat to the Potomac. The dead and dying left uncared for where they fell, the abandoned guns and colors, all showed the haste of the foe to leave the fatal field; while the garments and accoutrements, strewing for miles the road in rear of the scene of action, might well remind one of the flight of the Syrians from Samaria.

Yet the victory had been bought with blood. The same trains which conveyed the joyful tidings that a great battle had been fought and won by Southern arms, were freighted with the lifeless bodies of many gallant soldiers, who had fought their first and last battle at Manassas. Many a fond sister was called to weep beside the grave of him who had given his life a ransom for her happiness

and honor. Many a devoted parent grieved for him who would have been the stay and comfort of his declining years. Many a household, like those of plague-stricken Egypt, mourned its first-born.

Yet the scourge of war had dealt no heavier blow than the stroke whereby, at one and the same instant, the CONRAD brothers fell. They were the only sons of Mr. David H. Conrad, for many years a prominent lawyer and warm supporter of the Church in Martinsburg, and himself the son of Dr. Daniel Conrad, of Winchester. Their mother was the eldest daughter of Judge Dabney Carr, of the Court of Appeals. Under her admirable influence, and under the constant control of their estimable father, they spent their earliest years. To these first associations are doubtless due to a great extent the many lovely traits which even slight acquaintances could see in them. So were they united in their tastes, their feelings, their sympathies, their deaths, that it is well-nigh impossible to dissociate them even in a sketch of their respective lives.

Of these two brothers, the elder, HOLMES ADDISON CONRAD, was born in Martinsburg, on the 30th of September, 1837, and lived to be about twenty-three years and ten months old. HENRY TUCKER CONRAD was born December 17th, 1839. Seven months and four days after he had reached the age of manhood, at the same instant with his brother, he passed from the vanity of earthly youth to "the bloom of a youth which knows no decay."

It may be best to pursue in common their histories to the point where for a brief space they diverged. They, four sisters and their parents, composed a family where "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety," were established; where the graces of religion added all their charms to dispositions which nature had already rendered lovely. Here was verified the Psalmist's statement that "it is a good thing for brethren to dwell together in unity." Here genuine unselfishness and Christian love united with a golden cord the family circle, and added a heavenly sweetness to the purest earthly joys. If it be not sacrilege thus to approach the spot where earth's purest treasures are enshrined, and to lift the veil which hides from the public gaze the hallowed pleasure of domestic love, it may be truly said that he who was privileged to enter even for a few days this bright and happy home, must have felt that it was good to be there,—that

the parent of sons raised amid such associations might, when death removed them, well exclaim with the aged patriarch, "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved. If ye take these from me, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Still surrounded by the priceless influences of a Christian home, they passed their first school-days under the tuition of Mr. John W. Page, then principal of the Martinsburg Academy. When Mr. Page resigned this post, they followed him to Maryland, and for a year continued under his charge in the family of Dr. West, near Frederick City. At the close of their twelve months' residence here, they were sent to the Winchester Academy, where HOLMES completed his school-boy career. At the conclusion of this period they separated, only to enjoy at intervals each other's company in the home both loved so well, until May, 1861, when they met to spend together the last few weeks of life, and in each other's arms to receive the cold embrace of death.

From the Winchester Academy HOLMES went to the University of Virginia, where he spent two years, graduating, or taking distinctions, in four classes. After the completion of his college course he entered upon the duties of manhood as principal of the Martinsburg Academy. Here, at the early age of twenty, he had secured the most flourishing school that the institution had ever held. Having no assistant, he confined himself to about thirty pupils, being thus forced to decline about half the number of applicants. So great were his faithfulness and success at this most arduous post for such a youth, that his resignation, after an incumbency of two years, was matter of deep regret alike to the Board of Trustees and to the other patrons of the school. At his departure from Martinsburg the whole community felt the loss of an accomplished teacher, a useful citizen, and a bright ornament to the society in which he moved. His next place of residence was near "The Plains," in Fauquier County. Ere he left this home in the spring of 1861 to join the Confederate army, he had gained for himself the place of a beloved son in the family which he had entered as a teacher. About the time of the secession of Virginia he left the pursuits of peace, and as a defender of his invaded State, enlisted in the "Border Guards" of Martinsburg. This company formed a portion of the 2d regiment of Virginia infantry; as a member of it HOLMES belonged to the "Stonewall" Brigade, and

was one of the number in whose blood itself and its commander were baptised with this imperishable name.

As regards his character, its softer and finer shades could not be portrayed but by one who had enjoyed intimate association with him, even as the artist can only after the closest study of the features reproduce the expression of his subject.

One who, in the capacity of a pastor, knew him well, writes of him:—"He was always the brightest and most genial of boys, a general favorite with everybody. As he advanced toward manhood, his cheerful and happy temperament brought sunshine into every company he frequented. Though for some years a very moral man and a great advocate of the Temperance cause, he made no profession of religion until the time of the Episcopal Convention held in Winchester in May, 1858. Although one blessed with such Christian training and the object of so many parental prayers, must often have been the subject of deep religious convictions, yet he did not resolve to devote his life to Jesus until the closing services of this Convention. There, having casually met his former pastor near the church door, and being by him most urgently exhorted to consider the subject of religion, he in a few hours sought a renewal of the conversation. The plan of salvation through Christ's atonement being then simply and plainly declared to him, 'he saw it in a moment, and there enjoyed a feeling of pardoning love.' From that time to the day of his death he was an active, earnest Christian disciple."

When HOLMES closed at Winchester his school-days, TUCKER was sent to the Episcopal High School of Virginia, then under the charge of the Rev. John P. McGuire. During his first session there, an event occurred which led numbers of the boys to turn their thoughts to the subject of their souls' salvation. TUCKER became the subject of vivid religious impressions, which, under the influence and guidance of God's Spirit, deepened into a thorough and unmistakable change of heart. A few days before his return home for the vacation, he, in company with about nineteen of his school-fellows, renewed before God and man "the solemn vow, promise and profession made for them in baptism." One other year he remained at the High School, taking an active part in the semi-weekly prayer-meetings which the boys had established among themselves. At this time it was his daily custom to retire at noon, along with a little company who had turned

their faces Zionward, to a private room, for communion with God and for devotional study of the Scriptures. Hence he might have said with the Psalmist, "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray; and He shall hear my voice." Thus, from the beginning of his Christian course, did he use all means within his power to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." After leaving the High School he spent two years at the University, faithfully laboring for his Divine Master in the Young Men's Christian Association, in the weekly prayer-meeting, in the Sunday-School, and in the Missionary meeting, or prayer-meeting in those parts of the College where none of the boarders were professors of religion. From the moment that he enlisted under Christ's banner, he had devoted himself soul and body to the service of the Saviour. In the choice of his occupation in life the language of his heart was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He rejoiced, therefore, when, after many earnest prayers, the leadings of Providence plainly drew him to the Christian ministry, and he felt "himself inwardly moved of the Holy Ghost" to become an ambassador for Christ. Accordingly, he entered the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Virginia, as a candidate for orders. Here he remained for two or three years, and, had not the session of the Seminary been interrupted by the menaces of the Federal troops, he would have been ordained Deacon at the July commencement.

Upon the suspension of the exercises of this institution, TUCKER returned to Martinsburg. After a few days spent at home, while Gen. Patterson, of the Federal army, held his headquarters in the town, TUCKER passed through the enemy's lines and joined his brother in the Confederate army under General Johnston, then in front of, or near Winchester.

Before passing to the last events of his brief career, his character and disposition claim attention. These are more easily admired than described or imitated. He was a generous, warm-hearted, noble Christian man. Naturally bright, buoyant, and cheerful, he loved to impart to others the happiness he felt. As a Christian, he was a "living epistle known and read of all men." Few shadows ever obscured the sunlight in his path to Heaven, and the example of his life declared to those who saw it, the great gain of godliness. Ever walking in and reflecting the light of his Master's countenance in his daily conversation, he pre-eminently exemplified "the *beauty of holiness*."

No more faithful delineation of his character can be drawn than is furnished by the words of one who, as a Professor at the Seminary, marked well his diligence in those studies whereby, under God's blessing, he might have made others wise unto salvation. "I could not help being struck," he writes, "with his amiable character, which had been so sanctified by Divine grace as to render him a disciple who not only loved Jesus, but whom Jesus loved. I need scarcely say how conscientious he was in his attendance upon his class duties, and how interested in his studies of the original Scriptures, into which it was my privilege to guide him a little way. He was unusually interested in works of charity to the poor and sick and suffering in the neighborhood. His piety was of an active kind. Like his Divine Master, in whose steps he humbly trod, he went about doing good. There is, near Alexandria, an almshouse which contains a motley collection of the poor and sick and lame and blind. Thither he regularly went on Sunday afternoons, and his sweet voice was heard in exhorting them to a better and heavenly life, and in singing the sweet songs of Zion. Our great hopes of his future career of usefulness were disappointed when he fell with his brother. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' Like John the Baptist, of whose short ministry of eighteen months it is said in Scripture that he fulfilled his course, so our dear brother reached sooner than the rest of us the goal, and entered upon the joy of his Lord."

There remains only the sad task of narrating the closing scene of these bright young lives. A few days after TUCKER joined his brother in the army, General Johnston hastened to reinforce General Beauregard at Manassas. On the day of the battle, the regiment to which the CONRADS belonged lay from 10 o'clock A. M. to 2 or 3 o'clock P. M. under a heavy fire of shot and shell. Being then ordered to advance, they obeyed, and a flank movement being made by a body of Federal troops, the regiment was commanded to fall back. HOLMES, who, as Sergeant, was at the right of his company, and his cousin, Peyton R. Harrison, the Lieutenant, declared they would not retreat. TUCKER was on the left, and a ravine separated the brothers. HOLMES called out, "Come over here by me, Tuck; we will not fall back." TUCKER, though not seen on account of the ravine through which he was moving to join his brother, was heard to say, "Come, boys, rally,

rally, we'll not fall back." When next seen they were lying together, their faces touching, their arms around each other's necks, and both dead. One of their comrades said that HOLMES was shot first through the heart, and TUCKER reached forward to catch him, and in the act was shot through the body with a piece of shell. Thus they fell, and thus they lay for hours, HOLMES still retaining his smile and color. When the storm of battle ceased, friendly hands restored their last mortal remains to the home which they had died to defend. On the 23d of July they were buried at midnight, like one of England's famous soldiers. To them may well be applied the lines written soon after their death by a lady of Virginia :—

"Eyes dim with tears and sorrow,
And a changed home waits in vain
The old familiar footstep,
Which can ne'er return again;
And Virginia's lovely Valley,
Once a sea of waving grain,
Lies unbroken by the furrow,
Save those where sleep her slain."

Perhaps this imperfect sketch can have no better conclusion than an extract from a letter of that gallant soldier, Captain John L. Massie, who gave his life to the same cause for which the CONRAD brothers fell. Describing his visit to the cemetery at Martinsburg, he says :—"The graves of the CONRADS are both together, and both are covered by one large limestone slab, with the upper surface polished, on which is inscribed this epitaph :—

HOLMES ADDISON CONRAD HENRY TUCKER CONRAD
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS,
Lie buried here, side by side, as they fell in battle,
JULY 21st, 1861.

Brothers in blood, in faith;
Brothers in youthful bloom;
Brothers in life, brothers in death,
Brothers in one same tomb.
Well fought they "the good fight;"
In death their victory won;
Sprung at one bound to Heaven's light,
And God's eternal Son.

EDMUND FONTAINE, JR.,

Sergeant-Major, 4th Virginia Cavalry.

On Sunday, July 21st, 1861, President Davis telegraphed from Manassas to Richmond that we had won "a brilliant but dearly bought victory." But few who read the brief announcement realised how "dearly bought" it was, until in the list of casualties they saw the names of their own relatives or personal friends. Such at least was the experience of EDMUND FONTAINE'S family, when the news of his death, following so quickly that of the victory, reached them on Monday the 22d.

He was the son of Colonel Edmund Fontaine—for many years President of the Virginia Central Railroad—and was born in Hanover County, February 3, 1838. In his fourteenth year he removed to Richmond in order to complete, under Colonel George S. Patton, his preparation for the University of Virginia. He entered that Institution in October, 1855, and spent two sessions in the academic classes, graduating in Chemistry, Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy. Returning then to Hanover, he took possession of his farm, and was quietly engaged in agricultural pursuits when the war summoned him to another service.

In the Spring of 1861 he volunteered in the Hanover Troop; but when that company was assigned to the 4th Virginia regiment of cavalry, EDMUND was made Sergeant-Major. This regiment was engaged on the frontier previous to the battle of Bull Run, and in the retreat of the Confederate forces from Fairfax Court-House the Hanover Troop held the post of honor, bringing up the rear. In the interval between the engagement of the 18th of July and that of the 21st it was constantly occupied. But it was on the latter day, when the enemy beaten back so often, at last broke and began to retreat, that the grand opportunity of the cavalry occurred. We extract from a letter of the gallant Lieutenant of the Hanover Troop, William B. Newton, so much as refers to the conduct and fate of the Sergeant-Major. The letter was dated "Centreville, July 22, 1861," and says:—". . . Colonel Lay then rode up and told us that the time for us to act had arrived. Our whole body of cavalry, 2,700 strong, now rushed like the wind to the front. It was indeed a brilliant spec-

tacle, as with slackened rein and sabres drawn the whole command dashed past. The whole line resounded with continued cheering. The force was divided into different detachments. Colonel Radford, with six companies, was ordered to cross a short distance below the enemy's extreme right and intercept his column. Our company was in front, and I was riding in front of my platoon, when, after crossing the swamp, we came suddenly on a detachment of the enemy concealed in the bushes, with their pieces levelled. The Colonel ordered the charge, and the boys rushed on. Poor EDMUND FONTAINE was at my side when we rode over two of them, and they grounded their arms to E—— W——, who was just in our rear. We galloped on in pursuit of the rest, who retreated across a field, towards the road on which the enemy was retreating. FONTAINE was just behind me. Saunders, a fine young fellow, just twenty-four years of age, and splendidly mounted, dashed by us. The enemy had concealed themselves behind a fence; we rode up, and I demanded their surrender; they made no reply. I ordered Saunders to fire; before he levelled his carbine the whole squad poured in a volley. Saunders fell dead at my feet, and EDMUND FONTAINE reeled in his saddle, exclaiming, "Save me, boys; I am killed!" He was caught in the arms of his cousin, who was just in my rear."

FONTAINE'S place as Sergeant-Major was in the rear of the regiment, but his impetuous gallantry had brought him to the side of the Lieutenant who headed the charge. "The ball struck his sword-belt," says another writer, "and passed through him. He was supported from the battle-field by his cousin and another member of the Hanover Troop, both of whom he begged to leave him on the field and go back in pursuit of the enemy. Soon afterwards he fell into a deep sleep from exhaustion. When he awoke he was told he was dying. He was perfectly conscious to the last; sent his love to his family and friends. His dying message to his mother was, 'Tell mother I have always tried to do my duty.' To his father he sent word that he died heading a charge. He then prayed almost incessantly till he died, having survived his wounds for twelve hours."

The subjoined extract from an obituary notice of EDMUND FONTAINE, prepared by one who had been his friend at home, at school, and at college, forms a fitting conclusion of this sketch:—

"The writer, from an intimate acquaintance with the deceased

for the past eight years, is enabled to say with truth that no man had warmer or more devoted friends. And no man better deserved them. He possessed the characteristics of his Huguenot blood; he was warm in his affections, brave and generous in his impulses, firm in his friendships and convictions, and yet possessed that rarest of virtues, a willingness to acknowledge an error. To the world he strictly veiled his inner feelings; but few were admitted to his confidence, and it is by that chosen few that he was most beloved. A humorous faculty, especially for the mock-heroic, made him a choice companion. His head was not inferior to his heart. His University career was successful enough to show what more energy could have accomplished. In person he was small, but handsome, well-formed and active; and he possessed the usual manly accomplishments of our times. In short, he was the personification of that much-abused term — *the Old Virginia gentleman.*

"When he formed his political views, he became a warm States' Rights man, and was ready to defend his views with tongue or sword. In matters of religion he was reserved, and spoke but rarely of his views; but he had thought much on the subject, especially since the commencement of the war. When he went to Manassas, both he and many of his friends had a mysterious foreboding that he would never return alive, and this thought, kindled by the remembrance of his early religious education at his mother's knee, had great influence on his mind. He died, 'not as one without hope.'"

JAMES CAMP TURNER,

First Lieutenant, Huntsville Guards, 4th Alabama Infantry.

George Turner, a wealthy London merchant, emigrated to the United States about the year 1740, and settled in Prince William County, Virginia. John Turner, son of George Turner, was a Captain in the Revolutionary War. He married Elizabeth Burruss, and removed to Caroline County, Virginia. Daniel Burruss Turner, son of George Turner, and a native of Caroline County, emigrated to the South, and settled at Huntsville, Alabama,

in 1818. He was married to Susan Deaderick Searcy, daughter of Major Robert Searcy, of Nashville, Tennessee, one of General Jackson's aids in the Creek War, and for many years afterwards a Paymaster in the United States army. Major Searcy's mother was a descendant of the Henderson who settled with John Smith in 1607 at Jamestown, and his grandfather — a man of great learning — was a political exile from Wales.

JAMES CAMP TURNER, son of Daniel Burruss Turner, was born at Huntsville, Alabama, October 15, 1838. In his childhood he was remarkable for his gentleness of disposition, his filial devotion, and his deep religious sense. As he grew up, his graceful person, easy manners, fondness for study, and increasing reverence for the truths of religion, foretokened in the boy the high order of the man he was afterwards to become. At the age of twelve years, CAMP (as he was familiarly called at home and by his associates) was placed in a French school in a neighboring State. There he spent three years, and during that time made such proficiency in the French language as to speak it fluently. When fifteen he returned to Huntsville, and, entering a classical school, pursued his studies with great diligence till the summer of 1856. Here he acquired the well-merited distinction of being one of the best proficients in the school in Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Tasteful in the preparation of his exercises, thorough in his recitations, punctual in the discharge of his duties, always exemplary in his language and deportment, and of almost maidenly modesty, he was indeed a *model* student, and to his instructor it was a pleasing task to watch the development of his well-balanced and gifted mind. In 1855 he connected himself with the Methodist Church, and, as will be seen in the sequel, lived a pious and consistent Christian to the day of his death.

In October, 1856, he entered the University of Virginia as an academic student. He became a member of the Jefferson Society, and at the Anniversary celebration of that session read the Declaration of Independence. The next year he took the schools of Ancient Languages and Chemistry, and graduated in the latter. During this period his Christian character was unquestioned; he was prominent in the students' prayer-meeting, and punctual in his attendance upon the public religious services.

In June, 1858, the death of his mother — to whom his filial

devotion was unbounded — seemed to unfit him for study. H consequently withdrew from the University and returned home.

In the spring of 1859 he went abroad for the benefit of foreig travel, and visited many of the most interesting portions o Europe. His letters to his friends at home were so replete with matters of general interest, graphic descriptions of what he saw and felt, that, at the urgent request of many, they were given to the public. Their entertaining character is attested by the fact that they were copied into various newspapers in other States.

After an absence of eighteen months, he arrived at home when the whole country was violently agitated and fast drifting into civil war. In heart and soul a secessionist, he at once identified himself with the States' Rights party, in this differing from his father, who, being politically conservative, was an active supporter of Douglas for the Presidency. This difference of sentiment furnished occasion to the son to illustrate one beautiful trait in his character — his high reverence for his father, and his scrupulous respect for his feelings. CAMP was a zealous advocate of Breckenridge, but when the day of the election arrived, he decided, even at this great crisis in politics, to forego the first privilege he had ever had of voting for President, because of his unwillingness to cast his "maiden" vote in opposition to his father, remarking that *one vote would not be much loss to Breckenridge, but might wound his father's feelings a great deal.*

The fall of Sumpter fired him with military ardor, and he at once girded himself for the coming struggle. He aided in raising a company of infantry, and was elected 2d Lieutenant. Upon the organization of his regiment — the immortal 4th Alabama — his Captain, the gallant and lamented Egbert J. Jones, was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and he to that of 1st Lieutenant. The regiment, proceeding at once to Virginia, was stationed at Harper's Ferry, whence it was moved down to Manassas Junction the day before the first battle at that place.

There was no more gallant soldier on that bloody field than Lieutenant CAMP TURNER. But this was not his highest praise he was far more than a gallant soldier; he was brave enough to be a *Christian*, in deed and in truth, everywhere and always. *His* religion was not a loose garment to be thrown off at will; it seemed to be inseparable from his very nature, and surrounded even his soldier-life with a halo of beauty. At his request, on the

day before the company took leave of home, the minister of his Church appointed a special Communion service for the soldiers and their friends. That service was perhaps the most touching scene ever witnessed in Huntsville, and to many brave volunteers, who bowed at that altar, it was their last communion on earth with their dearest relatives and friends, who, with breaking hearts, commended them to the keeping of Him without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground. Whenever on the Sabbath there was religious service in camp, Lieutenant TURNER usually took it upon himself to arrange the rude pulpit for the Chaplain, and not only invariably attended the service himself, when possible, but induced many others to follow his example.

On the night of the arrival of the regiment on the battle-field, lights being forbidden, because of the close vicinity of the enemy, he read aloud, by the light of the moon, two chapters in the New Testament to the officers of his company. He then lay down to rest for the last time in life, observing as he was about to do so, "I think, from the signals, there will be hot work to-morrow." The heroism of the Fourth Alabama, illustrated in the fierce struggle on that "morrow," has been heralded to the world, and is now historic. In the thick of the fight, at about 11 o'clock, Lieutenant JAMES CAMP TURNER fell, pierced through the breast. "Tell my sister," said he, "I die happy on the battle-field, in defence of my country;" and with these words on his lips — his dying message to his idolized, only sister — his pure spirit ascended to God.

Such was the end of this truly estimable young man. The universal burst of grief with which the dispatch announcing his death was received in Huntsville, is yet remembered. Terrible indeed was the blow to his doting father and his devoted sister; and touching were the words of that venerable man, when, in the anguish of a broken heart, he exclaimed, "*He was the last of my name!*" Many letters of condolence were received. From his surviving comrades — from various parts of the country — even from Europe — they came to testify of his worth.

In December, 1861, his remains were brought home by his father, and deposited with military honors in the Huntsville cemetery. Since then the father has been laid to rest by "the last of his name," and parents and son sleep together now. One only lives — daughter, sister; and in her heart the dead still live, their memories fresh as the flowers and evergreens which, with mournful pleasure, she often strews about their graves.

J. E. McPHERSON WASHINGTON.

2d Lieutenant of Artillery, C. S. A., General Garnett's Staff.

The name of Colonel William A. Washington belongs to the history of the Revolutionary War. Like his great kinsman — the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" — he threw himself unreservedly into that struggle; and, from the day when, as Captain in the Continental Army, "he distinguished himself at Trenton," down to the close of the war, when he came forth from the British prison where he had been sent after being wounded and captured at Eutaw, his active service and brilliant career, chiefly as a cavalry officer, testify to his vigorous support of the principles for which the American people were contending. His fame as a soldier always honorable, is especially connected with the battle of Cowpens, January 17, 1781. It was the fierce cavalry charge led by Colonel Washington, at the very crisis of the battle, which routed the British and achieved the victory of that day. Pursuing the routed columns, he engaged their commander, Colonel Tarleton in a hand-to-hand encounter, and only missed capturing the officer by having his own horse shot under him. For such eminent service, Congress voted him a silver medal.

J. E. McPherson Washington was the great-grandson of the Revolutionary soldier above mentioned. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, October 15, 1836. His father was William Washington, his mother the youngest daughter of Colonel J. E. McPherson. For a number of years he was a pupil in the State Military School at Charleston; afterwards, for a short time, a cadet at West Point. In October, 1854, he became a student at the University of Virginia, where he spent three consecutive sessions.

He was a "light-hearted, laughter-loving" boy, with genial and sunny temperament, gathering friends as the child gathers flowers; all that he approached he made his own. In later years he was not different, except as the man differs from the boy. At the University, he was better known for his eminent good fellowship than for severe application to books. Many were unquestionably more ardent in the pursuit of college honors, but it may be

doubted whether any were more popular. His eloquent eyes, bright face, compact figure, erect, manly carriage and quick step, are well remembered to-day by many who have forgotten even the names of such as received the highest literary distinction. As a member of the Jefferson Society, he greatly preferred for the public celebrations the Marshal's bâton to the Orator's manuscript; and his Society frequently acknowledged his qualifications for the office to which he aspired, by electing him to perform its duties. The reader, who may have been a student at this time, will have no difficulty in recalling him, as he appeared on such occasions:—"The Jeff," under his manœuvring, is in line upon the Lawn. At the precise moment for entering the Public Hall, the shrill, clear order, "Forward — march!" is heard; the column moves forward with military step, through the Rotunda, and MACK WASHINGTON is in his glory — *writing in rose-color the prophecy of the bloody future.*

At the close of the session of '56-57, after receiving, amid the loud and prolonged cheerings of his fellow-students, a Certificate of Proficiency in Medical Jurisprudence, he returned to Charleston and betook himself to mercantile pursuits. But naturally enough to those who knew him, he was not content with such an occupation; he cared too little for money to make it the object of his life; the quiet duties of the counting-room were too tame; questions of loss and gain, so fascinating to many minds, interested him but little. And hence he was constantly looking about for some sphere of life congenial to his peculiar cast of mind. Such a field was soon to be opened to him; he recognized it at once, and with enthusiastic joy.

On the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina ratified the Ordinance of Secession, passed by a unanimous vote of her Convention, then in session in Charleston. On the 26th, Major Anderson, then in command of the fortifications of Charleston Harbor, in violation of the pledge of honor entered into by President Buchanan with the representatives of the State, and in disobedience of instructions from Mr. Floyd, then Secretary of War, dismantled Fort Moultrie, secretly evacuated it by night, and crossing the channel in boats, took possession of Fort Sumter, whose guns commanded the harbor on every side. This was regarded by Governor Pickens as an overt *act of war*, and on the following day he occupied Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney with State

troops. At the latter of these, young WASHINGTON — who had left his counting-room immediately after the secession of the State, and offered himself as a soldier for her service — was stationed as Adjutant of the Post. Thus he participated in the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

In the Spring of 1861, he was commissioned 2d Lieutenant of Artillery, C. S. A., and ordered to Virginia. Before leaving Castle Pinckney, however, he received from his comrades in arms the most touching assurance of their appreciation. At the last dress-parade, in which he took part, the commander of the battalion presented him, on behalf of the companies composing it, with a sword, sash, belt, epaulettes, and other military insignia. Many of the private soldiers then came forward to testify to their affection by giving him some little keepsake; among others, an old man, too poor to make a costly gift, but rich in the noblest qualities of the heart, who, while the tears ran down his wrinkled face, drew from his pocket *a piece of tobacco* and handed it to him, saying:—"I must give you something, and this is all I have." Surprised and overcome by such exhibitions of affection, Lieutenant WASHINGTON made no reply, but the lip quivered and the eye was moist as he turned away forever from those strong men, who held him in their hearts.

In Virginia, he was assigned to duty on the staff of General Garnett, whose gallantry had been conspicuous on many fields in Mexico, and with him he shared the hardships and disasters of that fatal campaign in Western Virginia. And in this service perilous and exciting, he found, half unconsciously perhaps, what he had so long desired — a sphere adapted to the genius of the man. It was one in which the man assumed, as by magic, his true proportions. For hardships he cared not; and the perils of war, thickening around him, inspired him to deeds not less chivalric than those which are told of cavaliers of the olden time. The spirit of his great ancestor lived again, and strove with his ancient prowess to perpetuate the rights which were won, in part, at the battle of the Cowpens, nearly a century before.

When news was brought to Garnett at Laurel Hill that Pegram had been overwhelmed at Rich Mountain, Lieutenant WASHINGTON volunteered to go to Pegram's command and learn its condition, but the enemy intervening rendered the effort unsuccessful. In the retreat from Laurel Hill, continued amid untold difficulties

for nine days, and over one hundred and sixty miles, his very presence refreshed and inspired all about him with hope. His face, bright as in the bright days of his gay college life, encouraged the hungry and jaded men, even when no word was spoken; and his cool bearing and fearless fighting, as time and again he turned and held at bay with the rear guard the heavy Federal columns that dogged their way, begot again the spirit of resistance in many who were ready to faint.

Immediately after dispositions had been made for a stand at Carrick's Ford, on Cheat river, the skirmishers of the enemy appeared on the opposite bank. It was hoped that they might be some companies of a Georgia regiment, which had been cut off the day before; but the exigencies of the occasion admitted of no delay, and Lieutenant WASHINGTON, to resolve the doubt, "advanced to the edge of the bank, and in a stentorian voice cheered for Jeff. Davis." He was answered by a volley of musketry, which at once revealed the character of the comers. This fire was returned by our infantry and artillery, the latter raking them with such effect that they broke ranks and left the road. "It was he," said a correspondent of one of the Atlanta journals, "who fired our artillery with such effect at Cheat River." After an hour's hard fighting, the order was given to retreat, when it was found that the rifle gun, which had done the greatest execution, could not be moved, two of its horses having been killed and the carriage broken. This was Lieutenant WASHINGTON'S favorite piece, and he parted from it reluctantly; first, having drawn a nail from the foot of a dead horse, he spiked it; then leaping upon it, while the enemy were scarcely a hundred yards off, he waved his sword over his head and hurled his hurrah for "Davis and the Confederacy" almost into their teeth.

For his gallantry in this action he was recommended for promotion, but he scarce mentioned himself when writing of the day to his widowed mother, whose heart he knew would beat proudly at the story of deeds worthy a Washington. He dwelt chiefly, and mournfully, upon the death of his honored commander, General Garnett, who, risking his own life to save his men, fell dead from the saddle, pierced through the breast by a bullet, just as he was succeeding in his effort.

From Carrick's Ford the enemy did not pursue. The little band of Southern troops passed on amid dangers and sufferings,

under drenching and continuous rains, and often in close proximi to other bodies of the Federals, until they reached Maryland, a: thence turned up the Valley of Virginia. On the 21st July — the very day that their kinsmen wrested victory fro McDowell at Manassas, and hurled his Grand Army back up Washington — this little force, whose defeat had made McClellar a toast through all the North, reached Monterey and rested.

Here, like many others who had made this long and exhaustin retreat, this gallant young officer, whose history we have trace was stricken down with fever, which terminated his life on th 25th of July, 1861. During the progress of his disease, he woul not let his mother be informed of it; it was the truest affectio that prompted the denial. "Mamma is delicate," said he; "sh loves me so, and she cannot get to me; it will but distress her."

It must have been painful to the few watchers by that dyin bed to see one so young, so far from home, thus passing away i the very opening of a momentous war. To the friends in Carolin and Virginia who knew him best, his death was no ordinary los it was the disappointing of their hopes of a long career of distin guished military service. Yet in his record, short as it was, the found much to testify to that achievement and promise which h ancestry led them to expect, and his own conduct in danger nobly fulfilled.

WALKER FRANKLIN SHEPHERD,

1st Sergeant, Company F, 44th Virginia Infantry.

The life and death of WALKER SHEPHERD — the one so fre and chaste, the other so sudden and untimely — make us think the half-open blossom that is torn from the stem while the dew the morning is still upon it; or of the chiselled vase that is dash to pieces by some rude hand as it is borne to the fountain. Wi all the enthusiasm of youth, with the patriotism of a true V ginian, he had hurried to meet the foe that came, with contempt ous boasting, to subdue the land of his birth. But before he n and grappled with that enemy, his life was cut off by a pain and tragic accident.

The eldest son of Abram and Mary L. Shepherd, of Fluvanna County, Virginia, he was born June 8, 1840. In his life, amiability of disposition and decision of character were happily blended. From a child, he was taught to fear God by the precept and the example of a devoted Christian mother; and thus, remembering his Creator in the days of his youth and before the evil days came, he made, at the age of fifteen, a public profession of faith in Christ, and united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in the Fluvanna Circuit, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Henry T. Attmore.

As a cadet in the Fluvanna Military Institute, his course was creditable alike to himself and to the school. When he left it, he held the first rank in the corps. In October, 1859, he entered the University of Virginia, and was still a student at that institution when the war began. In the spring of 1861 he left college, and returning home, was chiefly instrumental in raising and organizing the company with which he began and closed his military life. With characteristic unselfishness, he nominated the gallant Weisiger to the command of the company, and waiving his own claims to office in favor of friends who were his juniors as cadets, he became 1st Sergeant. On the 17th of May, 1861, Captain Weisiger's command was mustered into service as "Company F" of the 44th Virginia Infantry, Colonel Wm. C. Scott; and about the beginning of the following month the regiment proceeded to Staunton, and thence to reinforce the little army of General Garnett.

By a confusion of orders, however, the regiment was kept marching and countermarching, while Pegram was struggling against fearful odds on Rich Mountain, and it reached that place only in time to find his little band overwhelmed and surrendered to Gen. Rosecrans. Nothing remaining now but to retreat, the 44th retired to Monterey and awaited the remainder of Garnett's army, which coming up, it advanced to Greenbrier river, and did picket duty on the slopes of Cheat Mountain. The rest of that unfortunate campaign has been too recently referred to, to be forgotten.

On the 21st of August, at the signal for dress-parade, "Company F" was forming in its street. Sergeant SHEPHERD was standing a short distance to the right of the company, conversing with a comrade just behind him. Just then, an attached personal friend, who was seated on a mess-chest in front of the regimental

line, rubbing his gun, called out to him, and failing to make himself heard, he snapped his musket for the purpose of arresting his attention. Instead of the sharp, short sound that was anticipated, it was the death-knell of the Sergeant that broke upon the ear! The piece was loaded, and the bullet intended for Virginia's foe, pierced to death the form of her friend; cutting his cartridge-belt in front and ranging upward, it had passed out through the back. With the exclamation, "*Boys, I am killed!*", the young man fell to the earth.

In the regiment, surprise at the report of the gun was as nothing, compared with the grief that was felt as the word was hurriedly passed around, "*Sergeant* SHEPHERD *is mortally wounded!*" The duties of the day were immediately suspended, and a messenger was dispatched to bear the sad intelligence to the family of the dying soldier. Hearing of the latter fact, he remarked, "It is hardly worth while; I will get there as soon as he will." It proved literally true. Quietly and composedly he lay, his comrades around and ministering to him, until about 10 o'clock in the evening, when, as he had lived, he died in the full assurance of the Christian's hope. His remains were at once sent home and deposited in the family burying-ground at "Bel-air," in Albemarle County.

At the evening parade of the next day an order was published, expressing in appropriate terms the sorrow of the command at their untimely loss.

ALBERT RUSSEL,

Private, 7th Alabama Infantry.

That section of North Alabama which is enclosed in the southernmost sweep of the Tennessee river, is one of rare loveliness. The last spurs of the Alleghanies stand out in contrast with the river lowlands, and both, covered with the luxuriant growth of the sunny South, conspire to render the landscape pleasing to the eye. A little more than a half-century ago, it attracted the attention of emigrants, and among others, that of Albert Russel, Sr., the grandfather of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Russel was

born, it is believed, in Pennsylvania, but, previous to his removal to Alabama, he had lived and married in Virginia. There, near the town of Leesburg, in Loudon County, in the year 1800, was born of his wife Anne, *nèe* Hooe, his son, Albert Russel, Jr.

The family removed first to East Tennessee, and afterwards, to an estate in the suburbs of Huntsville, Alabama, still known as Russel's Hill.

In 1823 the younger Russel graduated at Yale College. He then studied medicine at Transylvania University, Kentucky, and entered upon the practice of his profession. In 1835 Dr. Russel was married to Martha Jane Coxe, daughter of Hopkins Lacy, and grand-daughter of William Lacy, of Virginia. The mother of Miss Lacy was an Irish refugee from the neighborhood of Dublin; she came to America as the wife of Dr. William Simpson (who, tradition says, fled for his life from the proscription of the English Government), and after his death married Hopkins Lacy.

Dr. Russel, at the time of his marriage, was practicing medicine at Triana, a flourishing village on the Tennessee river. Here on the 2d of March, 1837, was born their son —"a puny babe with swarthy skin, sickly and unpromising"— to whom was given the family name, ALBERT. His early years were a constant struggle for life; and several successive spells of illness nearly baffled the best medical skill and the most judicious nursing.

In 1840 Dr. Russel removed to Huntsville, where, four years after, he died suddenly. Mrs. Russel, who in her bereavement had the sympathies of the entire village, soon afterwards retired with her children to a small cotton plantation; and ALBERT, fragile boy as he was, began to be looked upon as the head of the family. He was at that time self-willed, restive under restraint, and of a daring, adventurous disposition; yet he was sensitive to reproof, and his grief at his mother's displeasure was often passionate. Even at this early period, his taste foretokened the law as his profession; the court-room was his favorite resort, and often with remarkable accuracy, which showed how keenly attentive he had been, he would repeat to his mother the chief points of an entire debate.

When about fourteen, he was placed in the family of Mrs. M. P. Rice, a friend of his father's, that he might have the advantages of school in Huntsville. The kindness of this lady won his heart,

and in his journal, in 1855, he wrote of her, "A friend when needed one, a good woman, a noble Christian who could forge her sorrows to comfort those of another." Here he was brough under the personal influence of Bishop Lay, then rector of the parish, than whom few ministers have clothed the religion c Christ with more attractiveness to the young. With ALBER RUSSEL, faith in a Saviour was not a family heritage, neither o his parents having been an avowed disciple of Christ; but the early death of the one, and the passionate, lasting grief of the other, turned his mind to the subject, and he believed in God. From this time his desire to be a Christian seemed sincere; and when his death in his country's service made his name the frequent theme of conversation, this eulogy was passed upon him by lips it would have delighted him most to hear:—"Yes, ALBERT was a good boy, and had that rare quality, reverence; he reverenced God, he reverenced his mother, he reverenced his superiors."

After several unsuccessful efforts to secure an appointment t West Point, it was determined to send ALBERT to Hobart College, New York; and he entered the Freshman class of this institution in September, 1855. About two years afterwards he wa called home by the embarrassments of his mother's estate, an when these were adjusted, he betook himself to teaching, stil looking forward to the profession of law. He next returned t Huntsville, and entered upon the study of that profession wit such exclusive devotion as to justify the highest hopes of hi friends.

This was at a time when political excitement ran high—jus before the famous Charleston Convention. From his earlies knowledge of the principles that divided the country, ALBER had been a States' Rights Democrat. The firm with which he wa reading law was not agreed; one member espousing the views o which Mr. Douglas became the exponent, the other, Mr. E. D Tracy, those of the States' Rights party, in defence of which, a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, he lost his life. Be tween Mr. Tracy and his pupil at law, there sprung up a warn friendship, the memory of which is still grateful to those wh mourn them both.

Young RUSSEL was now of a character that combined prid and sensitiveness, quickness of temper and generosity of soul

His fondness for his mother was romantic, and in her approval he found his highest happiness. Between Mrs. Russel and her son there gradually arose a feeling of companionship: she confided in his judgment and consulted him about all the important matters of the family; and ALBERT, unconsciously growing to be the head of the household, devoted himself with scrupulous care to the comfort of his mother. She would wait and watch in the evening for him to come from the law-office, and when he came, his inclination conspired with his views of duty to interest and entertain her, and their conversation would frequently last till the small hours of the night.

In September, 1859, he again left home, and went to Virginia to prosecute his legal studies. In October he became a student at the University and a member of the Law class. He was also a member of the Washington Literary Society. Before the end of the session he returned home, and was licensed to practise in the Chancery Court.

By this time, however, national affairs began to absorb all other interests. ALBERT RUSSEL, in common with almost all the young men of his section, espoused the cause of Mr. Breckenridge, and after his defeat he conscientiously advocated the doctrine of Secession. When the first sounds of war were heard, he was one of an already organized company, which at once placed itself at the disposal of the Governor of Alabama. It was soon ordered to Mobile, and thence to Fort Barrancas, near Pensacola, Florida, where it was incorporated into the 7th Alabama Infantry.

At Fort Barrancas he shared the labor of those who, like himself, had volunteered as privates in the service; and the sand-bag defences which they threw up there, were no mean testimony to the earnestness with which they toiled. Meanwhile, the seat of war was transferred to Virginia, and our young soldier, knowing how hazardous it was for one of his delicate constitution and bilious tendency to pass the summer on the coast, sought a transfer to the Old Dominion. The application was granted, subject to the approval of his company officers; but these withheld their consent, and his object was defeated.

Very soon disease laid hold upon him, and before the first September leaves had fallen, a transfer came unsought. His letters home began to grow illegible. He apologized for this at first, by referring to his poor accommodations for writing, but he

was not long able to conceal from his friends the sufferings h endured from a felon on one of the bones of his right hand. Hi nervous system, always delicate, and now doubtless affected b exposure in a climate which he had sought to escape, becam involved, and he was sent to the Marine Hospital, where h mother joined him only in time to assure him of her devotio before he was seized with delirium. Mr. A. R. Wiggs — let h name be recorded, for his fidelity — was detailed from the compa to attend him, and aid Mrs. Russel, who for six long weel watched by the bedside of the soldier frenzied with pain. Bu human arts all failed to restore to the widowed mother him wh had been to her both son, and friend and companion.

On the 26th of August, 1861, ALBERT RUSSEL died. On the morning of September 1st he was buried by the side of his father, in the cemetery at Huntsville.

WILLIAM LEFTWICH GOGGIN, JR.

1st Lieutenant, Company H, 11th Virginia Infantry.

"With the name of this brave young Virginian are associated," said one who knew him well, "memories the most dear that love could cherish, ambition dream of, or patriotism admire." He was born in the town of Liberty, Bedford County, Virginia, July 21, 1840, and named for his uncle, Hon. William L. Goggin. In 1849 his parents, Mrs. Susan S. and Hon. J. O. L. Goggin, removed to Lynchburg, where WILLIAM received the preparation needful for admission into the Lynchburg College, then a thriving institution, located in the suburbs of his adopted home. Here, in 1860, he graduated with distinction, and was selected to deliver the "Final Public Oration," in which he gave evidence of talent for the rostrum. His style, though rhetorical, was simple and cogent, and his earnest manner bespoke feeling and conviction.

In the fall of 1860 WILLIAM GOGGIN commenced the study of law at the University of Virginia, where he remained until the spring, when "hostile feet threatened their invading march through his native State," and he with many of his fellow-students hastened to Harper's Ferry. Instead, however, of returning

to college with his companions when, their purpose accomplished, the University companies were disbanded, he went directly home, and set about arousing the people to what he considered the duties of the hour. A company,—"The Jeff Davis Guards,"—composed of men from Lynchburg and the vicinity, was soon organised. His personal friend, J. Risque Hutter, was elected to the Captaincy, and himself to the office of 1st Lieutenant, and in this capacity he served in the field until a few days before his death. "The Guards" were afterwards known officially as Company H of the 11th Virginia Infantry, which, with the 1st, 7th and 17th Virginia regiments, composed the brigade led by General Longstreet into battle on the 18th July, 1861, and known afterwards as "Longstreet's Brigade."

In the battle of Bull Run the 11th Virginia had a larger share than some partisan writers—self-styled historians—have accorded to it, and to its gallant action the results of that day were due in no small degree. In the heat of this engagement Lieutenant GOGGIN bore himself with marked courage, for which, however, when afterwards complimented, he modestly remarked, "I did my duty; *nothing more.*" But while, with true delicacy of feeling, he ignored all praise of himself, "no trait in his character was more striking than the unselfish magnanimity which constantly revealed itself, whenever the name of a brave comrade was mentioned in his presence."

The first battle of Manassas occurred on the twenty-first anniversary of his birth. He celebrated the day on the field. A few weeks afterwards, a business commission from his company gave opportunity for a brief visit to his friends at home—a visit that will not soon be forgotten by those of the family circle who survive. As soon, however, as his official duties were performed, he returned promptly to camp,—*but for the last time.*

In a little while his letters spoke of interrupted health, yet without intimating that he was becoming unfit for the duties of his position. On the 31st of August his family were startled by the announcement that he was really ill and might be expected by the afternoon train. His appearance, while indicating that he was in a very feeble condition, did not seem to warrant serious apprehensions for his recovery; indeed, his friends began at once to rejoice in the belief that the atmosphere of home and a mother's tender care would soon restore him to his wonted health. But

"suddenly, on the fourth day after his arrival, his symptoms assumed a most alarming and rapid change. Every remedy that love could suggest, or medical skill employ, was resorted to for his relief; but in vain. He sank steadily from the moment of crisis, and suffered much from the acute nature of his disease, until 8 o'clock, A. M., September 5th, when, in the calm trust he had often expressed in the freshness and vigor of health, of acceptance with God through the blood of His Son, his brave young spirit quitted the shores of time for the unending peace and bliss of eternity."

On the next day his remains were escorted to the Presbyterian Cemetery, where, in full view of his beautiful home, they were buried with the honors of war by the side of his sister, a lovely young girl, over whose grave the grass of the second summer was beginning to fall. The following stanzas, written when grief for this young man was freshest, are from the pen of "C. J. M. J.," whose words have already been frequently quoted:—

"Rest, soldier, rest!
They who resigned thee at thy country's call,
To meet her foe, to guard her truth or fall,
Received thee once again—'twas but to lay
Thy brave young form in manhood's strength away,
In earth's dark breast.

* * * * * * * * *

"Here, calmly sleep!
No martial sound shall pierce thy death-cold ear,
No comrade's step or voice awake thee here;
But love will o'er thee shed her mournful tears,
And musing mem'ry through the coming years
Her vigil keep.

"Thou wilt lie down
With her whose fair young cheek thine own hath pressed,
As fond arms clasped ye to the same fond breast,—
The gentle sister by whose loving side
Thou wand'redst oft in life's bright morning tide,
Care then unknown.

"Rest, soldier, rest!
The din of war, the battle-cry is o'er;
No startling reveille shall wake thee more,
Nor blast of bugle thy dull ear unclose,
Nor call to arms arouse thy deep repose,
On earth's calm breast.

"Thou hast put down
Thy warrior-emblems. Musket, sword, and shield
Thou'lt need again no more in camp or field:
Immortal laurels deck thy youthful brow,
And on thy brave young head Heaven placeth now
The victor's crown."

JOHN A. WASHINGTON,

Lieutenant-Colonel, and A. D. C. to General R. E. Lee.

IN AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON was born at "Blakeley," son County, Virginia, on the 3d of May, 1821.

s father, John Augustine Washington, was the son of Corbin ington, who was the son of John Augustine Washington, vorite brother of General George Washington.

s mother was Miss Jean C. Blackburn, daughter of Major Blackburn, of the United States Army, and grand-daughter lonel Thomas Blackburn, of the Revolution.

the age of seven years, JOHN AUGUSTINE was sent by his r to school at Mr. Brent's, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. thence he went successively to Mr. Waort, to Bristol, near delphia, and to Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, in Alexandria, inia. He remained at the latter school till he went to the ersity of Virginia, in 1838. He attended the lectures at nstitution till 1841, gaining honors in several of its schools. on leaving the University, Mr. WASHINGTON settled at nt Vernon (the former residence and the burial-place of ral Washington), which had been bequeathed to him as the t son. In 1843 he married Miss Eleanor Selden, of Loudon ty, Virginia.

t Mount Vernon, Mr. WASHINGTON led a quiet, farmer's life, nsing that generous, social, and unbounded hospitality for h Virginians have been so long noted. All who met him charmed with his pleasing manners, his elegant address, his brilliant conversation. He was in fact a polished gentle- in the true sense of the term. His was not the polish so ently seen in men of the world, which covers the outer man a smiling mask, but serves only to conceal a heart cold, us, and selfish. His kindliness of disposition prompted him eat all those with whom he came in contact with the same ideration, always avoiding any act or expression that would to wound the feelings of even the humblest.

r. WASHINGTON had a cultivated taste for literature, and the library left by General Washington, and added to by Judge hington and himself, enabled him to indulge his taste to any

extent. No branch of literature was neglected, and the treasures with which he stored his memory, were always at his command. This, together with his richness of imagination, made him a brilliant conversationalist, pleasing alike to all.

Mount Vernon, containing, as it did, the tomb of Washington, was naturally a place of great interest to all American and European travellers; hence, the mansion was constantly thronged with visitors. Many of these were acquaintances of the family, or bore letters of introduction to Mr. WASHINGTON. The cost of entertaining them, and the constant outlay to keep the many buildings of the estate in repair, made the annual expenses far beyond the limits of a private income. These circumstances, and the desire to have the mansion preserved as a spot sacred to the memory of the Father of his Country, induced Mr. WASHINGTON to listen favorably to the offer made by the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association" to purchase the place. Accordingly, in the winter of 1857-58 the arrangements for purchase were concluded, by which he sold to this Association the mansion, together with 200 acres around it, reserving a quarter of an acre upon which the tomb was situated. The price paid was $200,000.

Frequent offers had been made to Mr. WASHINGTON, by speculators at the North, to purchase the place, but these he invariably refused. Only a month or two before the property was sold to the Ladies' Association, he refused an offer of $300,000 for it.

In 1860, Mr. WASHINGTON gave possession of the property to the Ladies' Association, and removed with his family to "Waveland," an estate which he had purchased in Fauquier County, Virginia. There he continued to reside till he entered the Confederate army.

When the sectional war broke out, he espoused the cause of the South with his whole heart and soul, and immediately offered his services to the Governor of Virginia, with the intention of serving in the Southern army in any position to which he might be assigned. Shortly after General R. E. Lee was assigned to command, he offered Mr. WASHINGTON the position of aide-de-camp on his staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He accepted the position, and at once joined the army.

As an evidence of the noble and patriotic spirit by which he was actuated, we subjoin extracts of letters, written at this period,

to members of his family. From Richmond, May 3d, 1861, he writes to one of his daughters:—

"I cannot tell you, dear J——, what it cost me to leave you all; but I feel, and whatever the issue may be, I am sure you will feel, my dear daughter, that I am performing a sacred duty. When yet a boy, I learned at my mother's knee that after my duty to God, my first and greatest obligations were to my country; and I then resolved, and it has been the determination of my life, that when my country was attacked I would go out to defend her. The occasion has arrived to test my principle, and though the sacrifice is like the tearing of the very heart-strings, I should be recreant to my conviction and undeserving my name, were I to shrink from the performance of duty."

From Staunton, July 30th, 1861, he writes:—

"Every man, woman, and child should now do everything, and be willing cheerfully to make any sacrifice that can promote the common and holy cause in which we are engaged; and no effort should be relaxed until those Yankee rogues are driven with ignominy from the sacred soil of Virginia."

Under date of August 27th, 1861, he writes from his camp on "Valley Mount," in Western Virginia:—

"If I fall in defence of all I hold dear, and of those principles that are and ought to be more valuable to me than life, and they can thereby be more thoroughly instilled into Lawrence and George [his two sons] and all of you, then indeed I hold that I shall not have fallen in vain, but that the sacrifice will have been well made; and if my death will engage my children more firmly in the love of truth and of their country, and in inextinguishable hatred and defiance of the lying and hypocrisy and knavery and oppression of the Yankee, then it is well for me to die, and the sooner such great ends are purchased at so cheap a price, the better."

Again he writes, in the spirit of true Christian resignation to the will of God:—

"You must all keep in good heart and cheerful, and not be uneasy at my position. There is One who can and will dispose of me as it is best, and when you remember me before Him, pray that I may never fail to perform my duty."

In the last letter of his which we shall give, there breathes forth the purest spirit of patriotism that can animate the breast of man:—

"While I think and hope that we shall be successful, yet, c course, there is no telling who will fall in the efforts we are abou making. I am just as likely to be one of them, as any one else and I can only say that if God so wills it, I hope I am ready lay down my life and to sacrifice all I have in the just and sacr cause in which I am embarked. I know I am perfectly willin if need be, to die for this cause, and sooner than see it fail I ha rather that myself and children and all I hold, were swept fro existence. For myself I have no fear; for should my life l lost, it is only anticipating by a few years what must happen any rate. The whole matter is in the hands of God, who will c with me as seems best to Him."

Colonel WASHINGTON'S military career was brief. Hardl had he taken his sword in hand to defend the sacred rights of hi country, when he sealed with his blood his devotion to her cause He was killed on the 13th of September, 1861, while on dut with General Lee in Western Virginia. The full particulars o his death are thus related by General W. H. F. Lee, who was b his side when he fell:—

'Colonel WASHINGTON was with my command on a scout nea the enemy in Western Virginia, during the advance of Loring army from its position on Cheat Mountain. Colonel WASH INGTON had long been anxious to accompany me in some c our expeditions. On this occasion he brought me orders fro headquarters, and his face beamed with delight as he to me that he was to accompany us. Our road, on this occ sion, was an exceedingly rough one, even for that mountainou and rugged country. We had to lead our horses up and dow the mountains. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the marc Colonel WASHINGTON seemed to enjoy it, and frequent expressed himself as delighted. It was with difficulty that could restrain him. In one skirmish with the enemy's caval he charged with the leading files.

"We had come within sight of the enemy's camp, and I ga the order to return. 'Oh no,' said WASHINGTON, 'let us ri down and capture that fellow on the gray horse.' After son hesitation I assented, and leaving our main force, we took on two men and proceeded to capture the fellow on the gray hors Our road lay through a narrow defile in the mountain, some ha mile in length, at the end of which the fellow on the gray horse w

awaiting very quietly our approach. We had hardly proceeded three hundred yards, when fire was opened on us from an ambuscade in the side of the mountain. At the first volley Colonel WASHINGTON fell from his horse, pierced with balls; myself and escort wheeled and spurred back, running the gauntlet from their musketry. If I recollect aright, there was a battalion of infantry in ambuscade, and this fellow on the gray horse was placed in position to entice us into the little trap which they had set for us. How we escaped, is one of the many mysteries of the war. My horse was shot in three or four places, the other two killed. Colonel WASHINGTON'S horse came out with us, bringing his sword, which was tied to the saddle. His body was sent to General Lee on the following day, under a flag of truce, and sent by General Lee to his family."

Thus fell Colonel JOHN AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON, an early victim in that deadly struggle in which so many noble lives were lost. It is not groundless conjecture, when we say that, if he had lived, he would have earned and *honored* the highest rank in the gift of his country. His courage, his knowledge of men, his resolution, his inflexibility of purpose, and the lofty ambition with which he was inspired, all these were of too high a type for him to have come through such a war, without enrolling his name among the noblest which its annals contain.

In private life he shone with all the virtues which should characterise the husband, father, son, and brother. In his friendship he never faltered, and his noble, generous heart prompted him to seek out and aid the distressed. To a stranger this language may seem mere panegyric; by those who knew him, it will be thought to fall far short of describing the actual virtues of the man.

LAWRENCE LEE GRIGGS BERRY.

Private, Company G, 2d Virginia Infantry.

The ancestors of LAWRENCE BERRY, on both sides, were natives of the State of Virginia from its earliest settlement as a colony. His father, Rev. Robert Taylor Berry, was the son of Lawrence

Berry and Catharine Hodge, of Berry Plains, King George County; his mother, Annie Frame Griggs, the daughter of Dr. Lee Griggs and Eliza Frame, of Charlestown, Jefferson County, where he was born, September 14, 1839.

The first ten years of his life were spent in Georgetown, D. C., during which time Mr. Berry was pastor of the Bridge Street (Presbyterian) Church of that city. He was a quiet, thoughtful, reserved child, but with a quick and passionate temper, which, however, he afterwards learned by severe discipline to control. When his father removed to Martinsburg, Virginia, LAWRENCE accompanied him, and there, in the town Academy, laid the foundation of a classical education. From Martinsburg he was transferred to the flourishing school of Rev. Dr. William H. Foote, in Romney, where he prosecuted his linguistic studies, preparatory to college. In 1857, he entered the University of Virginia. Here he remained two sessions, and graduated in Political Economy and Moral Philosophy. After leaving the University, he engaged in teaching, proposing meanwhile to qualify himself for the practice of law as a profession. Thus he spent one year at Charlestown, after which he was employed by his former preceptor, Dr. Foote, as assistant in his Academy at Romney.

In the spring of 1861, when the war became imminent, LAWRENCE BERRY began to consider seriously the political issues involved. His judgment was clear and mature for one of his age, and the decision of character which marked his childhood and youth had kept pace with his years. Having arrived at the painful conclusion that there was but one course which *a Virginian* could honorably pursue, he left the shades of the Academy, and under a stern sense of duty, embraced the first opportunity to volunteer in the Southern army.

Accordingly, he enrolled himself, along with his brother, a youth of only sixteen, in Company G, 2d Virginia Infantry. Immediately after his enlistment, he learned something of the active service of a soldier, for he was with General Johnston when he faced, and manœuvred against, General Patterson at Bunker Hill; and under his standards he made the forced march when that General, eluding his enemy in the Valley, hastened through Ashby's Gap to Piedmont Station, in order to join Beauregard at Manassas on the 20th July.

The 2d Virginia belonged to Jackson's Brigade, whose conduct

on the bloody plains of Manassas was immortalized by the words of the chivalric Bee, as he rallied the battle-worn remnants of his own brigade:—"*See Jackson's men; they stand like a stone wall!*" More fortunate than many of his comrades, young BERRY passed unhurt through the ordeal of the 21st July.

During the period of quiet that succeeded, he remained with his regiment, faithfully and patiently performing the duties of the camp. When questioned by his father at this time, in regard to the severity of the soldier's life as compared with that of the student, he readily admitted that his powers of endurance were sorely tried, but declared, at the same time, that he did not regret the step he had taken, and that under like circumstances he would pursue the same course.

In the month of September, the Army of Northern Virginia was advanced to Fairfax Court-House, and General Johnston held as outposts, with regimental pickets, Fall's Church, Munson's and Mason's Hills, the latter being in sight of the Federal Capitol. On the 20th instant, the 2d Virginia was ordered to this duty at Munson's Hill, and Company G was sent to relieve that of Captain Nadenbousch. The following extract from a letter, written by the Captain of Company G to the Rev. Mr. Berry, under date September 26, 1861, explains the rest:—"I was informed by Captain Nadenbousch," wrote Captain Edwin L. Moore, "that certain of the picket-posts on his line were very dangerous on account of their close proximity to the enemy's line, as well as on account of the exposed position of our sentinels, and the advantage of shelter, which the enemy had in some thick pines by which they could approach very close to us without being seen. I was cautioned to select my most determined and self-possessed men for a post designated by the number 12. I did so, and among those selected was your son, whose coolness and determination on other occasions had attracted my notice. The pickets were posted after night, and being totally unacquainted with the ground to be defended, and the approaches to it, were of course at a great disadvantage in case the enemy should attack. Unfortunately they did attack the very post at which your son was stationed. Favored by the nature of the ground, they were able to make a point within twenty paces of the post, entirely unobserved by my men. Having reached this point, some fifty or sixty of the enemy made a sudden sally between daybreak and sunrise, firing a volley at

my men. A shot from this volley penetrated your son's bre but he, though fatally wounded, discharged his musket, and the last to leave the post, though it was attacked by an o whelming force — there being only five or six to defend it. retreated some seventy-five yards, when, overcome by exhaus from loss of blood, he fell, and was found dead, with his arms his side, about twenty minutes after, by a reserve force sent ou beat back the enemy and regain the posts. Such are the fa . . . In a worldly point of view, your son's death is surroun by every circumstance that honors a soldier's end. He was at post of danger; he fell in the discharge of his duty."

Could any soldier wish a more honorable epitaph than words of this closing sentence? If anything is wanting, i supplied by the writer of his obituary, which was published the *Central Presbyterian*, June 26, 1861:—"From his childh he had been carefully trained in the nurture and admonitio the Lord, and in the faith and hope of the Christian he had li an unspotted life. By his reverence for God and His law, he g pleasing evidence, the ground of a cheering hope, that he wrought upon by a higher than any earthly power."

JAMES CHALMERS,

Sergeant, Company B, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

JAMES CHALMERS was the son of David Chalmers, of Hal County. He was born at Woodlawn, the residence of his gra father, Colonel Coleman, on the 21st of September, 1829. ' scope of this memoir will not allow a detailed account of his e life. Suffice it to say, his boyhood was elegantly moulded by cultivated society, the religious associations, and the refined t for which his father's house was distinguished. As soon as was old enough to leave home, he was sent to an Episcopal sc at Hagerstown, in Maryland, and while there, in his sixte year, was confirmed by Bishop Whittingham, and became active member of the Church of his forefathers.

From this primary school he went to Chapel Hill Colleg North Carolina, where several years were spent in laborious

successful study. Upon closing with distinction his course at Chapel Hill, he determined to devote himself to the study of the law, for the practice of which his high literary culture, his elegant taste, and his great moral worth eminently fitted him. In furtherance of this end, in October, 1849, he matriculated in the University of Virginia, where he remained two years, studying with industry and enthusiasm in addition to his professional course, such subjects of general education as are deemed a part of the curriculum of a well-read lawyer.

During the last year of his stay at the University, the writer of this sketch first formed his acquaintance, and commenced a friendship which, after ripening through ten years of intimate association in college, in court, and in camp, ended only with his life. At the University young CHALMERS most conscientiously discharged the Christian vows he had assumed in his boyhood, and his holy life and conversation, coupled with his zealous labor in his Master's cause, made him a most useful and efficient member of the student society around him.

Immediately upon leaving the University he opened an office and commenced the practice of his profession in Lynchburg. Shortly after reaching Lynchburg he formed a partnership with the late N. H. Campbell, who was then in full practice, and the new firm at once took a leading position at the bar. On the 8th of December, 1852, he was married to Fannie M. Saunders, the second daughter of Dr. James Saunders, a prominent and wealthy tobacconist of Lynchburg. With her his domestic life was one of unalloyed happiness, and she who knew him best, has mourned for him with a depth of faithful sorrow seldom to be seen.

In January, 1853, Dr. Saunders found it necessary to have some one to whom he could confide the joint management of his large and varied business. This post he tendered to Mr. CHALMERS, making the offer so advantageous as to induce him to abandon his profession. Into his new avocation Mr. CHALMERS carried the same gentleness, purity, and rectitude which had marked his course in his former life, and the influence of his presence in the business circle in which he moved was potent for good. So great was the confidence of the community in his worth, that, although a newcomer comparatively, he was soon called upon to discharge many of those duties which society demands of those of its members in whom it trusts. Conspicuous among these

was the office of a member of the Hustings Court, a position to which he was elected immediately after leaving the bar, and held with great satisfaction to the lawyers and the people until his death.

Although in no respect a politician, Mr. CHALMERS was an earnest and decided Whig, and was much opposed to the course of those States which first seceded from the Union; but as soon as war became a necessity, like all other true men he did not doubt as to where his allegiance was due, and was one of the first to place his name on the list of the members of a cavalry company, whose services were to be tendered the Governor of the State for immediate duty in the field. This act was not with him one of mere impulse, nor from a desire for military glory; for though brave, morally and physically, to the fullest scope of that word, he had no taste for the scenes, the duties, or the life of a soldier, and it required no common fortitude for him to tear himself away from the charms of his domestic circle and the peaceful pursuits of his cultivated mind, to enter as a private in the ranks. So great was his personal popularity that, when his company was reorganized on a "war footing," he would have been made one of its commissioned officers, had he not insisted upon his own unfitness for the post, and urged successfully the claims of another person for the honor, accepting for himself only a position as a non-commissioned officer.

His company was one of the first mustered into the service of the State, and was early ordered to the seat of war. We pass over the parting scenes: but few of those, whose hearts were wrung with anguish that beautiful May morning, will forget their sensations as the long line of bold troopers forded the placid James and disappeared on the heights beyond. Upon the bank of that river our hero bade farewell to his wife and little ones, who crowded to the very water's edge to say the last sad adieu; then, dashing the gathering tear from his manly eye, he threw his lithe and graceful form into the saddle of his beautiful bay charger, took his place in the ranks, crossed the river, and was gone from his home and his loved ones to return no more alive.

Space will not allow a detailed account of his life as a soldier. It is enough to say, he was everything which is included in the comprehensive term, so often used by General Lee as a meed of praise, "a cheerful soldier." Every duty, however irksome, however menial, however dangerous, was willingly done; no

word of complaint escaped his lips, and yet he was ever ready with a word of apology for those who, less considerate, would often bitterly bemoan the fate which threw upon them unpleasant tasks. The company, upon reaching Manassas, was assigned to the 2d Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, then being organized under Colonel Radford, and took its position as the second, or Company B, in that regiment. He was in several skirmishes prior to the battle of Manassas, including one at Vienna, where the Federals under General Schenck were routed, and he displayed himself every inch a soldier in each trial of his mettle. At the battle of Manassas his conduct especially attracted the commendation of his commanding officers. Foremost in the gallant charge made that day by his regiment upon the breaking foe, he was the first, when pursuit was over, to minister to the suffering of the wounded, whether dressed in gray or blue. While more than one felt that day the power of his bold arm, there were many that night who for a cup of cold water, a word of kind encouragement, or a prayer for their parting spirit, had cause to call him blessed.

After this great battle, Company B was sent to the front on picket and vidette duty, camping at various times at Centreville, Falls Church, Annandale, and Fairfax C. H. Here the service of the cavalry was exciting and dangerous, the skirmish line under General Stuart running through Munson's and Mason's Hills, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol. This life CHALMERS seemed to enjoy very much, and the more dangerous the service the more it attracted him. On Saturday, the 28th of September, the company had been on laborious duty all day, owing to some threatened movement of the enemy, and did not return to camp at Fairfax C. H. until after dark. Scarcely had the men gone to rest before General Longstreet sent an order to the Captain (Charles M. Blackford), to detail two intelligent and reliable men to go with some important messages to the outposts. CHALMERS was one of those on whom the lot fell. Knowing him to be somewhat delicate, his captain offered to relieve him; but the offer was declined, on the ground that it might be considered an act of partiality, and give cause of complaint in the company. The following extract from a letter, written by Captain Blackford a day or two after CHALMERS was ordered on this duty, describes the result, and as it is a cotemporaneous account, will be interesting. The letter is dated "Fairfax Court-House, September 30,

1861, Monday," and says:—"Saturday night, about 3 o'clock, I was startled by the intelligence that CHALMERS was shot and badly wounded, down on the outside line of pickets. You may well imagine the news sent a pang to my heart. It turned out that he had been shot while riding between the pickets at Annandale, and when about three miles to the right of that point. He was fired upon, without being halted, and without notice, by two guns, in whose hands has never yet been discovered. We are unable to say whether he fell a victim to the enemy or to the criminal negligence of our own men. Be this as it may, he fell in discharge of dangerous service, and in full discharge of his duty. The ball entered his left arm, breaking, or rather crushing both bones, and then passing into the stomach. He rode back some two miles to Annandale before dismounting. From Annandale he was removed first to a tavern about four miles from this place, and on yesterday evening was brought up here, and is now quite comfortably quartered in Mr. Thomas's law-office. His arm was amputated yesterday evening just below the elbow. He bore the operation, as he has all the intense pain he has suffered, with manly, Christian fortitude; never complaining, but expressing the utmost gratitude for the least kindness. What direction the ball took after passing through his arm has not been ascertained, but the surgeons are inclined to the opinion that it did not enter the cavity of the stomach, or otherwise injure any vital organ." The doctors were wrong in their supposition: the ball entered the cavity of the stomach, and inflicted such an injury that peritonitis ensued, and he died peacefully and calmly at sunrise on Tuesday morning, October 1st. His remains were carried to Lynchburg for interment, and were followed to the grave by a great concourse of citizens, among whom his death had created a most profound sensation. Resolutions of respect and condolence were adopted by his Company, the Court, the Masons, and other organizations to which he belonged.

We think this sketch can best be closed by inserting at large an obituary notice of Mr. CHALMERS prepared and published at the time by his Company commander, whose long and intimate association with him gives greater force to what he says in regard to his character. It reads as follows:—

"A formal announcement was made some days since, that JAMES CHALMERS, a member of the cavalry company from

Lynchburg, died at Fairfax C. H., of wounds received two days before, while in discharge of his duty on the extreme outposts of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is due to the public and to his family that further notice should be taken of his fall. The details of such characters form the unwritten annals of this war, and should be garnered up as its richest glories. The General who amidst its pomp and circumstance, marches at the head of conquering legions, sacrifices nothing, but gains everything. CHALMERS, a man of peace by profession, in obedience to his sense of duty left his loved home, his wife, and his little ones, at a time when his business especially demanded his personal attention, enlisted as a private soldier, and was among the first who marched to repel the invader from our soil. To such men is due the real merit of the army, and most of the praise lavished upon its leaders. To portray such a character as that of our lost friend is very difficult, for its counterpart is seldom met in real life. He had been trained amidst the most polished Virginian society, had been highly educated at Chapel Hill and the University, and had studied the profession best calculated for intellectual culture. All of these advantages he had improved to their utmost, and, as a consequence, his manners were a grace to any society he charmed with his presence, wearing the same gentle ease around the camp-fire and in the drawing-room. His mind was stored with scientific and classic lore, and the rich sediment which the tide of literature had left upon his mind, was the fruitful soil whence sprung the choice products of his tongue and pen. He was at once erudite and accomplished, following with earnest zeal the teachings of Bacon or Butler, and yet an amateur in music and a critic in poetry. Well versed in the prosy philosophy of the past, he was perfectly conversant with the lightest literature of the present. Such are some of the characteristics of his mind. To trace the proportions of his great heart is a more difficult task. Only those who were so fortunate as to be intimately associated with him, can really appreciate its depth. Any description must fail to do it justice, for want of words apt for the subject. Were an endeavor made to pick out any one 'sparkling segment of the wondrous whole,' his friends would with great unanimity point to the perfect unselfishness of his nature — the necessary basis of all excellence of character. He was unselfish almost to a fault, placing others and others' wants in the front, and himself and his

...ve wants always in the background, and thus, not unfrequentl... his interests suffered and injustice was done him. For thi... however, he seemed to be compensated in the actual pleasure h... ...ved in seeing other people satisfied and happy. To mak... those around him happy was one of the aims of his life. It ... needless to say that his forgetfulness of self secured him the lov... of all who knew him, grappling him to their hearts with hook... of steel. His *purity* was another marked characteristic; i... thought, in word and in action, so pure that, were no other elemen... of character known, we should feel assured he has reaped th... reward held out to the pure in heart, of seeing God. With th... was entwined as a twin virtue, the most feminine gentleness. I... was a beautiful sight, to see his manly form bent over some sic... comrade, administering both spiritual and temporal comforts wit... a voice and touch a woman might envy; and yet from such scen... he turned to the sterner duties of war with the heart and hand ... a true soldier. A woman in purity and gentleness, a child in i... nocence, he was yet the brave man, fearing nothing but his Go... dreading nothing but Heaven's frown. He merited the praise ... the heathen poet as

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,

and yet possessed all the higher attributes of a Christian warri... with hand on hilt and eye on Heaven, fighting at once und... the banner of his country and the cross of his Saviour.

"He had been for many years a most consistent member of th... Episcopal Church, and he carried his piety with him into eve... relation of life. At home he was a working Christian; aroun... the fireside, in the Sunday School, or in the hut of the poor, ... ever did his duty as a faithful worker in God's cause. In can... his example and precept were most potent for good, and none ... those who enjoyed the privilege of nightly kneeling beside hi... in prayer, will soon forget the earnest appeals that arose from h... tent to the Throne of Grace. Upon his deathbed, he drew h... Captain to him, and in whispered accents sent his love to the men... bers of his company, and an earnest appeal to them to put the... trust in that Saviour who enabled him joyfully to welcome deat... as a passport to a land of bliss.

"As an instance of his fearless sense of duty, one example out ... many may be mentioned:—Some few days before he was shot h...

was stationed at Mason's Hill, one of the outposts nearest the enemy, when an alarm was given that the Federal army was making a general advance. The officer commanding the forces at that hill, through some misapprehension of orders, withdrew his command and abandoned the post. CHALMERS was confident that some mistake had occurred, and as his own orders from Gen. Longstreet were to stay, he determined to remain until time had been given for the error to be corrected; and with three other men, whom he posted so as to conceal the true state of affairs, held the hill three hours, until the troops returned, though the enemy, only a few hundred yards off, in full view, were drawn up in line of battle." . . . . .

"Such a man was CHALMERS. Space is not allowed, or fuller justice could be done his memory. Would that we had some consolation to offer the stricken hearts he left behind him! Except in the belief that God disposes all things for the best, there is no balm for the heart that bleeds for the loss of such a husband, such a father, such a brother, such a son. It is, however, an inexpressible comfort to know that he has "fought his last battle," and has gone to that long home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." His reward, as a faithful soldier of his country, will be meted to him by a grateful posterity. As a soldier of the Cross, he now enjoys the perpetual bliss promised the good and faithful, and, in the very presence of God, wears the victor's crown of immortal glory."

DR. EDWIN S. BUIST,

Assistant Surgeon, 9th South Carolina Infantry.

Dr. EDWIN SOMMERS BUIST was the son of Rev. E. T. Buist, D. D., for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Greenville, South Carolina. He was born March 31, 1837.

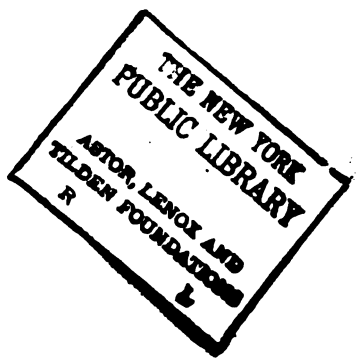
After the usual preliminary education, he entered the University of Virginia as a student, in October, 1855. In personal appearance he was then tall, rather slight, and handsome. His mind belonged to that type which regards the concrete rather than the abstract, and, consequently, he was remarkable for his good practical judgment.

At the University — which institution he attended two sessions —he devoted himself chiefly to the study of the sciences, as preparatory to the profession of Medicine. In the autumn of 1857 he repaired to the University of New York and matriculated in the Medical Department, at the same time placing himself under the private tuition of Dr. (now Prof.) T. G. Thomas, with whom he became a favorite pupil. In the spring of 1859 he was graduated at this institution; and after spending some months in the city, he returned to his home in South Carolina. In the early part of the following year, he made a tour of the Southwestern States, the result of which was a determination to settle in Arkansas. This plan was not, however, carried into immediate effect, and he commenced the practice of Medicine in Charleston in the winter of 1860-61. Here the commencement of hostilities found him.

Even when the enthusiasm of the Carolinians was highest, Dr. BUIST did not sympathize with it. Again and again he expressed himself as opposed to the disruption of the Government, declaring that, though he would be prepared to stand by the fortunes of his State and his native South, he could not endorse the wisdom of the secession movement. Yet, even among the first did he enter the military service of his country, and was one of the earliest sacrifices in the great struggle that followed.

During the latter part of the summer of 1861, he was ordered to Hilton Head Island as Assistant-Surgeon to the 9th South Carolina Infantry and Colonel Wagner's battalion of heavy artillery. In this capacity he was serving on the 7th of November following, when an attack was made upon Fort Walker by the Federal fleet under Captain Dupont, Flag-Officer of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. During the bombardment, Dr. BUIST was engaged with the wounded in one of the covered passages of the fort, and while thus occupied, he was killed by the crushing in of the superstructure under the heavy fire of the gunboats.

In about five hours Fort Walker surrendered, and the body of Dr. BUIST was taken in charge by his former friend, Dr. Edward Dalton, of New York, then one of the surgeons with the fleet, and by Dr. George Cooper, medical director of Sherman's corps. Through their kindness it was decently interred, and some ten days afterwards, restored under flag of truce to his friends. It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Joseph Edwin Cox

was said by these officers that, in removing the *débris* from the fortification, his body was found beneath a mass of sand and timber, in the attitude of ligating the temporal artery of a soldier, and still grasping the tenaculum in his hand.

Thus, while the star of the Confederacy was in the ascendant, and gave promise of a zenith glory, EDWIN BUIST yielded up his life — happy in falling so soon, in that he was spared the suffering and humiliation that awaited his survivors: happier still in being prepared, through Christ, for his sudden translation.

JOSEPH E. COX, M. A.

Lieutenant, Manchester Artillery.

JOSEPH EDWIN COX was born September 27, 1837, at Clover Hill, Chesterfield County, Virginia. His father, Judge James H. Cox, a native of the same county, graduated with distinction at Hampden Sidney College, and then took up the study of law. When about to enter upon the practice of his profession, he was elected President of the Academy of Tallahassee, and filled that office for three years. Returning then to Chesterfield, he identified himself with the interests of the people, among whom he has enjoyed an enviable popularity. For many years he served in each House of the General Assembly of Virginia, and while in the Senate was made Speaker of that body. He represented his county in the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and in that of 1861. Upon the adoption of the new constitution, and the reorganization of the judiciary, he was elected Judge for Chesterfield County by the General Assembly.

JOSEPH, the second son of Judge Cox, was distinguished as a child for his love of books, and at the age of ten his powers of acquisition had placed him ahead of schoolmates of maturer years. When nearly fourteen he was sent to the school of Mr. William R. Dunn, of Amelia County, and remained there two years, gaining for himself the name of a diligent and successful student. In October, 1853, he entered the University of Virginia, and at the close of the session he received diplomas in the Latin, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon languages. The next year he was prevented by

sickness from standing any of the final examinations. On the 29th of July, 1858, however—just two months before he attained his majority—he was graduated Master of Arts, and read by appointment of the Faculty, his Degree-Essay on "*The Mission of Educated Men.*"

The following year he returned to the University, and began the study of law as a profession. The success of JOSEPH COX in achieving the highest academic honor of his *alma mater*, is sufficient testimony to his intellectual ability. Concerning his private character while a student, the writer, who was then his classmate and intimate friend, could say much. In gentleness and softness of manner he was more like a woman than a man; but in devotion to principle, and in sternness of purpose, he was abundantly masculine. He had a high appreciation of wit and humor in others, and was himself somewhat gifted in repartee; withal, there was a genial playfulness of spirit, which constantly tempted him to practical jokes, and yet contributed to his popularity. He made no profession of Christianity, but his moral character was without reproach. Thus, not only for his pleasing address and social disposition, but for his integrity of life and sterling intellectual worth, he was held in high esteem by a wide circle of acquaintances. But those who knew him intimately, entertained for him a much tenderer feeling, and to-day he is mourned by many who were proud to count him among their closest friends.

In after-life JOE COX was marked by the same traits — the soft graces of a woman, the hardy virtues of a true man. One who knew him thoroughly, and watched his brief course with the most earnest solicitude, writes of him thus:—"I dwell upon each point of his character, and try to recall all the changes wrought by time and circumstances, and, at the end of such reflections, I always decide that he was less subject to change from boyhood to manhood than any person I ever knew."

He was, while at the University, a member of the Jefferson Society; in 1857 he held in it the office of President, and in 1859 he served on its behalf as Magazine editor.

In the summer of 1859 he located in Manchester, Virginia, and became a candidate for the practice of law. A graceful and easy writer, and a fluent speaker, with a well-trained and well-stored mind, he at once took high rank among his brethren at the bar; and it is no mean testimony to his ability, that in less than

two years he had secured an excellent practice. This, however, was not surprising to those who knew him; for they believed that still greater successes were within his easy grasp. And in keeping with the expectation of his friends was the opinion expressed by one of the first legal authorities in that section of Virginia, that he would attain the very highest position in the reach of his profession. Such was the bright prospect blasted by the war.

In the matter of politics, JOE COX was a States' Rights man from education and from principle; yet he was opposed to secession, and especially to separate State action. Still, as soon as Virginia had taken position in regard to this question, he felt that his first allegiance was due to her. In the spring of 1861 he joined the "Manchester Artillery," which was then forming, and was elected one of its Lieutenants. But his military career was very brief. The Manchester Artillery, Captain Weisiger, was ordered to duty at Norfolk, and took part in the bombardment of Sewell's Point. This battle, though bloodless, was fatal to Lieutenant COX; the night march from Norfolk to the Point developed in him a violent attack of intermittent fever, the result, doubtless, of previous exposure in a damp and bilious climate. As soon as he was partially recovered, he was removed to Chesterfield, where, under the patient ministry of his family, he was after a while relieved of the fever. But like the arrow that leaves the poison when the shaft is withdrawn, so this insidious disease left its victim with symptoms of pulmonary consumption.

It was in June that he had been brought home. When the first battle of Manassas was fought, July 21, he was still an invalid, and must have had some presentiment that he could not live to take any active part in the war. In a conversation with his sister, a few days after that first great Confederate victory, he remarked with much earnestness of manner that he regretted with all his heart he had not been engaged in that battle. May it not be that he felt his life was already a sacrifice to the war, and that he preferred to yield it up at once in battle, rather than suffer the slow progress of an incurable disease?

In the latter part of August, in spite of repeated remonstrances, he returned to service with his company. In October his family paid a visit to his camp; he chanced to be the officer of the day, and met them in full uniform and, apparently, in excellent health. But the bright eye and rosy cheek were soon betrayed by the fre-

quent cough. His father at once procured a furlough for h and took him home again, where after a few weeks he fell int rapid decline.

During the sad days that followed, he continued to illustr those graces which had ornamented his childhood and adorned h character as a man. He was fully aware of his condition, a knew that ere long he must die. To him, doubtless, as to othe death seemed, from a human standpoint, to be coming either t soon or too late. In the race for academic honors he had be successful in a degree to which few attain; in forensic contests al he had been distinguished beyond his years; and now, when t highest political interests of the country were to be decided by t sword, and he had just girded himself for the defence of his nati Virginia, he was drooping to the grave ere he could strike for h home! Why came it not sooner — anticipating his laborious p parations for life, and the honors which he might be loth to l down? Or, why waited it not until the flower of his age was pa and the fruit of his labors enjoyed?

So, perhaps, reasoned his friends; so, perhaps, he, at first. P haps both he and they murmured too; they, under their weight grief, he, in the flush of disappointment. But, if so, both reas ings and murmurings were silently answered by the gift of a n and crowning grace, if indeed it were a new grace, to trust calm and hopefully in the Saviour of men. It might be inferred t a man of his type would not be wholly indifferent to the subj of religion; his journal, written while he was in perfect heal shows that he had given much earnest consideration to it. Duri the slow progress of his sickness, when there was much leisure reflection, these views assumed symmetrical form; and leaning, his weakness, upon the strong arm of God, he put on the "arm of righteousness." Thus was he equipped for a nobler fi than that from which he had been so recently retired.

Those qualities which had heretofore commended him to t esteem and affection of others, were sublimated by the humility the Christian. Always gentle, polite, unselfish, he was so st with even a quiet cheerfulness. And when, the crisis drawi near, his sufferings became both acute and continued, they p voked no murmur from the invalid. Often at the hour of retiri he would summon the family to his bed-side, bid them goo night, and beg them to retire, that they might not witness t pain they could not relieve.

The Christmas of 1861 was a sad one at Clover Hill. No sounds of merriment were heard, no joyous faces seen. The shadows that afterwards grew so long, and enveloped the whole country, were then first creeping about that house. The oil of an honored lamp was well-nigh spent; the light of a dear life was flickering fitfully, and tearful eyes were watching its waning power.

On the evening of December 26, at ten minutes before two o'clock, JOSEPH EDWIN COX died, "in full faith in the Christian religion, and confident of a blissful future." He was buried in the garden, in the centre of what is now a grass-plat, enclosed by a hedge of evergreens. Over his grave rises a modest marble shaft, bearing this inscription:—

"BORN A GENTLEMAN,

BRED A SCHOLAR AND A LAWYER,

DIED A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER."

END OF VOLUME I.

THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL.

VOLUME II—1862.

CHARLES SCOTT COWHERD,

Private, "Gordonsville Grays," 13th Virginia Infantry.

CHARLES SCOTT COWHERD, the third son of John S. and Lucy W. Cowherd, was born in Orange county, Virginia, February 15th, 1837. He was reared in affluence and ease, and on account of his exceedingly amiable and gentle disposition, he was the favorite of his family and of the community in which he lived. During his early life, he enjoyed the educational advantages of a first-class neighborhood school, and in 1857 he entered the University of Virginia. While there he attended the schools of Latin, Greek, and Chemistry, pursued his studies with diligence, and was held in high esteem by his Professors.

At this time the University was in a high state of prosperity—the number of students being considerably over six hundred. These were for the most part young men of wealth, intelligence, and pride. Acquaintance among them was, in most cases, limited; each had his own particular circle of friends, and knew but little — nor cared to know — outside that circle. CHARLES COWHERD was peculiarly retiring in his disposition, and his acquaintances few; but among those who knew him and daily associated with him, he was held in the highest esteem and the most sincere and cordial affection.

At the breaking out of the war, he was First Lieutenant in the Gordonsville Militia; but on the 17th day of April, 1861, he volunteered as a private in the "Gordonsville Grays," Captain Wm. C. Scott commanding, and marched with the company to Harper's Ferry.

He remained at Harper's Ferry until the Virginia Militia was ordered into the field by Governor Letcher, when he returned and joined his command at Gordonsville. The Militia was, how-

ever, soon disbanded, and the Virginia troops turned over to the Confederate Government. Upon the dissolution of his company — a general quiet prevailing at that time along all the different military lines in Virginia — he obtained permission to enter the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, with the view of better preparing himself for the life and duties of a soldier in the field. He had been in the Institute but a short time, when the service on the lines became more active and exciting, and he, chafing to join his comrades, once more donned the "jacket of gray," and enlisted as a private in Captain Scott's company, then incorporated with the 13th Virginia Infantry, and encamped at Fairfax Station. As a soldier, he was cheerful, willing, and obedient to orders. He ever displayed the most rigid fidelity to his duties, and was most highly and tenderly regarded both by his officers and his comrades.

It were pleasant to write of him as one holding his position among the living, faithful in the discharge of duty, and shedding the lustre of his own beautiful and lovely character around him, in the midst of those who loved him, and whom he loved. But the shadow begins now to fall upon his life. Early in December, 1861, he was stricken down by that terrible and fatal scourge of the Southern soldier, *camp fever*, and was ordered to the hospital. From the field-hospital he was transferred to Gordonsville, and reached home scarcely in time to breathe his last in the arms of his family, on the 3d of January, 1862.

At the age of seventeen, CHARLES COWHERD made a profession of religion, and at the time of his death he was a deacon in the Baptist Church at Gordonsville. His uprightness of conduct and consistency of life as a Christian, even from first to last, shone as brightly as the purest gold.

A large number of his friends gathered to his funeral, and testified, by their tears, to the affection in which they held him. And when, on that cold, wintry evening of January, 1862, his remains had been lowered to their last resting-place in the family burying-ground at Oak Hill, an old citizen of the community remarked to the writer of this tribute, "*We have just buried one of the best young men ever reared in Orange County.*"

These words were literally true. Of comely appearance, he was gentle as a girl in disposition, genial and cheerful in temperament; and, to crown all his comeliness, he was a most faithful and devout Christian.

WILLIAM B. PHELPS,

Private, 1st Kentucky Infantry.

WM. BROKENBROUGH PHELPS was born October 9, 1834, a the home of his parents, in the immediate vicinity of Covingtor Kentucky. The fond recollection of friends could recite man incidents of his early years which would evince his loving natur and the keen pain he manifested at witnessing suffering in th smallest and meanest living creature. As a child he was rathe remarkable for the beauty of his person and the early developmer of his mind, which received the most careful culture. At the ag of nine he was deprived of his father. His mother, after this sa bereavement, removed to Virginia — her native State — and live with her children in her mother's home for nearly a year. At th end of this time, proposing to place her eldest child, WILLIAM in the family of his uncle, Colonel Edward Colston, of Berkele County, Virginia, Mrs. Phelps took up her residence in Shep herdstown, Jefferson County, that she might be accessible to he son, from whom, until then, she had never been separated fc a day.

Under the kindly roof of Colonel Colston, WILLIAM PHELI lived several years, sharing with his cousins in all the privileg and benefits of an enlightened, pious household, and under th regular tuition of classical teachers resident in the family. H was destined to become an orphan a second time, for in the sprin of '51 his noble uncle-in-law, who had been almost a *father* t him, died suddenly. A few months after this event, Mrs. Phelp applied to the Visitors of the University of Virginia for a plac for her son in that institution; and about the same time, fearin she might fail in this request, she made application to the Virgini Military Institute at Lexington. Both the University and th Institute acceded to her request, and she, not foreseeing that military education would, in a few years, be a desideratum to th men of the South, preferred the former for her son. Accordingly just before he attained his seventeenth year, he matriculated at th University, and pursued the academic course there for two years In the summer of 1853 he opened a school in a small town i Maryland, and for the two succeeding years he was engaged i

teaching, and in reading law. In the winter of 1855–6 he attended the law lectures of his uncle, Judge J. W. Brokenbrough, at Lexington, Virginia.

Retaining the most tender memories of the home of his early childhood, he removed to Covington, Kentucky, in the summer of 1856, and soon obtained a license to practise law in the town where his father had been an eminent practitioner in the same profession. In the first letter written to his mother after arriving in Covington, he enclosed a rose that bloomed in the borders of his birth-place — long occupied by strangers — and a sprig of cedar from his father's grave.

He was elected, two years in succession, Attorney for the city of Covington; and it is some evidence that he discharged the duties of his office satisfactorily, that he was elected the second time while confined to his bed by illness.

In the summer of 1861 he left his mother's home, with a company of infantry called the "Madeira Guards," in which he held the office of Lieutenant. The company rendezvoused at Clarksville, Tennessee. While stationed at this place, Lieutenant PHELPS was seized by a strong desire to go immediately to the seat of war in Virginia. Setting out for the Old Dominion, he reached Richmond a few days after the battle of Manassas, and subsequently became a member of Captain Desha's company, 1st Kentucky Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia.

In his diary kept at this period of inactivity in military matters, some passages of interest to his friends are found. He had always been a regular attendant at church, and joined with interest in the responsive services. On a certain Sunday he wrote:— "What would I not give to be at church to-day!" And on the 9th of October, "This is my birth-day. Wonder if they are thinking of me at home?" He alludes also to a young lady to whom he was betrothed.

On December 22d, the affair of Drainsville occurred. The Confederate forces, composed of Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, and Alabama troops, were commanded by General J. E. B. Stuart. The enemy, at first repulsed by the brilliant charge of the Southerners, returned to the attack with reënforcements. In the confusion of manœuvring, the 1st Kentucky mistook a South Carolina regiment for the enemy, and fired into it. Soon after discovering his mistake, Colonel Taylor with his

Kentuckians coming in sight of another regiment, in order t avoid a similar occurrence, shouted to know who they were. Th answer was, "Don't shoot, we are friends — South Carolinians. "On which side are you?" asked Col. Taylor. "For th Union," replied the Federals, at the same time delivering a heav fire into the ranks of the Kentuckians.* In this battle, WILLIA PHELPS lost his left arm, but retired with the Southern troop when they were forced from the field.

Mrs. Phelps, who was then at her home in Covington, saw th name of her son in the list of the wounded, and at once set off t Washington. Arriving there on the last day of the year, sh applied for permission to go to Centreville, but it was refused her She then drove to the house of Gen. McClellan, who had been friend of her son-in-law, Gen. McIntosh, in the old army; bu the General was too ill to be seen, and she then applied to M Chase, who had practised for many years at the bar with M Phelps, and on most friendly terms. An audience with th official was denied her until the next day; and when, at the a pointed hour, she repaired to his house and made known her wis he replied, "Your son is in the rebel army: I think that yo cannot get a passport." In despair the mother exclaimed, "O Mr. Chase, he is the son of your old acquaintance, Mr. Phelps! The appeal went at once to the heart. "Are you his widow? said he.† Mr. Chase at once wrote a note to Mr. Seward, w issued a passport for Mrs. Phelps to go to Fortress Monro Here again she was delayed by Gen. Wool, and would have be sent back to Baltimore, had not the eloquence of maternal gri prevailed with him, as with Mr. Chase. She was allowed to g on the next day, to Norfolk, but reached that city too late for t train to the Confederate Capital. On the night of the nineteen t day after the battle of Drainsville, she reached Manassas — on a few miles from Washington! It was too late. That which sh had so anxiously sought was gone: her child had died tha morning, just ten hours before!

Three days afterward, he was interred in the family burying-ground at Summer Hill, Hanover County. The young Kentucky friend who accompanied his remains, delivered his parting message to her who had sought so long and so anxiously to reach the sick-bed of her first-born. "Tell my mother that I die in the

*Pollard's "First Year of the War," p. 248. †Diary of a Southern Refugee.

faith of Christ; her early instructions have been greatly blessed to me; and my last word is 'Mother!'"

We quote now from an obituary notice that appeared, a few days after the death of Mr. PHELPS, in the *Richmond Whig*, and also in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:—

"Died at Centreville, Virginia, WILLIAM BROKENBROUGH PHELPS, son of the late Jefferson Phelps, and grandson of the late Judge Wm. Brokenbrough, of Richmond, Virginia. Though born in Kentucky, he was reared and educated in Virginia. Six years ago he returned to his birth-place, where he was engaged at the commencement of the war in the practice of the law. The invasion of Virginia soon brought him back to the land of his forefathers; and going last summer to Manassas, he joined Captain Desha's company, of the First Kentucky Regiment. At Drainsville, in the front rank of his regiment, he sealed his devotion to his country with his blood. He there had his left arm shattered, which resulted in death on the nineteenth day after the action. The devoted attention of his Captain and his comrades is above all praise. He bore his sufferings with calmness and fortitude. Conscious of his approaching end, he conversed freely with a pious relative, and left messages for his mother that must afford consolation. Committing his soul to his Saviour, he breathed his last as quiet as an infant. We humbly hope and believe that he now rests securely under the banner of that great Captain who gave His life for the salvation of the world."

REV. DABNEY CARR HARRISON,

Captain, Company K, 56th Virginia Infantry.

To furnish a brief sketch of this faithful minister of Christ, this noble gentleman and valiant officer, who fell at Fort Donelson while cheering on his men, and striking for the honor and independence of the young Confederacy, is to me an easy task, for I need only to abridge the carefully prepared memoir of him, written by my brother, the Rev. William J. Hoge, D. D., about a year before his own death. Short as was that memoir, it was

composed so conscientiously, and was such a labor of love on part of the writer, that I have little to add or supply, and n only say that the calmest review, after the lapse of years, o confirms my estimate of the fidelity and truthful beauty of t tribute to the memory of one so deserving of our love, and worthy of a place among those whose names, embalmed w "our praises and our tears," we transmit to those who come al us, in the pages of *The University Memorial.*

DABNEY CARR HARRISON was born in the County of Al marle, Virginia, on the 12th of September, 1830. He descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Among th immediately related to his family were two signers of the Decla tion of Independence. One of them was its illustrious autl The other was the father of William Henry Harrison, Presid of the United States. His great-grandfather was a member the House of Burgesses, and eminent for patriotism and eloquer His grandfather, Dabney Carr, was an incorruptible judge, elegant scholar, and displayed in domestic and social life traits character of such rare beauty and dignity, as greatly to endear l to the circle which he illumined and adorned.

From early childhood, DABNEY was remarkable for thoug fulness, integrity, self-denial, perseverance in difficult unc takings, and unfailing obedience to his parents. His studiousr very early gave promise of the rich acquisitions of his after-l When but nine years old he read, in his play hours, the wh of Hume's History of England. His favorite books, his comp tions, and his conscientious walk and conversation, show that whole tendency of his mind was, even at this period, dee religious.

When just fifteen, he entered the Sophomore class in Prince College, though his preparation was in advance of what required. After an unusually blameless and honorable course this institution, he began the study of the Law with a relative Martinsburg, and pursued it at the University of Virginia two years. He then returned to Martinsburg, and entered on practice of this profession.

He was well fitted for it both by nature and education. memory was quick, tenacious, and prompt, so that his acquisiti were rapidly made, firmly held, and always at command. understanding was comprehensive and solid; while his imag

tion, without being vivid, was graceful and chaste. His perception was keen, his judgment cool, his language clear.

His historical and political knowledge was copious and accurate. Having an intrepid intellect, he was fond of discussion. Incapable of artifice himself, he was yet not easily entrapped by an opponent. At this period of his life his speech was, perhaps, too often sarcastic; but after grace began its reign, his wit grew constantly softer, and survived, at length, in the form of good-humored pleasantry only, played off upon friends who could understand and enjoy it. His emotions were ardent, but under strong control. He had ready sympathies for the weak, generous indignation for the injured, while for purity and honor, for liberty and right, he was full of noble enthusiasm. He had, moreover, the advantages of a pleasing address, classic features, a serene and contemplative countenance, the frankness of a fearless and cordial nature, and the manners of a thorough gentleman.

With such qualifications, and with a glowing ambition, he entered on his professional career.

But Providence had marked out other and higher work for this young lawyer. After long, thorough, prayerful consideration, he determined to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel, and entered upon his theological studies in Union Seminary, in the County of Prince Edward.

While he still had another year of his Seminary course before him, his honored and beloved Professor, the Rev. F. S. Sampson, D. D., died; but the "profiting" of his pupil had so "appeared to all," that he was immediately appointed to conduct the studies of a considerable portion of the difficult department now made vacant. He spent two years in these labors, delighting the students and giving satisfaction to all.

But notwithstanding his "aptness to teach," his devotion to Oriental learning, and his rare skill in the Hebrew, his heart still yearned for the peculiar work of the Gospel ministry. For nine months he acted as pastoral supply to the College Church, and for six months more he sustained this relation to the First Presbyterian Church in Lynchburg.

But a still wider field now opened before him. While yet in his twenty-seventh year, he was chosen for the regular term of two years, to be chaplain to the University of Virginia. In this office, he endeared himself to the whole community, gained the confi-

dence and good-will of the vast body of students, and "won golden opinions" from men whose commendation is praise indeed.

One of the Professors of the University has been heard to say, "I never knew a more successful copy of the life of our Saviour than his." Another said, "I knew him intimately. Our conversation was as unguarded as that of brothers; and every sentiment I ever heard him utter, was worthy of a gentleman and a Christian. I never knew him to neglect a duty, or even to postpone one. He was always faithful to his country, and faithful to his God."

Said another, "It was my privilege to hear the Rev. D. C. HARRISON preach almost every Sabbath during two sessions of the University of Virginia, of nine months each, and I can truly say that I never heard him deliver an indifferent, nor even an ordinary sermon in all that time."

"His piety vivified his creed, and his creed gave form to his piety. Doctrine and devotion were beautifully blended in all he uttered from the pulpit. His prayers were as didactic as his preaching, and his preaching as devout and fervent as his prayers. All he knew of God and Christ had formed itself into worship, and hence his extraordinary gift in prayer, a gift so remarkable as to elicit the admiration of all who knew him, whether of the pious or impenitent. Who that heard his last prayer amongst us, can ever forget the man or his manner, as he stood in the pastor's pew in front of the pulpit, at the close of the sermon (by another), and pleaded with God for his country and the *enemies* of that country.

"In short, I have heard few men whose preaching approached so near to Scripture models, and never have known any man of higher qualifications for the successful and acceptable discharge of the specific duties of a pastor." *

Just as his term of service at the University of Virginia expired, he was summoned to his home at "Clifton," in the County of Cumberland, by the extreme illness of his mother, from whom so many of his gifts and graces were inherited; and very rich was the baptism of grace and peace, zeal and tenderness, which came down upon his soul, as he lingered, for a few weeks, by her hallowed grave; and, then, having accepted a call for his pastoral services from the Bethlehem Church in Hanover, he removed thither and entered on his labors.

But there, after many months of fruitful toil, his peaceful life

* Rev. Dr. McGuffey.

was disturbed by the coming of our national troubles. Dark shadows soon became darker realities. This sovereign Commonwealth was required to aid in beating down into degradation, and whipping back into servility, her free sisters of the further South, or join with them in their just independence, and throw her generous breast before them, to receive the first blow of the tyrant's rod, and bear the brunt of his wrath. She obeyed her heart, exercised her right, and stood in the breach.

In the battle of Bull Run, he lost his gallant cousin, Major Carter H. Harrison. Three days later, at Manassas, his native soil was wet again by the blood of the only nephews of his mother, the only sons of their mother, Holmes and Tucker Conrad, and by the blood of his own pure and beautiful brother, Lieut. Peyton Randolph Harrison. These four young men were all faithful servants of God. Their lives were lovely and useful. In His fear they fought. They were sustained by His grace when they fell. The Conrads were shot at the same moment, and falling side by side, lay, as in the sleep of childhood, almost in each other's arms. The younger of them was a student of theology, and was nearly ready with glowing heart to enter on the higher service of his Lord, in the ministry of the Gospel.

The noble deaths of these young men stirred the soul of DABNEY HARRISON to its lowest depths. From the beginning of the war he had longed to share the hardships and dangers of his compatriots. Nothing but his sacred office held him back for a moment. But now he hesitated no longer. His mind was made up. "I must take my brother's place," he calmly said, and nothing could turn him from that resolve. He left "the quiet and still air of delightful studies," left his loving people and sweet little home in Hanover, and having raised a company by great personal exertions, entered the service.

Even then he would not have taken up the sword, if he had been compelled to lay down the Bible; he would not have become a captain, if he could not have remained a minister. He entered the army, believing that his usefulness, even as a preacher of God's Word, would be increased in that new and hazardous field.

And after he became fully enlisted in his work as a soldier, no one ever saw him even for a moment give way to a bitter spirit, or heard him speak a word unbecoming a minister of Christ. Several months after he entered the service, he said, with thankful-

ness and joy, that he had not been conscious of one revengeful feeling toward our enemies. No: he would fight for his country: but he would not hate. He durst die, but not sin. Conscience, not passion, made him a soldier; but who does not know that conscience is mightier than passion! His valor was, through the grace of God, without fierceness: but like steel whose heat has been quenched in cold waters, it was, therefore, all the firmer and keener, of higher polish and more fatal stroke.

He spent the first three months after the organization of his Company, in the Camp of Instruction, near Richmond, where I was in daily intercourse with him. In addition to my pastoral duties in the city, I served as chaplain in that camp during the years 1862 and 1863. Captain HARRISON was with me longer than any other minister in the service, and delighted to avail himself of every opportunity of aiding me in my arduous work.

Whenever I was prevented by any cause from meeting my engagements, he was always ready to take my place; and I had the most abundant evidence of the efficiency of his labors, and of the gratitude of the men for his efforts to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare.

During his stay, at one time several thousand troops were stationed at our camp and Captain HARRISON was, of course, brought into contact with a large number of officers. Over these he exercised the most happy influence.

"While no man was more inflexible in his adherence to his convictions of duty, or more prompt to rebuke whatever he believed to be wrong in principle or in conduct, yet his manner was so conciliating, such was the candor and kindness of his disposition, such his scrupulous respect for the rights, and regard for the feelings of others, that he rarely gave offence, even when he attempted to repress what he deemed culpable. The very presence of one so frank and fearless in his bearing, so delicate and refined in his tastes, so pure and elevated in his principles, was ordinarily sufficient to check any exhibitions of profanity or vulgarity; and, withal, he was so genial in his nature, so entertaining in his conversation, and so obliging in his disposition, that his presence was never regarded as imposing an irksome restraint, even in a company of the irreligious.

"If others have shown

'How awful goodness is,'

it was DABNEY HARRISON'S happy province to show how amiable and attractive it may appear, when thus illustrated in the life of a Christian gentleman and soldier. While he remained in our camp, he moved about as one whose superiority was tacitly acknowledged without exciting ill-will or envy; and when he left us, he was regretted as one whose place was not to be filled again.

While Captain HARRISON'S good work extended to the surrounding multitudes, his first anxiety was of course for his own men. He had gathered them, and given them to the service. They were to follow him, it might be, to the death. They, of all others, would see what he actually was, as a servant of his country, as a servant of his God.

Therefore he sought to be, every day and in everything, an example to them. He shared their hardships, and all so cheerfully, that the most despondent could hardly fail to catch some quickening ray from his sunny spirit. As far as was possible, too, he made them share any comfort pertaining to his position. The inexperienced found in him a faithful guardian, the perplexed went to him freely for counsel, and all the company felt that in him they had not only a brave and gallant commander, but a true friend. His usefulness was like a continual dew. He gave to his soldiers new impressions of the power and sweetness of the religion of Christ, when they saw how beautifully innocence could blend with wisdom; how the very purity of woman could consist with the valor of man, just as whiteness and enduring substance are combined in marble; and how the most uncompromising godliness could be interwoven with the elegance of the gentleman, while he devoutest piety but gave new fire to the ardor of the patriot.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the hardships of Captain HARRISON'S winter campaign in the West — hard fare and harder lodging, and constant exposure to the wet and cold. Whatever he bore, many thousands bore with him; and there are multitudes of whom that may be said, which is so true of him — no one ever saw him falter, no one ever heard him murmur. A brief extract from one of his letters may serve to show the pleasant spirit in which all these privations and annoyances were met:—

"BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY,
January 18, 1862.

"*My Dear Father:*—I have been forcibly reminded to-day, of an incident in Ruxton's travels. Out on a prairie he found a

wretched looking man, all alone in a pouring rain, stooping ov a few smouldering embers, and singing,

'How happy are we,
Who from care are free.
Oh! why are not all
Contented like me?'

"My tent is on a hill-side, and has a flue instead of a chimne It rained hard all last night, has rained all of to-day, and is rain ing yet. The water has risen in my tent, the fire has bee drowned out, the floor is nearly all mud, and I have been writin all the morning in a chair stuck deep in this mud. My bed kept out of it by some fence rails, and my larder is a basket o the ground at the bed's head, containing a piece of pork and a ba of flour. There is not a negro in Virginia that would not despi such lodgings, but I am 'contented.' I sleep soundly, wor hard, eat heartily, and am fattening."

A day or two later he writes:—"I have just finished a larg stone chimney to my tent, and shall have it floored with pol to-morrow; then I shall be in great state."

On Monday night, February 10th, six days before his death, h thus closes a long letter from the camp before Fort Donelson· · "Oh, how all these adventures, with their perils and deliverance their privations and blessings, do drive us to our God! I wa no other strength than the Lord Jehovah; no other Redeem than our blessed Saviour; no other Comforter than His Ho Spirit. I believe that when we do our duty the Lord will figh for us. I feel a constant, bright, and cheery trust in Him. think of my precious wife and little ones, and long for their socie and caresses; but I am satisfied that it is right that I should here, and I await the development of His will. I think H mercy in making us His children in spite of all our ill desert, oug to make us willing meekly to bear all that He chooses to l upon us."

Mightily as many earthly loves drew upon his soul, his Lord love for *him* was more than all. He had "prepared a place for him "in His Father's House," and now He desired his coming Beyond the river, and before the throne, His voice was heard saying, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me b with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." And then from Mount Zion, which is above, came words which one

sounded in thunder from Mount Sinai; but now they came softly, and were unheard by any mortal ear. They were words of discharge and blessing, breathed in music that night over the pillow of the sleeping soldier:—"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

Six days for earth and labor; only six. Then his eternal Sabbath would begin; rest and worship and joy forever!

The battle of Fort Donelson began on Wednesday. That night was spent in throwing up breastworks. His men say that no man in the company worked harder, or did more in this heavy labor, than "the Captain." Thursday night was cold and stormy. The rain fell in torrents on the weary watchers in the trenches, and, soon changing into sleet, their clothes froze upon them. By Friday evening, Captain HARRISON'S frame, never robust, gave way for a time, and he was compelled to retire to the hospital, where he lay quite sick all that night. Yet on Saturday morning, a great while before day, and against the remonstrances of his friends, he rose and returned to his command.

The officer who commanded the Fifty-Sixth Regiment at this time, gave several instances of such zeal and daring on the part of Captain HARRISON, that one cannot refrain from applying to him what Clarendon says of "that incomparable young man, Lord Falkland," in his touching account of his death:—"He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger."

"You *ought* to be braver than the rest of us," said some of his brother-officers to Captain HARRISON one day, after witnessing some exhibition of his serene fearlessness in danger.

"Why so?" said he, pleasantly.

"Because," said they, "you have everything settled for eternity. You have nothing to fear after death."

"Well, gentlemen," said he, solemnly, after a moment's pause, "you are right. Everything *is* settled, I trust, for eternity, and I have nothing to fear."

As the sun rose on the morning of Saturday, it saw him enter the thick of the battle, and wrestle valiantly with the foe. With dauntless heart he cheered on his men. They eagerly followed wherever he led. Their testimony is, that he never said, "Go on," but always, "Come on," while ever before them flashed his waving sword. At length with fear and pain, they saw his firm

step faltering, his erect form wavering. He fell, and the fierce tide of battle swept on. It was impossible for his most devoted men to pause. And they best did his will by passing over his prostrate body, throwing themselves on the foe, and leaving him to die. "He had warred a good warfare, ever holding faith and a good conscience."

Three balls had passed through his hat, without harming him; a fourth cut his temple; a fifth passed through his right lung; and this was the fatal wound.

Two incidents of his dying hours are yet to be recorded. Calling, about noon, for one of his manuscript books, he took a pencil, and, with a trembling hand, feebly wrote these words:—

"*Feb.* 16, 1862.—*Sunday.*

"I die content and happy; trusting in the merits of my Saviour Jesus; committing my wife and children to their Father and mine.

"DABNEY CARR HARRISON."

Precious legacy of love and prayer! Precious testimony of faith and blessedness!

A little while before he died, he slept quietly for a few minutes. In dreams his soul wandered back to yesterday's conflict. He was again in the battle. The company for which he had toiled and prayed and suffered so much, was before him, and he was wounded, —dying on the field. But even in dreams he had not lost

> "th' unconquerable will,
> And courage never to submit or yield."

Starting out of sleep, he sat once more erect, and exclaimed, "Company K, you have no Captain now; but never give up! never surrender!"

The arms of his faithful attendant received him as he rose, and now supported him tenderly as his drooping form grew heavier. With his head pillowed on a soldier's breast, he sank, peacefully as a babe, into that sleep which no visions of strife shall ever disturb. Thus he died, as he was born, on the Sabbath. Thus was his life bounded on either hand by the Day of God. Care and conflict came between, but a Sabbath blessing was on it all, and then he entered on the higher "Sabbath of the Lord his God, eternal in the heavens."

As an appropriate appendix to this sketch, and to show that neither of the brothers concerned in its preparation held Capt. HARRISON in higher regard than any others who knew him well, I append the following eloquent tribute to his memory, from the pen of the Rev. Joseph M. Atkinson, of Raleigh, N. C. It is taken from a Southern periodical in which it was published in 1863:—

"While our Church or our country shall survive; while freedom, or religion, or learning, the noblest gifts of nature, or the brightest instincts of personal or hereditary worth, shall be treasured among men, never will the name and the memory of the Rev. DABNEY CARR HARRISON be forgotten,—a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, a minister, a martyr to his conscientious conviction of public duty, and uncalculating devotion to his country. Among the illustrious worthies of ancient story, among the deified heroes of ancient song, in the golden records of Grecian fame, in the glowing chronicles of mediæval knighthood, in the ranks of war, in the halls of learning, in the temple of religion, a nobler name is not registered than his, nor a nobler spirit mourned."

WM. B. RECTOR,

Captain, Company I, 42d Virginia Infantry.

Alfred Rector, father of Captain W. B. RECTOR, was a resident of Fauquier County, Virginia. He was a farmer of independent means and high respectability. Besides serving his county for many years as a magistrate, he also represented it twice in the Legislature, where he introduced and carried against much opposition, the Manassas Gap Railroad Bill. He was married twice; first to Miss Sarah Grigsby, who died, leaving three daughters and two sons; his second wife, Catharine Ayres, left only one child, a daughter. Although he survived his son for a short while, his death was believed by his family to be the result of the inhuman conduct of Federal soldiers, whose persecutions appear to have been directed against him with distinguishing severity, because he persistently and bitterly refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. To extort that oath from him, he was

one day — a cold day, when the rain was falling — taken from l sick chamber and placed under the guard of a squad of Zouaves the streets of Rectortown. This act of cruelty failed to acco plish its end, but the health of Mr. Rector, which had been feel for several years, declined rapidly from this time.

William Baylis Rector, his eldest son, was born near t village of Rectortown, in Fauquier County, July 22, 1828. the early years of his life he was but little restrained, pecuniari or otherwise, by a too indulgent father, and consequently his tu was chiefly spent in "fast living." But, as the sequel will sho his mind was afterwards aroused to a consciousness of its powe and he entered upon a new career with a determination to co mend himself to him who had, perhaps, been grieved by l extravagances. His feelings at that period of life are well e pressed by his own words:—"As I live," said he, "my fath shall be *proud* to own me for his son."

On the 23d of August, 1849, when just twenty-one years age, he married Miss Susan D., daughter of Dr. Elias Frost, Meriden, Sullivan County, New Hampshire — a lady who com bined rare mental endowments with her amiability of dispositi and firmness of purpose.

In 1851, William Rector removed, with his family, fro Fauquier County to Campbell, and located at Concord Depot, the South Side Railroad, where the beginning of the war fou him.

A few years later, and he resolved to enter the legal professio Accordingly, in December, 1858, he left his wife and several litt children, and repaired to the University of Virginia, where, duri the remainder of the session, he applied himself vigorously to t study of Law. The following summer he appeared before Judg Field, Robertson, and Daniel, Jr., passed satisfactorily the requis examination, and was admitted to the bar.

A new life seemed now to open before William Rector. H had a high appreciation of the noble profession which he h selected for his own; and at the age of thirty, to the maturity his fine intellectual powers, he added the enthusiasm of a mi which, conscious it was beginning late the real work of life, v yet resolved to attain success. In the city of Lynchburg, and the counties of Campbell and Appomattox, in all of whose cou he practiced, he was rapidly compassing his desire. For, in

brief period that remained for the pursuit of peaceful avocations, he had already won a high and influential position at the bar.

When the Ordinance of Secession was passed, although opposed to the disruption of the Government, he began at once to take measures to defend the action of Virginia. How well he did his duty in this new capacity may be seen from the following letter of Col. Robt. W. Withers to A. Walter Ransom, Esq.:—

"LYNCHBURG, VA., *July 1st*, 1869.

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"In compliance with your request, I will endeavor to give a short account of the career of my much valued friend and gallant Captain, WM. B. RECTOR, from the 12th of July, 1861, to the 23d of March, 1862.

"Capt. WM. B. RECTOR, who resided in Campbell County, at Concord Depot, S. S. R. R., raised a most respectable company of infantry,—'The Campbell Guard,'—on or about the 12th July, 1861, and with it was mustered into service in the 42d Virginia Regiment of Infantry (Col. Jesse Burks commanding), at Camp Davis, near Lynchburg, about the 14th July.

"On the 18th, this command was ordered to Staunton, where it remained a short time, and then moved to Pocahontas County. There, and in adjoining counties, it did hard service, but no fighting, in the brigade of Gen. W. W. Loring. In December it was ordered with Gen. Loring's command to Winchester, and joined the forces of Gen. Thomas L. Jackson. After remaining in camp near Winchester, until the 1st day of January, 1862, the whole command moved on the enemy, who were quartered at the Bath Springs in Morgan County. On reaching that point a light skirmish ensued, which resulted in forcing the enemy to retire across the Potomac, near Hancock. From there our forces moved on Romney with like results. Jackson with his old command then returned to Winchester, leaving Loring with his brigade to hold Romney.

"In the latter part of February, Loring, having rejoined Jackson, was ordered South, and Col. Burks was placed in command of the brigade; Lieut.-Col. D. A. Langhorne of the 42d, taking charge of that regiment.

"About this time the enemy moved in heavy force against Jackson, whose army was very small, on account of a large number of

men being absent on re-enlistment furloughs, and several commands having been transferred to other portions of the State. Upon the approach of the enemy, Jackson beat a hurried retreat down the Valley to Rude's Hill, where he halted for the night; but the next morning he made a countermarch to Strasburg, and the day after engaged the enemy at Kernstown, about three miles south of Winchester. Here a short but sharp battle was fought, the enemy numbering some 12,000, our forces not exceeding 5000, and one regiment of that small number, the 48th Virginia, not being engaged.

"The 42d Virginia was in the very heat of battle, and acted a conspicuous part in this, its first engagement. Our gallant Captain RECTOR, here in the hottest of the fight and at close quarters, with his usual *vim* and soldierly conduct, mounted a stump, and waving his sword and shouting to his men to do their duty and render a good account of themselves, made himself a target for the Yankee bullet, and fell mortally wounded by a Minie ball. . . . . .

"A brief but glorious career! Captain RECTOR was destined to be of great worth to his country, but an all-wise Providence saw fit to take him from us, and that too in an all-important hour."

The closing scenes of his life are summed up in a letter to the sister of Captain RECTOR, from the Rev. B. F. Brooke, formerly of Winchester, but now of Alleghany City, Pennsylvania.

"We all knew"—wrote Mr. Brooke—"we all knew he was a brave and gallant soldier. His comrades in arms often mentioned his bravery to me, and always expressed, in enthusiastic terms, their admiration of his noble bravery in the field, as well as in private circles. He was, without doubt, a very splendid young man. He possessed extraordinary powers of mind, was unusually gifted with force of intellect and sound judgment; and when these native powers were cultivated to a very high degree, he became equal to any young man of his age. He was generous, magnanimous, and affectionate. No man ever trusted him in vain. Had he lived, his would have been, doubtless, a career of surpassing brilliancy and success. He was frequently at my house while in Winchester, and a more congenial spirit I never met. When leaving us to march up the Valley, just before the battle in which he fell, he said: 'If anything happens to me, I want to be brought to your house.'

"On Sunday, he went into the Kernstown fight about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He was struck with a ball in the upper part of the head, and fell gently to the ground. One of his men, who fell wounded by his side, related to me these facts:— He asked Captain RECTOR, 'Are you much injured?' The Captain replied, 'I do not think I am mortally wounded.' A few minutes after, a Federal officer came along and removed him from the ground. He requested to be taken to a private house in Winchester. 'Your request shall be granted,' said the officer. It seems, however, Captain RECTOR lost all consciousness before he reached the town, and was taken to the Union Hospital, where Mrs. Page, of Clarke County, with other kind ladies, attended to his wants. Mrs. P. stated that he was delirious, having been shot in the brain. At times he would hold her hand and call her 'Sue,' and say, 'Oh, the dear children!' He imagined his wife was with him.

"On Wednesday morning, the 28th March, he died; and he was buried in the soldiers' grave-yard, just outside the town."

No wonder that in his delirium he talked to his wife about his children! He had left her provided for with scrupulous care; but the dark days were now at hand, and his eight little ones — the oldest a daughter of eleven years, the youngest less than a day old — were about to be numbered among the "*orphans of the war!*"

At the next term — April, 1862 — of the County Court of Campbell, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

"Whereas, The members of this bar and the Court have heard, with deep sorrow, of the death of Captain WILLIAM BAYLIS RECTOR, who fell in the prime of manhood and usefulness, at the battle of Kernstown, while heroically and gallantly leading on his company in the thickest of the fight,—

"*Be it resolved*, 1*st*, That in him we recognize a gentleman of high promise as a lawyer, a useful and valuable citizen, a warm and generous friend, a true-hearted and patriotic soldier, a man who had won the full confidence and esteem of all who knew him. That in his death our Bar have lost a genial and warm-hearted associate, the County a valuable and enterprising citizen, and our country a brave and gallant soldier.

"*Resolved*, 2*d*, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted wife and children, in this sad and dark hour of their bereavement." . . .

JOHN BAKER THOMPSON, M. A.,

Lieutenant-Colonel, 1st Arkansas Infantry.

The materials do not exist for making a memoir of JOHN BAKER THOMPSON, worthy of him, yet his name should not be omitted in a list of the Alumni of the University who fell during the war; for no nobler Alumnus ever left that seat of learning, nor more gallant soldier perished in that terrible struggle. This imperfect sketch, while it cannot convey an adequate idea of its subject to those who did not know him, will at least recall his image and character to his friends, while its preparation is, to the writer, a labor of love.

JOHN BAKER THOMPSON was the son of Hon. Lucas P. Thompson, for many years Judge of the 11th Circuit, and latterly of the Court of Appeals. His mother was Caroline Tapscott. He was born April 6th, 1834, in Amherst, Virginia, which was also the native County of his father and grandfather. In his childhood, his father removed to Staunton, and in the pure, tonic air and inspiring scenery of this mountain region, he grew up to manhood. Slender in figure, yet of well-knit sinews, with buoyant spirits, and an ardent love of nature, he delighted to tramp over the fields after game, or follow the windings of the mountain brook, in pursuit of trout. He is spoken of, by one who knew him, as "a bright, noble-hearted boy, always ready for a kind word or brave deed." Another, well competent to judge, and enjoying ample opportunities for forming an opinion, testifies that "from early childhood he gave promise of the rare endowments and admirable qualities which ripened into such rich maturity in his after years. To this day Judge Thompson's old family-servants speak with the warmest affection of their 'young master JOHN BAKER.'" His academic course was pursued at the High School, in Staunton, conducted by Pike Powers, Esq.

In October, 1852, in the 19th year of his age, he entered the University of Virginia, and with apparent ease and with eclat took the degree of Master of Arts in two years. The next year he spent in teaching a school in the County of Albemarle. At this time, it is believed, he "passed from death unto life," and became "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. His conduct, in this connec-

tion, was marked by that frankness and noble simplicity which were always strikingly characteristic of him. The general thoughtfulness upon religious subjects, which he had for some time felt, having deepened into a conviction of personal guilt and sinfulness, he rode to the University, and sought the room of one who had often manifested an interest in his religious welfare. His countenance and tones, and unusually warm grasp of the hand, showed that his heart was full, and without delay or introduction, he said that he felt himself a sinner, and had come to be prayed with and directed.

The next year he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Kenyon College, Ohio. "He was soon compelled by ill health to resign his position, but not till he had won golden opinions from its officers and all with whom he was associated." It is an interesting fact that, while at Kenyon College, he not only lay at the point of death, but was reported to be dead. But his work was not done. He was yet to make his life sublime.

With a view to the restoration of his health, he went to South America in the position of Captain's clerk, under Capt. Hull of the *St. Lawrence*. He was absent from the United States about nine months. During this period, which was one of comparative leisure, he corresponded freely with his friends. One of his letters written in metre and in playful style, could it be produced here, would give a better idea than any description can do, of the sprightliness of his mind and the genial warmth of his nature. We insert at this place an extract from a letter from him, addressed to the writer. It is dated

"U. S. F. St. Lawrence,
At Sea, May 21st, 1857.

"My situation is such that I must either not write at all, or else be quite egotistical. I will endeavor to give you a short account of what I have been doing since I saw you, hoping you will look on it with the same feelings with which I would behold a very long account of your own experiences. My health fluctuated all last year until the Fall, when it became so bad, notwithstanding my very strenuous exertions to maintain it, that I accepted the post of Captain's clerk under Capt. Hull, of the *St. Lawrence* (he is nephew of Commodore Hull of 'Constitution and Guerriere' memory). I left the U. S. in October, and was very unwell with

pleurisy at starting. I never suffered so much, as during the fir three weeks of our voyage. The fare was bad, the accommod tions wretched, the weather miserable, my body in constant pai and my messmates always drinking, swearing, and singing ribal songs. I must do them the justice to say that they were all ver kind *to me.* Everything, however, gradually became better. Th drinking and singing ceased by degrees, and now everything even orderly. After about fifty days, we arrived in Rio d Janeiro. The limits of this letter will not permit me to give yo a minute description of Rio. It is a city of 250,000 inhabitant It is built on mere rocks, and some of its streets resemble windin stairs. They are all narrow and filthy. The people of Rio a mongrel, and of a diseased appearance. They speak a corru Portuguese. They enjoy considerable religious liberty and gre political freedom. There are but few Protestants in Rio, and the principally temporary residents, constituting one small congreg tion. The scenery about the city is exquisite. It is entirely su rounded by mountains not very lofty, but very rugged and pictu esque. The harbor is said to be the next to that of Naples in beau We formed no acquaintances with any of the *high* families of Bra They are very exclusive, and particularly so to 'Americans,' so of our former officers on this station having brought discredit our name by their excesses.

"The fever having broken out in Rio, we went to Montevid a city on the Rio de la Plata, of about 40,000. We were w pleased with this place, and well received. I formed the a quaintance of some of the first families, and had the pleasure talking Spanish with the noblesse. After studying Spanish the cruise, I found it very easy to converse with the Spani ladies. However, the fever broke out in Montevideo as violentl as it ever did in Cuba, and we were compelled to go to Maldonad another town of Uruguay, where we stayed several weeks. Her too we had a pleasant time. The hunting (and you know that's weakness of mine) is most delightful. Four of us, one day, kille five deer, and an ostrich six and a half feet high. The girls o Maldonado visited our ship in force one evening. The Mayo gave our officers a ball the same day. They danced till Sunda morning. This the Spaniards regard as the best day for amus ments of all sorts. We left Maldonado shortly afterwards, an returned to Montevideo for the mail. The fever was on th

increase. We lay there a week, but escaped it. We then returned to Rio, and found the fever still there. We lay *there* also more than a week, and then came out here on a cruise for exercise. Here we lie now, perfectly careless whether we have a breeze or not, just living at sea because it is healthy and gives an opportunity to exercise in target-firing, &c. We are about 80 miles from Rio, and can return in a few hours with a good breeze. The sea looks like glass, and for hours after a vessel passes, her wake is distinctly visible, resembling a road over a prairie. The swell of the sea makes it appear to be winding over gentle hills. Yesterday I stood on the poop and heard the billows booming on the precipitous rocks nearly twenty miles distant. I pass my time very agreeably reading law, studying modern languages, playing chess, &c. My duties are — 0, almost. I have learned Portuguese, and read the *Luriad* of Camōens. I am now learning Italian. I read a good many French books, and find that this great variety of studies prevents all *ennui*.

"My health is rather moderate, but yet I should be quite pleased to be always able to undergo as much as at present. I *know* it is much better to be afflicted with bad health, and am so utterly convinced of it that I have no room for that *faith* in the dealings of Providence that afflictions are intended to perfect. Would it not be better if I could say, 'I know not why I should suffer, but God has reasons for afflicting me and I acquiesce,' than to say, 'I plainly see that I am ever disposed to be too much attracted by the trifles of time, and that sickness makes me more thoughtful and more attentive to the things of eternity, and therefore I will try and cheerfully submit'?"

In the summer of '57, Mr. THOMPSON returned to the United States, still delicate, but much invigorated, and with a new lease of life. He now addressed himself again to work, and became an Instructor in the Albemarle Female Institute, Charlottesville, in which the curriculum was as extensive, and the standard as high as in our colleges. Besides himself, three other Masters of Arts of the University were in the Faculty, viz., John Hart, W. N. Bronaugh and Crawford H. Toy. He also filled the position of Licentiate Professor in the University. One intimately associated with him at this period says, "His ability and success in this instruction were marked." In June, 1858, he was married to Miss Alice Powers (the eldest daughter of Pike Powers, Esq.,) of

Staunton, between whom and himself an attachment had existed for years. In 1859, he became a candidate for the Professorship of Latin in the University of Virginia, a position which he would have adorned. He was, however, not elected, and the same year accepted the Presidency of St. John's College, Little Rock, an institution established by the Free Masons of Arkansas. Here he continued until the breaking out of the war, laboring earnestly and with signal success, in building up that infant institution.

While the dark war-cloud was rising over the land, his own life was darkened by the death of his wife, a woman of singularly pure spirit, vigorous intellect and elegant accomplishments, in every way worthy of him. She died in the hope of the Gospel of Christ; but the stricken husband, though bearing the blow with manly fortitude and Christian resignation, felt that life had now, for him, lost its charm and brightness.

Early in '61 President THOMPSON resigned his office, and was elected Major of the 1st Arkansas Regiment. On reaching Virginia with his regiment, his health was so feeble that he was urged by his physician to leave the service, "but his frail and suffering body was the abode of a spirit too gallant, too unselfish, too ardent in its patriotism and its devotion to truth and justice, to remain idle while others were fighting in defence of a bleeding country." The 1st Arkansas was encamped near the Potomac when summoned to Manassas, to participate in the battle impending there. By a march which compares well with any subsequently made by Stonewall Jackson's famous "foot cavalry," they arrived in time, "but, though under fire for awhile, were not called into action till too late to share much of the dangers and glories of that memorable day."

The writer remembers the solicitude manifested at this time by Major THOMPSON for the religious welfare of his men. He also recollects, with pleasure, evidences which the young officer gave of his appreciative interest in "things unseen and eternal." This remark is recalled, as made by him, in conversation (though the date of the conversation is not certainly remembered), that in heaven one would never weary or suffer from *ennui*, as he would have the infinite God, in contemplating and worshipping whom the soul would find ample scope for the exercise of both its faculties and affections.

While Mr. THOMPSON had, perhaps, from ill health and bereave-

ment and the troubles of the country, lost that buoyancy which had formerly chatacterized him, he was far from gloomy. On the contrary, though he seemed neither to expect nor to desire long life, he was bright and cheerful, and entered with interest into all that concerned others. He was, if possible, more than ever before, a delightful companion, chastened and mellowed, but not soured or morbidly sad. If he was, and felt himself to be near the confines of the eternal world, its light rather than its shadow fell upon his soul. He presented a striking illustration of the truth that those who "remember their Creator in the days of their youth," while they may see "evil days"—as indeed all must do in this world—will never say of any, however sad, that they "have no pleasure in them."

In the spring of '62, at Major THOMPSON'S request, the regiment was transferred to Tennessee, and on its reorganization he was elected Lt.-Colonel. His reason for seeking this transfer was the hope of seeing more active service. While he would have been resigned to God's will, he felt a horror of dying by inches of pulmonary disease, and longed, if it might be so, to fall on the battle-field. This, God in mercy vouchsafed to him. Under date of Corinth, Miss., April 9th, 1862, Col. Fagan writes as follows to Judge Thompson:—

"We had a tremendous fight on the 6th and 7th, near the Tennessee River. Col. THOMPSON fell on the 6th, while gallantly leading the right in an attack upon a strong position of the enemy. He was struck by seven bullets, and died on the 8th inst. He was one of my dearest and truest friends, and I have no language with which to express to you my keen sense of his loss. He died, as he had always wished to do, on the field of battle, and at the head of his command."

It is comforting to read, in this connection, the following letter, written by Col. THOMPSON, in anticipation of his fall:—

"NEAR MONTEREY, TENN.,
"*Night of April* 4, 1862.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—

I write by the light of our bivouac fire. We expect, by God's help, a glorious victory to-morrow. If I should not see you again, take the assurance that I trust in God to be prepared for all. Day after to-morrow is my birthday. Love to all.

Your devoted Son,

JNO. B. THOMPSON."

On that birthday, he fell. It was "as he had always wished." Two days after, he died. It is hard to think of him suffering, dying, far away from home and loved ones. But he was "prepared for all" this—and not this only, but, what is infinitely more important, "prepared for all" beyond.

Rev. Crawford H. Toy, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation, in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, South Carolina, and for some time intimately associated with the subject of this sketch, writes as follows:—"Mr. THOMPSON was, for his age, a learned man. After taking his degree at the University of Virginia, he devoted all the time which his health permitted, to study, and his classical and mathematical attainments were uncommonly great. At the age of twenty-five, he was able to grasp the most difficult problems of the Calculus, and if he had prosecuted the subject, would have made his mark as a mathematician, while his classical scholarship was sufficient to justify him in becoming a candidate for the Chair of Latin in the University, his failure being due to no lack of confidence in his ability. His mind was eminently analytic, and his discussions of rhetoric were marked by independence of thought and clearness. We have never seen any account of Figures of Speech which we regarded as so able as his, especially his distinction between Simile, Metaphor and Allegory, and his explanation of Parable; an account which we think was published, and which we believe would be useful to teachers of rhetoric, as well as to students of the Bible. The same acuteness he showed in all his discussions.

"His friendship with W. N. Bronaugh is described in the memoir of the latter. He was thoroughly true and amiable, a Virginia gentleman, his external polish setting forth a refined mind. He lived and died a Christian. In the darkest hour of his life, when his wife was taken from him, he did not lose his trust in God, but only clung to Him more closely. His exemplary conduct, his steady performance of Christian duty, were the results of his firm faith in the Saviour."

It is not known that Mr. THOMPSON ever practised the art of public speaking. It is, however, quite certain that he possessed abilities which would have made him an effective speaker, had he ever turned his attention to it. A speech which he wrote out and delivered as the "Monthly Oration," before the Jefferson Society at the University of Virginia, the writer remembers reading, and

also the favorable impression it made upon him, especially for its apt and brilliant illustrations drawn from natural science.

As an author, he would have excelled. At the request of the writer, he composed a tale which, for original conception, graphic description, and graceful style, was of high order. Its point consisted in a young lawyer's success, from his knowledge of a somewhat recondite fact in natural history, in clearing a man under trial for murder, and with overwhelming circumstantial evidence against him. There was also a modicum of love and conspiracy. Certainly, the story was told with power and was deeply interesting. It was never published, the author in all probability regarding it as a mere trifle; but it would have adorned any magazine in the land.

A few facts and incidents are subjoined, as illustrative of his character.

During his first year at the University, while entirely moral and regular in his life, he, on a single occasion, in a convivial scene, drank to such an extent as to show it in his manner, though he by no means lost his gentlemanly sense. With returning soberness came not merely poignant remorse, but a better feeling, which led him to seek a Christian friend and ask his pardon if he had offended or grieved him by aught said or done while he was not perfectly himself. A single lapse of this sort, in a youth amid the temptations of the University, is venial. It might even be due to qualities, in themselves for the most part lovely and loveable; but the course he pursued after it seems to us to indicate a soul of the purest and noblest type.

Another incident illustrates his readiness to stand up for the true and the right. A certain youth was ill, and being visited by a religious student, who was a friend of Mr. THOMPSON, gladly welcomed religious conversation and prayer. Subsequently he recovered, became ashamed of the fears felt in the prospect of death, and even went so far as to refer to the visit and religious services as intrusive and distasteful to him. Mr. THOMPSON, who was cognizant of the facts of the case, promptly stated them, and defended his friend from the unworthy imputation.

In the spring of 1858 the writer spent two bright, happy days with Mr. THOMPSON, fishing for trout in the streams near Buffalo Gap. The night was spent at a simple country inn, kept by an old lady whose shrewd wit was infinitely entertaining. One of

the party, perhaps expecting to be favored with a glass of cream, remarked at supper on the richness of the cream, adding that cream was his weakness, to which the hostess replied dryly, that she supposed *everybody* had a weakness for cream. This little incident, exciting a smile at the moment, was heartily laughed at when the bed-room was reached, and often afterwards by those interested. On the afternoon of the second day, the party spent some hours on the high embankment near the Gap, waiting for the train. A fine view, principally of mountains, is had from this point, and the sportsmen employed themselves in surveying carefully portions of the landscape, and then seeking, either with closed eyes or averted face, to reproduce the scene to themselves and to paint it by words. Mr. THOMPSON was a skilled angler, having been from childhood a zealous disciple of Izaak Walton, but his companion was inexperienced and inexpert. Still the latter, contrary to all rule, had been quite successful, though he had often thrown the fish into queer places and gotten his line hopelessly entangled. This too was a source of exquisite amusement to Mr. THOMPSON, who afterwards remarked that the trout must have respected the clerical office, as they bit contrary to all precedent. He also drew a pencil-sketch of the preacher-angler in the brush, with his pole perpendicular, his hook caught in the top of a tree, and a trout turned into a flying-fish and soaring to the sky. He had a lively sense of the ludicrous, and was extremely witty, but his good taste and kindness of heart were such that he never aimed a shaft to wound.

Repeated reference has been made to Mr. THOMPSON'S diligence and success as a student. The truth is, whatever he did, he did with enthusiasm, and, therefore, well. In every department in which he labored, he was, in the true sense of that word, an amateur. He loved his work, and never did it mechanically. Thus while stern, bloody war was repugnant to his heart, yet having engaged in it as a duty, he studied it as a fine art, and devoted all his spare time, even when at home, "on sick leave," to the study of tactics and military science.

A few months before the breaking out of the war, Mr. THOMPSON was in Staunton, when union prayer-meetings were held in the Town-Hall, with reference to the state of the country. As is usual, there were but few persons, besides the pastor, who were willing to lead in prayer. On one occasion, the conductor of the

meeting called upon Mr. THOMPSON to pray. The hall was crowded with people of all denominations and of no religious persuasion; and the position, to a young man who had never prayed in public was an embarrassing one; indeed, some even thought it at least ill-judged in the leader to place him in it. However this may have been, Mr. THOMPSON seemed to feel it his duty to "stand up for Jesus," and therefore, though it was doubtless a cross, did not decline, but made a fervent and appropriate prayer. Had he lived, there is reason to believe that to a pure, upright Christian life, he would have added special activity in the various departments of Christian labor. As it was, he never hesitated to let it be known where he stood, and what master he served.

We close this inadequate sketch with a quotation from a just and beautiful tribute paid to Col. THOMPSON, by Mr. Powers.

"He has passed to a higher stage of action, and has left us a love saddened by no reproach, a memory tarnished by no stain, and an admiration dimmed by no defect. A brighter, purer, loftier spirit has seldom, if ever, passed from this troubled and stormy scene to the realms of light and peace. With a mind equal to any subject, he had reaped almost every field of knowledge, and stored up its fruits to be given to the use and pleasure of others with the readiest kindness and most unpretending simplicity. Soaring with the wisest in their loftiest flights, he disdained not to lead the child, with gentle affection and with patient assiduity, along the humble walks of elementary knowledge. In all the relations of life he was most exemplary. No son more dutiful, no brother more affectionate, no husband more tender, no friend more faithful, no patriot more devoted, no soldier more heroic; and the charm of his beautiful character was that, while all acknowledged, none were oppressed by his superiority. His modest dignity, his ready sympathy, his admirable judgment and his remarkable power of adaptation, made him the cherished and favorite of all, high and low, learned and unlearned alike, like the blessed sunshine which, though brighter than everything else, is ever welcomed and loved because it cheers and gladdens all on whom it falls. And to crown all, he was an humble, consistent and devoted Christian. . . . By the power of religion, he was even patient and unmurmuring in all the suffering of protracted disease; in the trials and disappointments of a chequered life, and

the terrible agony of his last and greatest misfortune, the loss of a beloved wife, of whom it is enough to say that she was worthy to be the companion of such a man. 'Lovely in their lives, in their death, they were' scarcely 'divided.' 'The memory of the just is blessed, and such men as Col. THOMPSON, though removed, are not lost to us. The light of their glorious example and the memory of their beautiful life, point us to all that is true, and beautiful, and good.

'They fell devoted but undying;
The very gale their name seems sighing;
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolls mingling with their names forever."

DR. CHARLES O. SHELTON,

Assistant Surgeon, Gulber's Battery, Department of the West.

CHARLES OSCAR SHELTON was born in St. Louis, Missouri, Dec. 27, 1835. His parents, John G. Shelton and Mary W. Shelton, were natives of Virginia.

As a boy, he evinced a strong predilection for books; his fondness for study rendering him a favorite with his teachers, while his genial disposition and high sense of honor endeared him to his associates. As a man, he was quiet and undemonstrative, even retiring in manner, yet with a bearing distinguished for courtesy to all.

His preparation for College was made at the St. Louis English and Classical High School, then under the conduct of Mr. Edward Wyman, a gentleman of enviable reputation for scholarly attainments. In the autumn of 1854, he came to Virginia—still cherished by his parents as the land of their birth—and in October he quietly settled down as a student at the University. Here his stay had more of the air of permanence than is usual even with those students who remain longest at College. Having taken up his quarters in No. 9 West Lawn, he did not change his dormitory during the four years of his residence at the University. There was an atmosphere of comfort about his room, and in the man an apparent satisfaction with all his surroundings, which suggested to visitors that he felt that he was *at home*. The circle of

his acquaintances was small, that of his associates much smaller. This fact was due rather to his modesty, and his regular attendance to his duties, than to any native hauteur or disposition to exclusiveness; for he was a gentleman of habitually courteous manner and of pleasing address.

The first three years he spent in the academic course, and during this period graduated in Latin, German, Chemistry, and Political Economy; the fourth session was devoted to the study of Medicine, after which he repaired to New York, and there spent two years more, attending medical lectures and practising his profession in the hospitals of the city.

After an absence of six years, during which he had been busily preparing himself for the serious duties of life, Dr. SHELTON returned to his native city to locate as a physician. Shortly after his arrival, he became a member of "The National Guards," a Company regularly organized in the State service. In accordance with the laws of Missouri, "The National Guards," together with other Companies, were at Camp Jackson, attending their yearly drill, when, on the 10th of May, 1861, they were captured by the United States troops and imprisoned in the St. Louis Arsenal. The second day after their capture, the State troops were released on parole, and such as chose to unite their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, were regularly exchanged as prisoners of war, in November of the same year.

Dr. SHELTON immediately availed himself of the opportunity to serve that cause which enlisted all his sympathies. Upon his arrival in "the South," he was commissioned Assistant-Surgeon, and assigned to duty with Capt. Guiber's Battery, in the Western Department. Eminently fitted for such service as this by his attainments and experience, he entered with enthusiasm upon his duties. But the hardships and exposure of the winter campaign proved too severe for his constitution. In March, 1862, shortly after the battle of Pea Ridge, he was compelled to abandon the field; and being cut off from his home, made a visit to New Orleans, with the hope of recovering his health. In this he was disappointed: his system too severely taxed, rejected every remedy, and his strength wasted steadily and rapidly away, until the 22d of April. In his death, which occurred on that day, the country lost a man of whom any people might be proud, and his profession a member who was already an ornament to it. He was nobler dead than many a living man.

RICHARD P. LATHAM, M. A.,

Lieutenant of Engineers, A. N. V.

RICHARD PHILIP LATHAM, eldest son of John F. and Catherine M. Latham, was born September 15, 1825, in the village of Jeffersonton, Culpeper County, Virginia. At the age of three years he was taught to read, and soon gave evidence of that passion for books which characterized his entire life. Exceedingly fond, like any other child, of play, he would yet, while very young, sit for hours with thoughtful expression of countenance, listening to the conversation of those much older than himself, and apparently wholly engrossed by it.

For several years he was a pupil of Caleb Burnley, Esq., who at that time taught a large school of young men and boys in Jeffersonton. But when about sixteen, his father suffered heavy pecuniary losses, and found himself unable to keep him longer at his studies. With characteristic energy, he resolved at once to depend upon his own resources for an education. Hearing that Mr. Benjamin H. Benton, of the Lisbon Institute, was in search of an assistant, he made application for the position, and was accepted. Here he remained for two years, faithfully discharging his duties, and, by his genial disposition, rendering himself a favorite with his associates and popular with his pupils.

He had fully determined at this time to attend the University of Virginia, and keeping this object in view, while devoting all his leisure hours to the closest study, he was rigidly economical of his means. His private journal, written during his engagement with Mr. Benton, is full of interest to those who knew and loved him: on the one hand it tells of the heart, yearning for the home he had left for the first time, longing to be joined again to the loved ones and to hold communion with them. And it may be mentioned in this connection that the cords that bound him to the people of his early love were never broken. In later years, and even after he was permanently settled in a home of his own, still the place that gave him birth, the house in which his father dwelt, was the Mecca to which much of his tenderest thought was given, and toward which he often turned his face with unutterable yearnings. It was to him a joy, as through life it

was a habit, in intervals of leisure, to make frequent pilgrimages hither, and in the sanctum of the family circle to be a boy again.

On the other hand, this journal revealed the ambitious spirit of the student, aspiring to distinction, and chafing under the dull routine of duties which hindered him in his course. But the fire that burned amid his musings was a prophecy of the success he was yet to achieve.

In the fall of 1852, at the age of twenty-two, when many young men were already finishing their college course, Mr. LATHAM entered the University. At the close of the session he received his first and single diploma, in the school of Latin. In two years more, however, he had completed the course requisite for the highest academic honor, and on the 29th June, 1850, he received the Degree of Master of Arts.

During the summer, after his first year at College, Mr. LATHAM made a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus, and was baptized by the Rev. Travers Herndon, then pastor of several Baptist churches in Fauquier County. From this time his course was that of an earnestly Christian man. Upon his return to the University he became a member of the students' prayer meeting, took an active part in its exercises, and amid the temptations peculiar to the Christian student at that time, his life was such as to commend the cause which he had espoused. It is but just to say, then, that when he retired from his Alma Mater, he carried with him not simply the reputation of a talented and successful student, but the high regard which his simple and pure life had won from his associates. From this time, however, a new development in his religious life has its date. With deeper and broader views of Christianity, and with a growing sense of obligation to God, he realized more and more the importance of engaging actively in His service.

Having selected teaching as his profession, Mr. LATHAM became, in the following autumn, tutor in the family of the Hon. Robert E. Scott, of Fauquier.* Here he remained a year, still keeping up his habit of study, but devoting himself to general literature rather than to any special course. In the spring of 1853 he removed to Washington City, when, in the fall, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Columbian Col-

*This gentleman, himself a distinguished alumnus of the University, was the victim of one of the foulest murders that disgraced the Federal arms during the late war.

lege. This position he retained only until the following year, when the "Richmond Female Institute" was established, under the Presidency of Rev. Basil Manly, Jr., and Prof. LATHAM was elected to the chair of Natural Sciences.

On the 26th of December, 1864, he was married to Miss Ida Bacon, eldest daughter of Rev. Joel S. Bacon, D. D., at that time President of Columbian College.

At the close of the second session of the Richmond Institute, Prof. LATHAM resigned his position in order to take charge of the Male Academy at Talladega, Alabama, and shortly afterwards removed to that State. In 1858, after two years of successful teaching at Talladega, he was elected President of the Alabama Central Female College, located at Tuscaloosa, and accepting the office, again changed his place of residence.

The cause of education was at this time attracting very general attention in the more Southern States, and schools and colleges were in a most flourishing condition. Those for young ladies, especially, were conducted on a larger scale and with more extensive appointments than similar institutions in Virginia. Prof. LATHAM had already attained a fine position, and had won for himself in Alabama a reputation as an able instructor. The way was now open to higher distinction, but that yearning for his native State which never becomes wholly extinct in the heart of a Virginian, led him to embrace, a short time previous to the war, an opportunity to return to the Old Dominion. Here, in connection with his father-in-law, he established in the beautiful town of Warrenton, an Institute for young ladies, which at once took rank among the best in the State, and whose prosperity continued to increase until the opening of hostilities.

In politics, Mr. LATHAM was an advocate of States' Rights, and conscientiously believing that these had been trampled upon, he came logically to favor the resumption of Virginia's original sovereignty. Ardently, then, did he second the first movement looking to this course, and from the very inception of hostilities he burned to be among those who took part in them. But the duties of a large school and the obligations to his patrons could not be thrust aside in a moment. As soon as these were discharged, he left the Institute buildings in Dr. Bacon's charge, and removing his family to the interior, that they might be safe from the incursions of the enemy, offered his service to the Government.

Receiving an appointment as Lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, he took hasty leave of his friends, and hurried to report for duty on the Rapidan. It was not long, however, before, unused as he was to exposure, he contracted a severe cold, which necessitated his seeking an asylum with his uncle at Culpeper Court-House. His disease, instead of abating, assumed the form of typhoid pneumonia, and when his wife, who was speedily summoned, reached him, he had already become unconscious. Two weeks more closed the brief military career: weeks full of suffering of body, during which, his mind apparently engaged with the idea that he was on active duty, he called frequently for his spurs that he might ride forth and join in the fray.

Thus died, on the 29th of April, 1862, in the prime of life, a man whose enthusiastic devotion to his country and whose ambitious love of his profession promised usefulness for others and distinction for himself, — a man whose life's story, even thus briefly told, may be studied with profit by all who seek distinction in this world, or happiness in that to come. It is the imperfect miniature of one who, while daring to use the talents which God gave him, dared not, nor wished to withhold the praise due to the Giver.

Many friends mourned his death, but upon none did the blow fall with such crushing weight as upon the heart-stricken widow and three fatherless children who gathered around the soldier's grave in the cemetery at Culpeper Court-House.

RADFORD BROTHERS.

Wm. M. Radford, B. A., 1st Lieut. Pulaski Rifles, 24th Virginia Infantry.
John T. Radford, Lieut.-Colonel, 22d Virginia Cavalry.

The Alumni of the University of Virginia have, of course, never constituted any considerable element of the Southern population. Yet, representing as they do, the various States of the South, their views and actions may be taken as a fair sample of the temper and conduct of the masses. Their promptness to respond to the summons to arms was an index of the popular enthusiasm in regard to the question of self-government; their long-

continued fidelity to the cause which they espoused, was in keeping with a wide-spread conviction of duty and a stern purpose to hazard everything for it; and the mortality in their numbers is only an illustration of what *the people* suffered, of the sacrifices which the masses made, and were willing to make, rather than resign into other hands the rights they had inherited, and which they believed the blood of their ancestors had rendered inalienable.

If then, in the limited class of men with whom this memorial volume has to do, we shall have to record *nine* instances of brothers, who were partners in death for their country's sake, such a record will suggest the costly sacrifice which the *people* made, and the sorrow that broods not at a single hearthstone only, but over all the land.

JOHN TAYLOR RADFORD and WILLIAM MOZELY RADFORD were the sons of Dr. John B. and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Radford, of Montgomery County, Virginia. JOHN was born July 4, 1838, and was of a delicate constitution, which proved not only in youth, but in his maturer years, a serious hindrance to successful study. At the age of eighteen he became a student at the University, and continued in the academic course three sessions, graduating in Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. After leaving College he selected the profession of Law; and to fit himself for its duties, he attended the Law School of Judge Brokenbrough at Lexington, Va. But he had scarcely obtained his license to practice, when his services were demanded in another field.

WILLIAM RADFORD was born August 12, 1840. In the school of Franklin Minor, Esq., of Albemarle County, he laid the foundation of a classical education, and in the fall of 1857 he joined his brother at the University. He had then just completed his seventeenth year, but with marked ability he applied himself to study, and at once assumed the position which is readily accorded to men of talent at that institution. In the Jefferson Society, of which JOHN also was a member, he was a vigorous debater; and on its behalf he was, in the session of '59–60, one of the editors of the *University Magazine*. At the end of his third collegiate year he was graduated Bachelor of Arts, and with many pleasant memories of the University and the friends he had made there, he retired to his home, and soon after took charge of a plantation which his mother owned in Pulaski County. It was his plan to remain on

the campaign on the Peninsula, the military life of the two brothers flowed on quite evenly. Its smooth current was broken only by a brief illness of the younger, which occurred about mid-winter, and compelled him to return home for about two weeks. At Yorktown JOHN RADFORD'S health was seriously affected by the climate; when our forces retired towards Richmond, he was so ill as to have to be sent in an ambulance in advance of the regiment. On the morning of the 5th of May — the day of the battle of Williamsburg — after doing all that he could to minister to his comfort, William, with cheerful words, took leave of him for the day; but as he was often delirious, he said nothing of an expected engagement. Soon after their parting, the regiment which had already passed Williamsburg, was ordered back, and into battle. It was in the afternoon when the 24th Virginia and 5th North Carolina were ordered to charge a redoubt in the edge of the woods, and opposite our extreme left. This point was held by Gen. Hancock, whose artillery thus played upon our left and centre. The path of the attacking Confederates lay across an open field, over which the leaden hail was flying, but they hesitated not to tread it. Unsupported, they dashed forward, but had not advanced far before Lieutenant RADFORD fell, shot through the breast, and died instantly. Those who saw him say that he was at the head of his company, waving his sword in the air and urging forward his men. The two regiments, of which Hancock afterwards said, "Immortal ought to be written on their banners," were hurled back, and their dead left on the field. There, among his fallen comrades, WILLIAM RADFORD sleeps to-day, if buried at all, in an unmarked grave. Every effort was made to recover his body; his father, and even his mother, visited the battle-ground in search of the beloved boy, but all in vain. "Let us hope, however," said the writer of an obituary notice, "that the enemy gave him decent burial, and that his finely-chiseled form rests in undisturbed repose beneath the soil stained by the rich blood he shed to free his country from oppression. During his last days, the chosen companions of his leisure moments were the Bible and *Paradise Lost*. Then may we not mingle the bright and holy radiance of Christian hope with the brilliant halo of military glory that rests upon his unknown grave?" But simply because "we know not where they have laid him," his name and noble

qualities will be the more tenderly cherished; for even as one wrote of him in the years already past,—

"Sweet memory with immortelles
Shall holy hands employ,
While sweet memorial song shall weep
This bright, heroic boy."

From Williamsburg Capt. RADFORD went to Montgomery, where he remained several weeks trying to recruit his feeble health and to recover his spirits, now broken by the loss of his brother, The first was accomplished, but until the day of his death he mourned, like Turner Ashby for Richard, the friend and companion of his childhood and youth. When his health was restored he received an appointment as Major in the State Line, and served in this capacity for some months. He was then offered a commission as Lieut.-Colonel of Cavalry, on condition he would raise a battalion in the Southwest. This he accomplished in a short time, and, uniting his force with that of Colonel Henry Bowen, they formed quite a large regiment — the 22d Virginia Cavalry. For six or eight months the 22d remained in the Southwest, and was busily engaged in repelling and making raids on the Tennessee border. In May, 1864, just after the battle of New Market, with the rest of McCausland's brigade, it was ordered to the Valley. When Hunter, after defeating the small infantry force of Gen. W. E. Jones, at Piedmont, on the 5th of May, began his march upon Staunton and Lynchburg, this brigade, as is well known, was the only force in his front. And although too small to make any formal opposition, McCausland's command was all the while engaged in harassing and impeding the progress of the Federal army, and won for itself great credit by its vigilance and efficiency. Col. RADFORD, whose regiment formed the rear-guard, and was consequently next to the enemy, was highly complimented for his conduct during this campaign.

When Hunter, pressed by Early, retreated from Lynchburg through Western Virginia, this cavalry command followed him as far as Salem, and then returned to join Early, who was hurrying down the Valley. Cavalry service suited the health of Colonel RADFORD; health accompanied by the consciousness of having done one's duty, brings happiness, and so his spirits revived once more. His friends, too, began to entertain the feeling that he bore a charmed life, and to hope that, unhurt on a hundred fields, he

would be spared till the end. In this, however, they were doomed to the sorest disappointment. After the eventful career with Early, in which he participated in engagements and skirmishes too numerous to mention, he received his death-wound at Cedarville, on the 12th of November, 1864. Here the cavalry were ordered to charge what they supposed to be a brigade of the enemy; the 21st and 22d regiments, only, obeyed the command, but so fierce was their onset that they broke through the opposing force, which proved to be a division, instead of a brigade, in ambuscade. Confident in their numbers, the foe re-formed, but a second and a third time the Confederates dashed upon them and pierced their lines. After the third charge the order was given to retreat, and as they turned to obey, Col. RADFORD received a mortal wound in the side and fell from his horse. The ball penetrated his lungs and came out through the right breast. Some of his faithful men gathered around him, and would have attempted to bear him from the field, but he forbade the attempt, assuring them that he must soon die, and that the effort would certainly result in their capture.

Late in the afternoon, a soldier, who had been unhorsed in the fight, and was concealing himself in some brushwood near him without knowing it, heard some one groaning, and approaching the spot indicated by the sound, found Col. RADFORD prostrate on the earth. The latter asked who he was, and he replied, "I am a Confederate soldier." "I," said Col. RADFORD, "am a Confederate officer; will you give me some water?" The noble fellow filled his hat — he had nothing else — and the dying man drank freely and was refreshed. At his request, the soldier went to procure aid at a house near by, but found it occupied by the enemy. Col. RADFORD then gave him his farewell message to his mother and bade him make his escape. The message as delivered to Lieut. Kent, of the 22d, was in these words:—"*Tell my mother that I am dying, and that my last thoughts are of her. I die fighting for my country and in the discharge of my duty.*"

It is thought that he died very soon after the soldier left him. Letters from the family that lived near by, stated that the body was carried to the house and buried by them — *a lady reading the burial service at the grave.* A few days after, Gen. Early sent a flag of truce and asked for the body, but the application was refused by the enemy, who even threatened with confiscation any citizen who might venture to remove it.

the 20th of this month the officers of the 22d Cavalry, then
ıp at Springfield, held a meeting to pay a tribute to their
commander. It was organized by calling Lieut. R. S. Hig-
tham to the chair, and appointing Lieut. Wm. P. Horton,
ary. A committee, consisting of Capt. W. O. Moore, Lieut.
McElgea, Lieut. G. M. Kent, and Adjt. C. W. Wyatt, was
ed to draft suitable resolutions, which were unanimously
ed. From them we extract the following:—

esolved 1*st*, That by the untimely death of Lieut.-Colonel
T. RADFORD, we have lost a faithful friend, our regiment
ıuntry a gallant and meritorious officer, and society one of
ghtest ornaments.

l, That we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased
ir irreparable loss. To them we offer our kindest sympathy,
ith them we will ever cherish the memory of the virtues and
tism of our fellow-soldier."

ıe two months after the death of Colonel RADFORD — not-
anding the cruel threat of the enemy — his remains were
, in the silence of the night, to New Market, and thence to
mily-seat in Montgomery. In the domestic circle there are
vacant chairs," and *many* hearts, alas! still desolate.

WILLIAM SAMUEL SHIELDS,

1st Lieutenant of Artillery, Army of the Mississippi.

ı parents of WM. S. SHIELDS were natives of Georgia.
ather, Patrick Henry Shields, was a distinguished graduate
ı University of that State; his mother, Mary Lumpkin,
niece of the former Governor of that name. In 1838, Mr.
ıs removed to Mississippi and settled as a planter. Here
IAM was born on the 27th June, 1839. In 1841, after a
illness of congestive fever, the father died, at the early age
nty-three, leaving a widow and two sons. Of these children
ungest died in 1856, near Memphis, Tenn., at the residence
uncle, Wm. B. Hamlin, Esq. WILLIAM was thus left, the
hild of his widowed mother.

ın early age he was placed at school in the village of Holly

Springs, Miss., where under the care, first of the Rev. Dr. Hawks of the Episcopal Church, and afterwards of Mr. Whittemore, an English gentleman, subsequently Professor in the University of Mississippi, the foundation of an education was laid. In the fall of 1855, he entered the Sophomore class of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, and graduated at that institution in June, 1858. The following October he became a student at the University of Virginia, and at the close of the session, graduated in the School of Moral Philosophy.

With tall, commanding person, with handsome features, and open, frank countenance, he was altogether one of the finest-looking young men in College. His first effort as a debater on the floor of the Jefferson Society was a failure. SHIELDS was laughed at, but, nothing discouraged, he declared that he meant to succeed. He persevered, and, as one of his cotemporaries testifies, "became a forcible, sensible, and not unpleasant speaker."

At the close of his second session, he spent the vacation in Europe, but returned, pleased and profited, in time to be present at the opening of the University in October, and devoted himself to the study of Law. Before the session closed, however, he had shut up his books, returned home, and entered the service of the Southern Confederacy.

When he reached Memphis, the volunteer companies of the city had already been organized and ordered to the field of duty. With his usual determination, he repaired at once to the head-quarters of the Tennessee troops, and enlisted in an infantry company then known as "The Beauregards." It was not long before he attracted the attention of Col. McCown, afterwards Major-General of Artillery, through whose influence he received a commission as Second Lieutenant of Artillery, and was ordered to the recruiting service in East Tennessee.

The character of the duty thus imposed upon him will be better understood when it is remembered that this section of the State was a very hot-bed of Unionism, the result of the combined influence of "Johnson, the politician, Brownlow, the parson, and Nelson, the poet." The feeling of hostility to the Southern cause often culminated in deeds of violence, thus rendering it hazardous in the extreme for one to proclaim himself an advocate of Secession. For successful service in such a country, eminent prudence and discretion were needful. The young recruiting-officer was

not a trained diplomatist, but a student, fresh from influences which, engendering independence of thought and freedom of expression, were apt to render one impatient of opposition.

But with that spirit of self-reliance which also is fostered at the school he had just left, Lieutenant SHIELDS adapted himself, in an admirable manner, to the circumstances of his position. In a few weeks he returned to headquarters with a capital company of young men from East Tennessee, and, in acknowledgment of the efficient service thus rendered, he was immediately advanced to the rank of first Lieutenant of Artillery.

The future was now opening propitiously. At Corinth he had already attracted the attention of his superior officers, and even of Gen. Polk. Everything promised usefulness and distinction, when suddenly, while on duty in the trenches, on the 25th May, 1862, he was stricken down with congestion of the brain, and died after a few hours' illness.

EDMOND PENDLETON MAJOR,

Adjutant, 26th Alabama Infantry.

EDMOND PENDLETON MAJOR was one of four brothers, all of whom, except the killed and maimed, were at the post of duty at the time of the surrender. He was the son of William and Edmonia Pendleton Major, of Culpeper County, Virginia, and was born January 1, 1843. He belonged to the eighth generation of the Major family from England; was great-nephew to Governor Barbour and Judge P. P. Barbour, and, more distantly-related to President Monroe.

The Majors were an agricultural people, not ambitious of political distinction, though they frequently filled, by appointment, and for many years at a time, the minor offices of the State. Belonging to the old Whig party, they opposed secession and the disruption of the Federal Government. But when the necessity came, and Virginians must needs fight for Virginia or against her, the blood of two great grandsires who had taken part in the Revolution, asserted its ancient right, and the sons entered the service of the Confederacy.

At the opening of the war, EDMOND, having previously take a course at Hampden Sidney College, was spending his secon session at the University of Virginia, as an academic studen Tall and athletic, measuring full six feet and weighing one hun dred and seventy-five pounds, he was also intelligent, and hi fondness of books had continued, almost a passion, from the tim of his learning to read at the age of four.

During the month of June, 1861, a company of "University Volunteers" was formed, under the command of Captain J. Parran Crane, and EDMOND, apparently after some hesitation, due doubtless to his uncertainty in regard to the approval of his parents and to his fears of the possible effect of such a course upon the feeble health of his mother, joined this company. That he was all aglow with the spirit that possessed the community at the time, and against which neither students nor Professors were proof, is evident from a letter which he wrote to his father immediately after his enlistment. "The Washington College boys," said he, "are in the field; so are the Emory and Henry boys. The Hampden Sidney students passed through last Saturday; it is a fine company, and they are well equipped. Dr. Atkinson President of the College, is their Captain. But ours will be the finest company ever sent out, and composed of the flower of Virginia and all the South." The same letter discovers the fact tha he did not enlist under the simple impulse of the moment, bu that he had calmly debated the question of personal responsibility "Duty calls, and I must go. All my comrades are going; why should I remain, while they are fighting for our liberties? If I have done wrong, you and mother must forgive me, because I think it my duty to go. . . . . I will do all I can to assist my country, relying on God, the Protector of us all; and if I survive the contest, I will have the gratification of knowing that I have been one of her defenders. If I am to fall, I can say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done, and not mine.' In Him alone do I put my trust."

After asking, in the letter from which these extracts are made for other articles pertaining to the soldier's outfit, that he migh be thoroughly equipped, he adds: "Tell mother to get me a small Bible or Testament, which is the most important of all."

About the 1st of July, the "University Volunteers," num bering sixty-five muskets, were ordered to the hard service i

Western Virginia — hard even for Confederate soldiers, at that period of the war, when, for many days at a time, to say nothing of tent or shelter, they had no food except the green corn which they plucked from the growing fields. Of this, young MAJOR afterwards declared to his father that he had eaten ten ears at a time. During the winter cmpaign, the company suffered immensely, and finally, reduced by sickness and battle to *eleven men*, was disbanded by order of the commanding General. EDMUND returned to his home in Culpeper, sick with jaundice, which terminated in typhoid fever. From this he had not fully recovered when Gen. Johnston, breaking up winter-quarters at Centreville, took up the line of march towards the Rappahannock. But when the brigade of Gen. Wilcox reached Culpeper, he attached himself, as an independent volunteer, to the 26th Alabama Infantry, then commanded by Col. Ed. A. O'Neal, and with it marched to Yorktown. "During the bombardment of that place," wrote Col. O'Neal, "he displayed coolness and courage, and was faithful in the discharge of all his duties." Subsequently, he was made Adjutant of the 26th Alabama, and marching with it from Yorktown to Richmond, distinguished himself for gallantry at the battle of Seven Pines, from which he came out unharmed.

His death, after so many perils had been safely passed through, was singular and touching. The fighting, except now and then a random shot, was over for the day, and the regiment had stacked arms for the night. He was lying down on his right side, his head resting on his right hand and elbow, talking with Colonel O'Neal, when a rifle shell passed between the latter and the tree against which he was leaning, stunning him, wounding Lieutenant Halsey, and killing the Adjutant instantly, without even breaking the skin. "He was brave and cool in battle, moral and correct in his deportment, faithful and true in the discharge of his duty," said one who saw him fight and saw him die.

JAMES R. HARMANSON,

1st Lieutenant, Company F, 4th Virginia Battalion.

JAMES R. HARMANSON was born in Northampton county, Virginia, on the second day of October, 1830. He was the son of William Harmanson and Margaret, his wife, who before her

marriage was Miss Margaret Mapp. His paternal ancestors were among the first settlers, and appear at an early date in the records of Northampton county. Among his relations have been and are many of the most intelligent and worthy citizens of the county. The family name of his mother also appears at an early period in the ancient records of Northampton. The father and mother of Lieutenant HARMANSON both survive him, and have already passed the allotted threescore and ten years. Also survive him two sisters—Virginia, the widow of William Leatherberry, late of the county of Northampton; and Elizabeth, the wife of David A. Dunton, a worthy and esteemed farmer of the same county. The father of Lieutenant HARMANSON has spent his entire life in agricultural pursuits, and has always been highly respected as an upright citizen and exemplary member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

JAMES HARMANSON received his early education in the private schools of his native county. At the age of sixteen he entered Delaware College, and pursued his studies there for two collegiate years. In October, 1849, he entered the University of Virginia as a student, and continued in this institution for three sessions, until he was prepared to enter upon the practice of the law. At the University, during his first session, he became a member of the Washington Society, and was regarded by his fellow-members as a young man of quick perception, cultivated taste, and as a ready debater, which characteristics were more fully developed when he entered upon the active pursuits of his profession and became somewhat of a politician. Upon returning home from the University he located in Northampton, and commenced the practice of his profession. At an early age he espoused the States' Rights school in politics, and soon after the organization of the Know-Nothing party, he became an active politician.

In the spring of 1857, by a nomination from the Democratic party, he became a candidate in Northampton for the House of Delegates of Virginia, and although in a county which had, at the then late election for Governor, given a large Know-Nothing majority, after an active canvass in which party prejudices and feelings were perhaps as violent as at any period of the State's history, he was defeated only by a small majority.

On the tenth day of June, 1858, he was married to Miss Tabitha Snead, daughter of Lewis L. and Esther Snead, of the

county of Accomack; and soon after this event, he moved to the county of Accomack to live and engage in the pursuit of his profession. The fruits of this marriage were a daughter, Margaret Esther, who was born April 27th, 1859, and Lewis W., born March 14th, 1861.

Fully imbued with the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and as a natural consequence, of Secession, JAMES HARMANSON was among the first to draw his sword in defence of the rights and honor of his native State. Soon after the passage of the ordinance of Secession by the Convention of Virginia, and even before its ratification by the people, it was deemed necessary by the wisest and most prudent men on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, that preparation should be made for its defence, cut off as it was by the Chesapeake Bay from all aid or assistance from the Western Shore. The militia was fully organized and officered, volunteer companies were formed, and in the month of June, the Executive Council appointed by the Convention of Virginia, composed of Gen. R. E. Lee and others, advised the organization of a volunteer regiment for home defence, and commissioned the officers to command the same. Mr. HARMANSON was one of the most active in this work of preparation. At one time he held a commission as Captain in the 2d Regiment of Virginia Militia, and afterwards, he was engaged in the organization of an artillery company, to be used in defence of the peninsula. During the period that elapsed from the time the first steps were taken for defence, until General Lockwood, with a strong force of well disciplined Federal troops, was sent by General John A. Dix to conquer and subjugate the two Eastern Shore counties, he was one of the most active and energetic in their defence.

On the fifteenth of November, 1861, Brigadier-General H. H. Lockwood, having assembled in and around New Town, Worcester county, Maryland, over eight thousand troops, well armed and equipped, the very flower of the Federal army in obedience to orders from General Dix, forwarded through the picket line his memorable proclamation, setting forth the utter futility of an attempt at resistance by the two Eastern Shore counties, cut off as they were from any hope of supplies or reinforcement, and calling upon those in arms to disperse and return to their homes, promising protection both of person and property to those who thus availed themselves of the benefits of his proclamation. How

strictly this was adhered to, General Lockwood's subsequent history of perfidy will fully illustrate. Upon the reception of this proclamation a council of officers was held, and finding that further resistance was impossible, it was determined to disband the regiments and leave the individuals free to act as their judgment might dictate. Mr. HARMANSON was not long in making his election, and determined to bid farewell to home, wife, children, and family, and to risk his fate with the cause he had so ardently espoused. With this determination, in the latter part of November, 1861, in a small open boat, with a few friends, in the night time, he crossed the Chesapeake Bay, and running the blockade, landed at Gloucester Point. It was but a short time after this, before many of the scattered soldiers who had voluntarily made their escape from the Eastern Shore, formed themselves into a volunteer company, and in this company, commanded by Captain John White, JAMES HARMANSON was made 1st Lieutenant. He was stationed at Gloucester Point until its evacuation in the spring of 1862, when, along with the rest of the army, this company fell back to Richmond, where it was incorporated with the 4th Virginia Battalion.

At the battle of Seven Pines, on Saturday, the 31st of May, 1862, while gallantly leading his company to victory, and at the very moment when the enemy were driven from their camps, and the ground occupied by the Confederate troops, Lieutenant HARMANSON fell, his brain having been pierced by a minie ball, sent from the retreating foe. The last words he was ever known to utter were, "*Forward boys! if we fall, we die patriots.*"

Upon the field where he so nobly fell, with his blanket for a winding-sheet and coffin, he was buried by his comrades. The stake which was placed at his head having been removed, his friends could never after identify the spot, and his remains now lie where they were placed by his gallant comrades, amidst the din and smoke of battle.

To show the noble spirit which actuated this patriot soldier, from his last letter to his now bereaved widow I take the following extract. He says:—"I have heard the booming of artillery and the whistle of shell for fifteen days. I see the Yankee lines every day, and have seen their pickets and ours fighting for one week. I had rather be here to-day and stand erect amid all the storms and clouds of war that may befall my lot, than to be the

despot's slave. I feel that I have left wife, children, father, mother, sisters, relatives, friends, and the graves of my forefathers, and remembering this, my path is straight, cheerfully to death or gloriously to victory."

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For liberty shed so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

The widow and children of Lieutenant HARMANSON still survive him, but his death so affected his widow, that after a short time, overcome by grief, her mind gave way, and she is now a complete wreck, unable to take care of the little ones left to her charge, and herself dependent upon the good offices of friends.

WILLIAM T. MORRILL

Color Corporal, 17th Virginia Infantry.

WILLIAM TODD MORRILL, the only son of William and Mary Morrill, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, June 7th, 1838. In consequence of the death of his father in 1843, he was left at a tender age to the guidance of his mother. He spent most of his boyhood in Alexandria. He was for a time at the boarding-school of the Rev. Mr. Simpson, in Georgetown, D. C. One of his teachers in Alexandria was the Rev. Mr. Kirk, with whom he was on terms of friendship and intimacy. He assisted Mr. Kirk in instructing the younger pupils, and the two used to spend their holidays together in hunting and fishing. MORRILL was, even in his boyhood, liable to violent attacks of neuralgia, which interfered much with his habits of study.

In the fall of 1856 he entered the University of Virginia, and while there, a great change occurred in his spiritual condition. Before this he had been a sprightly, manly, and thoughtless youth, but now he saw the folly of his former ways, and determined to give himself to God. The University has been, by some, consid-

ered the nursery of infidelity, but this is a mistake; it was perhaps intended by its founders to be a seminary for intellectual training merely, but, thanks to a merciful Providence, it has become an institution where religion is honored and taught. While there is no theological school in the University, there is a Chaplain who holds services once a day on week days and several times on Sundays. There are several churches in the vicinity. Many of the professors are pious men; many of the students are professors of religion, and some of them are very active in holding prayer-meetings, in circulating religious reading-matter, and in Christian intercourse, working by word and example. For many years there has been an uncommon degree of religious interest and earnestness at the University.

MORRILL took part in these religious activities, as he had been confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of New York, while on a visit to a sister who lived at White Plains.

His health was delicate and his eyes weak from neuralgia while at the University, yet he was able to graduate in three schools during the two sessions of his attendance. He left the University in the summer of 1858.

The following fall he commenced the career of a teacher in the house of Mr. James William Mason, of Clarke County, Va. While here he began to study with a view to entering the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He taught for two years, but his health did not improve, and he spent the winter of 1860-61 at home, in Alexandria, hoping that he would be able to harden his constitution, so that he might rid himself of his old foe, neuralgia.

When the War of Secession began, he was a member of the military company called the "Alexandria Riflemen." This company was composed of some of the most respectable young men in Alexandria; its Captain was Morton Marye, who was afterwards Colonel of the 17th Virginia Infantry, and who lost a leg at the second battle near Manassas.

When the State of Virginia passed the Ordinance of Secession, the "Riflemen" were called out to do guard and picket duty in and around Alexandria. On the 24th day of May, 1861, at daylight, MORRILL was on guard at Cazenove's wharf, opposite the point where the United States steamer *Pawnee* was lying at anchor in the Potomac river; he was one of the first to observe the

advance of the Federal troops, and it is said that he fired the first shot as the boats full of men approached the shore of Virginia. On the 23d day of May, the people of Virginia by a large majority had ratified the Ordinance of Secession passed by the Convention, and this advance was delayed until the result of the election was known.

MORRILL'S company retired along with others to Manassas Junction, where it was made a part of the 17th Virginia Infantry. This company was engaged in the action of the 18th July, and its members, generally, showed that they were gallant patriots. On the memorable 21st of July, the "Riflemen" were also under fire. This company spent the fall and winter in camp and in doing picket duty, and in the next spring marched to Richmond and formed part of Johnston's army in the Peninsula. The hardships and privations of the winter had been great; but during the winter, while the 17th Virginia was near Centreville, Fairfax County, a party of six of the "Riflemen" built a hut; MORRILL was one of the six. Here they had daily family prayer. Since the war, two of MORRILL'S old comrades in arms wrote to his sister that the uprightness and consistency of his conduct there, had led them to see the truth as it is in Jesus, and both are now communicants of the Episcopal Church.

In the spring of 1862, he was with the regiment. He had been married on the 12th of October, in the preceding fall, to Miss Laura Mason, daughter of J. Wm. Mason, Esq., of Clarke County, Va., but he had left all that makes earth dear, for the sake of duty. On the bloody field of Seven Pines he received two serious wounds. He was cared for with tenderness by old Alexandria friends residing in Richmond, but he died June 11th, a few days after receiving his wounds.

We regret that we have not been able to find any letters written by MORRILL, so that we might thereby gain more insight into his inner feelings. He was naturally rather reserved, as his sister informs us, and we must form our estimate of him from his actions. We know this, that in the latter years of his life he inspired all his acquaintances with respect for his intelligence, character and courage. If he had been permitted to live here, we believe that he would have been a highly honored and useful man; as he has been taken away by a wise Providence, we should emulate his example. He was a faithful Christian, a dutiful citizen, an affec-

tionate son and brother, a tender husband, a warm and generou friend. This is the testimony of those who knew him best.

He has done the work which was appointed for him, and he no rests from his labors; his works do follow him. Let us hope tha the brave men who knew him in the army, and those who ma glance at this short notice of him, may be led to see that it wa religion which made MORRILL what he was, and to determine t find joy and peace in believing.

He was resigned and peaceful in prospect of death. If he ha lived, he would probably have entered the ministry of the Churc on earth; but he has been early removed to the ministry and wor ship of the Church in Paradise.

The following tribute is from the gallant Colonel Morton Marye, who succeeded Colonel M. D. Corse in command of the reg iment, when the latter was promoted to Brigadier-General:— "WM. MORRILL was greatly esteemed and beloved by both officers and men of the regiment, for his cheerful and conscientious performance of duty, and courteous and kindly bearing toward all. Though exceedingly amiable and gentle, he was proverbially brave. In his official report of the battle of Seven Pines, in which MORRILL received his mortal wound, Colonel Corse thus compli mented his gallantry:—

"'In the advance into the enemy's camp, Color Corporal MORRILL was struck down, wounded in three places, and rose upon his elbow to cheer the men forward; the colors were caught by Captain Raymond Fairfax, Company I, and handed to Color Corporal Diggs, who instantly fell wounded; they were then taken by Private Harper, Company E, who retained them until the close of the day.'

"The regiment, at the time MORRILL was wounded, was under a terrible fire of musketry, shell and canister, and lost seventy men killed and wounded in three or four minutes. His heroic behavior in this trying situation was long afterwards the theme of conversation with his comrades who had witnessed it."

GUSTAVUS BOARDMAN MASTIN,

Captain, Huntsville Guards, 4th Alabama Infantry.

Among the thousands of "unrecorded dead" who, during the late war, cheerfully laid their lives upon their country's altar, are many heroes, unknown to fame, whose names, not blazoned upon the historic page, not carved upon the enduring granite, still live among the precious memories of a few loving hearts. GUSTAVUS BOARDMAN MASTIN was none the less a hero because he did not startle the world by his brilliant deeds — because he was content quietly and unostentatiously to do his duty to his country, shrinking from rather than courting observation.

He was born at Huntsville, Alabama, on the third day of March, 1838. In a land whose peace was not disturbed by the most distant mutterings of war, whose prosperity was not clouded by even an anticipation of the terrible desolations which were to sweep over all its breadth, he passed his boyhood and youth in the quiet pursuit of an education which should fit him for the profession of his choice. Prepared by the tuition of Dr. C. G. Smith to enter College with advantage, he became a student at the University of Virginia in October, 1856. During his second session a malignant fever made its appearance in the University, scattering the students and temporarily suspending the institution. Before it was considered safe to return, young MASTIN had thrown himself with all his energy into the study of the law, which he prosecuted vigorously until he was prepared to enter upon its practice.

Standing upon the threshold of life, an ardent lover of the profession which he had chosen, with the promise of both distinction and emolument, a bright future seemed to open before him. But suddenly this pleasant day-dream was broken by the cry "*To arms!*", that was heard throughout the land. Educated for the arts of peace, he must now gird himself for the battle-field; nurtured in the quiet home-circle, he must go forth into the restless life of the camp, exchanging the quiet round of professional duties and the strife of eloquence in the forum, for the din and detail of war and the shouts of contending armies. In response to the call for troops, the company of the "Huntsville Guards" was

promptly organized — chiefly through the exertions of his frien James Camp Turner, and himself,— and he was unanimously elect to its Captaincy. But wholly inexperienced in the arts of war, a accustomed to defer to, rather than command others, he modest declined a position whose responsibilities he imagined he cou not meet, and prevailed upon the company to elect a more exp rienced officer. This done, he was made 1st Lieutenant.

Immediately after the fall of Sumpter, the Huntsville Guar left for the field; but before they reached the army, they were m by several other Alabama companies, and with them were e bodied into the 4th Alabama Regiment. Of this regiment, t Captain of "the Guards," Egbert J. Jones, was elected Colon and in consequence, Lieutenant MASTIN was advanced to the po tion he had so recently declined.

The first experience of real war of the 4th Alabama was on t historic field of first Manassas. Its conspicuous gallantry in th fearful struggle needs not to be spoken of in this brief pap How firmly it held the post of honor, how lavishly it poured for its blood, how sadly its thinned ranks closed up, a mere shad of its former self, when the day was won, history has often to and will tell again. It was here that Captain MASTIN fi learned the nature of the duties and responsibilities that were la upon him. He had not sought office, least of all the highest i his company; but now that it was laid upon him, he did not shri from its duties nor transfer its responsibilities to others. Lookin them steadily in the face, he prepared himself to fulfill the o and meet the other. The feeling of unfitness and this conscie tious devotion to duty developed the traits that singularly fitt him for the position to which he had been called. The you civilian became at once a veteran soldier, and the modest retiri man was transformed into the officer whose administration, blen ing authority with gentleness, firmness with courtesy, insur obedience rather by regard for the officer than by the respect d his office.

From this time until the close of his life his record is in keepin with what we have said,— the faithful and unswerving discharg of duty. Through all the blood and carnage of the battle-fiel through the toil of weary marches, through the loneliness of th night-watch, and the exhaustion of wasting sicknesses, he kept hi eye steadily fixed upon the goal which, in his true Southern hear

he believed he saw before him in the distance. For this he was content to do and to bear, if only that goal might be reached. He was mercifully permitted to die without a suspicion that his hopes were but a dream, and his country's struggle a vain effort to be free!

At the battle of Seven Pines, Captain MASTIN'S Company was held in reserve, but in an exposed position. While the contest was raging, a shell exploded near by and wounded him severely. Order was given for the company to take another position; when this was done, a private soldier, who was devotedly attached to him, sought permission to remain with him and remove him to the field-hospital. The request was peremptorily denied, on account of the danger to which the soldier would be exposed. This unselfishness probably cost Captain MASTIN his life. Had he been attended to immediately, he might have been saved; but when he was removed from the field a few hours afterwards, he was exhausted from the loss of blood, and died in the hospital under the examination of his wounds. His remains were taken to Petersburg by the same faithful private, and deposited in the vault of his ancestors.

His life was cut off — not blighted; sacrificed — not lost.

"They are not dead who sleep in honored graves;
Those lives not lost for home and country given:
The patriot's blood is not poured out in vain;
It's cry, like that of Abel, pierces Heaven."

J. LAWRENCE MEEM,

Captain and Adjutant-General, Garland's Brigade.

This noble young man, while gallantly leading a portion of our forces in the battle of Seven Pines, on Saturday, May 31st, 1862, received about six o'clock in the evening a mortal wound, of which he instantly died. It was impossible in the confusion of that great battle-day to bring his body from the field, and a few friends, during the night, carefully wrapping it in the simple habiliments of a soldier, and hastily digging a grave with their bayonets, laid the precious relic under the very breastworks of the

enemy, which, in part by his valor, had been taken. There they left him,

> "Like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

J. LAWRENCE MEEM was the youngest son of John G. and Eliza C. Meem, born in the city of Lynchburg, on the 2d April, 1836, and at his death, aged a few days over twenty-six years. In childhood he was the darling of his parents, early exhibiting those traits of gentleness, respect, and filial reverence which sit so gracefully on the young, and are the germ of solid worth in maturer life. After the usual preparatory studies of the grammar school, he entered the Virginia Military Institute in July, 1853, where he spent several years, earning golden opinions from its Professors, and, in an unusual degree, enjoying the love and respect of his fellow-students. In July, 1856, having successfully mastered the subjects taught in that institution and received his diploma, he returned home to take his place in the great drama of life among men.

His mind was sound, practical and discriminating; his judgment of men and things excellent; his education not merely in the routine of scholastic studies, but varied by other and useful reading — sometimes historical, sometimes polite, but all of a nature to improve and elevate him morally and mentally.

He was of fine personal appearance, a model of manly beauty, of manners gentle and winning, of temper even and generous, of taste most refined, fond of music and flowers, an ardent admirer of the gentler sex, a warm friend, a true-hearted *Virginian*. These are not mere words of eulogy, they describe what LAWRENCE MEEM was. Alas! alas! that such a man should fall, dying doubly, because dying early.

In 1858, anxious to expand his mind and increase his store of knowledge, he made a tour of a few months through England and France, and then proceeded to Brazil, where he remained a considerable time, finding employment in the engineer department of the Don Pedro II. Railroad. For this service his knowledge of mathematics and singular skill as a draughtsman eminently fitted him. In the latter department he was almost unrivalled; the writer has had occasion to examine and admire some of the products of his hand, and learns he was often called on by his Generals and

superiors for drafts and maps of battles, and of the latter he has seen his map of the battle of Bull Run, which for beauty of execution and accuracy of description, he believes, cannot be excelled. It called forth praise from all who saw it, and Major-General Longstreet, with his own hand, wrote upon its face an official approval.

He was a close observer of passing events. During his sojourn abroad, he wrote a series of letters to his father, which, though not intended for the press, were published and read with great interest. They were filled with apt descriptions of the novel scenes he witnessed in the Old World, and faithful historical allusions, and interspersed with moral reflections indicating a chaste and pure heart and elevated mind.

Returning from Rio after an absence of nearly a year, he entered the University of Virginia in the fall of 1858, and devoted himself during that session to the study of general literature.

He was fond of the fine arts, and besides being a devotee of music from others, himself performed well on several instruments. He had a taste for collecting articles of *vertu*, brought a large collection of curiosities from Rio, and had amassed a number of antique coins and other rare things, making a little cabinet in which he took a deep interest, and which is now a treasure beyond all price to his parents.

To the last hour of life he remembered the Divine injunction, "Honor thy father and mother," and no son was ever more blessed in turn with that most beautiful of earthly affections, parental love. He was faithful and true in his friendships, of excellent business habits, and in every pecuniary transaction "an honest man."

When the war broke out, he was among the first to take up arms in defence of our homes and freedom. On the 23d of April, 1861, he entered the service as Orderly Sergeant of the Home Guard, then commanded by Captain Garland, who, on his promotion to the rank of Colonel, made him Adjutant of the regiment. He held this office till Colonel G. was, after the battle of Williamsburg, made a Brigadier, and was then appointed Adjutant-General of the brigade. Nobly filling the duties of this post, he perished.

From the day he entered the service, his soul seemed to be given up to the cause of his country. He was always at the post of duty,

in summer or in winter, in sunshine or in storm, never having been absent except on a brief visit home to witness the interment of a favorite sister.

His gallantry was conspicuous in the battles of Bull Run and First Manassas, at Drainsville, and at Williamsburg. On the morning of the battle of Seven Pines, he rose bright and cheerful and well; he spent the day in the thickest of the fight, cheering our men and sharing their hardships and dangers, having two horses killed under him. Towards its close, when inside the enemy's breastworks, from which they had been driven, he was pierced by one of their balls and fell dead.

Amid the stirring scenes of camps and marches and battles, in which he spent his last year, this exemplary young man did not forget his duty to his God. In a letter from an officer of high rank, who had had constant means of observing him, written since his death to a *very dear* friend, the following tribute was paid him:—

"I must tell you with what beautiful consistency my gallant comrade each night drew out his Testament and reverently read a chapter before retiring to rest. The regularity and feeling with which this was done, in the camp, on the picket, in the very presence of the enemy, his remarkable purity of character (almost womanlike), and frequent expressions of his, *inspire me with hope and consolation.*

"I have slept, sat, ridden, dwelt continually with my poor friend for the last fourteen months, and shall hereafter think of him as a Bayard '*sans peur et sans reproche.*' His appearance at Williamsburg and in the recent fight was singular, almost supernatural, and his bearing magnificent. I felt intensely proud of him. At the moment of his fall, his praises were upon every lip, and now he is always spoken of as the *gallant* Captain MEEM."

Most tenderly is his memory cherished by father, and mother, and sister, and brothers, and kindred, and friends; aye, and by *one* more dear than friend.

WILLIAM C. CARR.

Lieutenant, Co. B, 8th Virginia Infantry.

WILLIAM CALDWELL CARR, only son of Caldwell and Cornelia Reynolds Carr, was born in Upperville, Fauquier County, Virginia, March 20, 1839. His mother died in his infancy; his father survived her sixteen years, realizing in his son all that a father's heart could wish. WILLIE passed his childhood in the place of his nativity, and it was in the Upperville Academy that the writer first knew him, and formed an attachment for him that lasted until the day of his death. We were intimate friends at school, and as room-mates we passed together the session of 1858-59 —our first and his last,—at the University of Virginia. One would hardly imagine that the boy of such attractive and gentle, yet lively manner, and such high moral character, had not enjoyed a mother's tender watch-care. His cheerful, happy temperament, with a good degree of humor, made him a general favorite with his companions. He was quick to observe any peculiarity of character or person, and to dub the possessor with a nickname at once so apt and ludicrous that the bare mention of it would excite merriment; but it was always done with such manifest sweet temper and good-humor that he never made an enemy or estranged a friend. Nor was he any less a favorite with his teachers. It is true that he was wanting in that ambition to excel which is generally necessary to induce in boys the close and diligent application so pleasing to a teacher; and sometimes when our Principal, a terror to evil-doers, was ready to vent his wrath upon WILLIE for neglecting proper preparation for class, his gentle and respectful bearing, very different from the calm indifference that generally provokes a storm, would appease him, and, the sunshine of his temper dispelling the gathering clouds, teacher and pupil always parted as good friends.

It is well to notice, here, the absence of ambition referred to above. It was not that he did not appreciate the importance of improving the present time, for he was unquestionably a good student and scholar. But to a careful observer of his life, there is manifest throughout a principle that does great credit to his character: it was a sincere regard for truth, not merely in word,

but in every act — a desire *to be* rather than *seem to be*. This will be evident as we follow him through the further stages of his life.

From the Upperville Academy he went to the University in the fall of 1856. As the honors of the Academy had never been an object with him, so was it in his College course. Though his standing was creditable in all branches — and he took an extensive literary course,— it is not believed that he was ever a candidate for graduation in any school; certain is it that he was not, during his last session. He, however, affected no contempt for diplomas, nor for those who sought them as evidence of their attainments; indeed, he usually stood the "intermediate examinations," and not unfrequently his ordinary attention to the course enabled him to attain to the standard requisite for distinction; yet he thought that, in his own case, the time necessary for special preparation was better spent in following out the general course of the subject. He sought a liberal education for its own sake; or rather for the advantages it gave him as a man, and not as fitting him for any special sphere of life. To carry out this view, he spent three years at College.

In the summer of 1858 he made a public profession of religion, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist Church in Upperville. His early life had been passed without any special religious influence in his home, but he was not a stranger to the Sunday School. At the time that he connected himself with the Church, he was well versed in the Scriptures, and not only evinced clear views of the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, but discovered an unusual sense of the obligations of a Christian to advance the kingdom of Christ in the world. It was this first year of his religious life that we spent together at the University, and during this time he was marked for his earnest devotion and zealous activity in the Redeemer's cause. Indeed, this was true of him from the first until the day that he was taken to be forever with the Lord. To this effect is the testimony of his pastor; Rev. George W. Harris, who saw him almost daily in times of peace, and followed the fortunes of his regiment in the war, as its Chaplain.

It is evident that he regarded activity in the Master's service as no less a part of the Christian's life than faith and prayer, and as the natural fruit of them. He avoided the rock on which so many split; he formed not his standard by comparing himself

with other professors of religion, but directed his life by that which the Word of God set up. If any one thinks that in this he assumed superiority to other Christians, he does not know the man nor what spirit he was of: though ever seeking opportunities of doing good and embracing them when found, he always felt that he was doing too little; though ever seeking greater spirituality and consecration of heart and will, he was filled with humility and a sense of his unworthiness, and often lamented to his friends in private that he lived so far from his God and had so little of the Spirit of Jesus. This was not that his piety was of a low grade; far otherwise; it was but the natural result of the high and holy standard which he was ever approaching.

At College he met with Boardman's "Higher Christian Life." Favorably impressed with the title, longing as he was for that which it seemed to indicate, he procured the work and read it without the cavils of the theologians. His heart responded to its solemn truths, whichs so many Christians practically ignore; and feeling that its perusal could not fail to be beneficial, he presented his room-mate with a copy of it.

While a student, he was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, taking part in their prayer-meetings and missionary labors. On Sabbath mornings he went on foot to attend and assist in conducting religious services for the poor in the Ragged Mountains, distant five miles from the University. To do this was to him a great pleasure, though it required no little sacrifice to forego the privilege of attending the ministry of Rev. John A. Broadus, whose sermons, rich in spiritual instruction, were so highly appreciated by him.

From the University WILLIE CARR retired to his farm in Fauquier County, near Upperville. In his retirement he laid aside nothing of his activity. He was made Superintendent of the Sunday School; and through his influence, a Young Men's Christian Association was organized in the village. This was not confined to the young, but embraced all the men of the vicinity who were willing to engage in the work. The field was a very limited one for such an organization; but he referred with great pleasure to one result of it, that it had brought the Christians of different denominations into pleasant intercourse and co-operation. In a letter written at this time, he mentions that four nights in the week he attended religious services in the village. Thus he lived

and labored in his quiet country home, shedding the light of a happy, Christian life upon all who came under his influence.

In the spring of 1861, at the first sound of war, he offered himself a soldier to his State, and joined a company raised in his neighborhood, which was incorporated with the 8th Virginia Infantry, commanded by the gallant Col. Epa Hunton. He did this, not in the zeal of youth and heat of excitement, thirsting for the fray and looking for fame, but with the same calm and decided devotion to duty that marked his private life. He served in the ranks for one year; and by his patient, cheerful endurance of the hardships and discomforts of march and camp, and by his gallant bearing in battle, he won a character as a soldier unsurpassed by any man in the army.

At the reorganization of the army in 1862, his comrades showed their appreciation of his fine qualities, by electing him to a Lieutenancy in his company.

In his military life he never allowed the character of the soldier to sink that of the Christian; and throughout his command he was known for the latter not less than for the former. He was one of the many heroes in the Confederate Army who mingled with their daily prayers for the deliverance of their country, earnest petitions for the spiritual welfare of their comrades, not unfrequently joining to their prayers personal exhortations to their comrades to put on also the armor of God.

The following quotation is from an obituary notice of Lieutenant CARR, written by Major Henry C. Carter, who was for a long time his Captain:—

"He was a refined and educated gentleman, gentle, courteous, and unobtrusive in his manners, unselfish and obliging in his disposition, yet ready and willing to meet his duties firmly, though they might lead him into the face of the most imminent danger. In the battles of Manassas, Leesburg, Williamsburg, and Seven Pines, he participated, and in each exhibited unmistakable courage, never for a moment faltering in the discharge of his duty. To his excellence as a man and a soldier was added the superior adornment of an eminently pure Christian character. The writer of this notice knew him well, and never knew a purer or better man. He, with the numerous friends of this young and promising officer, deeply deplores his early fall; but he has the consolation of knowing that he fell at his post, nobly and heroically vin-

icating with his blood his country's cause, and that while his ody now rests in a hero's grave, his pure spirit is realizing a hristian hero's reward."

Most faithfully and unwaveringly did he discharge the duties of soldier and officer, until he laid down his arms with his life in ie battle of Seven Pines, June 1st, 1862. In his spotless life nd beautiful character he left a worthy example to all who knew im.

"He lived as mothers wish their sons to live:
He died as fathers wish their sons to die."

LATANÉ BROTHERS.

Dr. WILLIAM LATANÉ, Captain, and JOHN LATANÉ, Junior 1st Lieutenant, Essex Light Dragoons, Company F, 9th Virginia Cavalry.

"The Rev. Lewis Latané fled from France to England after he revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in October, 1685, and emained there until the year 1700. He was ordained Deacon eptember 22, and Priest, October 18, of that year; reached Virginia, March 5, 1701, and took charge of the Parish of South Farnham, April 5, of that year." How long he continued in charge of he church in Essex is not known, but complimentary mention was made of him, both as a man and as a speaker, by a gentleman who heard him in 1717. The year previous to this, an ineffectual ttempt was made by some of the vestry to displace him, not however on the ground of immorality or inefficiency, but because of his dialect. A man of high integrity, he seems to have felt keenly the injustice of this effort; and, though of quiet temperament, he did not hesitate to rebuke the spirit that suggested it. "He was riding," says Bishop Meade, "with one of his parishoners, when the subject of his removal was talked over by them. The other expressed his sorrow, but thought it better on the ground that Mr. Latané's sermons were rendered unintelligible by his foreign brogue. Before separating, they came to the minister's gate. 'Go by,' he said, 'and get something to drink,' which was readily greed to. This he said to prove him. 'Now,' said the minister, you can readily understand me when I tempt you to do wrong, ut you can't understand me when I counsel you to do right.'"

Mr. Latané died in 1732, leaving six children, the fruit of his marriage with Miss Mary Dean, his third wife. His only surviving son, John, married a Miss Mary Allen, and left one son, William.

William Latané married a Miss Ann Waring, and was the father of several children,—among these HENRY W. LATANÉ, who, in October, 1819, was married to Susanna, daughter of James and Ursula Dix Allen, both of Essex.

Thus, briefly, we have traced the lineage of the gallant soldiers whose names are found at the head of this paper.

Captain WILLIAM LATANÉ, son of Henry W. Latané, was born at "Meadow," in Essex County, Virginia, January 16, 1833. He was one of seven brothers, only four of whom survived the war.

In October, 1851, he commenced the study of Medicine at the University of Virginia, and during that session obtained certificates of distinction in several subjects embraced in the course. The next year he attended lectures at the College at Richmond, where he was graduated Doctor of Medicine. Returning then to Essex County, he entered upon a successful practice of his profession. He is represented as a man of steady, moral character, of vigorous mind, and energetic business habits. With his calling as a physician he combined the pleasant duties of a farmer; and thus he was leading a quiet and useful life, all unconscious of the short, but shining way which he was so soon to tread to glory and the grave.

Thoroughly Virginian in all his feelings, Doctor LATANÉ was also an ardent secessionist. At the beginning of our national troubles, he was very active in raising a company of cavalry which, under the name of the "Essex Light Dragoons," was mustered into service at "Camp Byron," near Dunsville, about June, 1861. In this company he was elected Junior 1st Lieutenant; a position which he held during the first year of the war. Upon the reorganization of the army under the act of Congress, he was elected Captain of the Essex Troop. He was without doubt a fit man for the office, combining the talents of a commander with those softer qualities that captivated the heart and made his men love him. It was thus, as by some magic influence, he controlled his company, so that during his brief career there was neither insubordination nor dissatisfaction

ssing over the minor events of Capt. LATANÉ's military life, ıme at once to Stuart's "Ride around McClellan," rightly l by the *Richmond Examiner* "one of the most brilliant ɜ of the war, bold in its inception, most brilliant in its ex- ɔn."

was not until the second day of this expedition that any op- on was made by the enemy. On Friday, June 13th, the 5th ı. Cavalry, which Gen. Stuart had already driven back a or two, having been reënforced, halted near Old Church in ıver and prepared to dispute his further progress. "There but one method of attacking them — in columns of fours the road — and Gen. Stuart at once threw forward his

ı squadron under Captain LATANÉ charged the enemy's ın with spirit. A sharp hand-to-hand fight ensued, resulting ɜ Federals being put to flight, with a loss of several killed vonnded. Several officers and privates were taken prisoners, a number of horses, arms, equipments, and five guidons. ıin LATANÉ singled out the Federal commander, and dash- t him, cut off his hat close to his face with a blow of his . The latter dodged the blow, which had else been fatal, and ıg quickly, fired two revolver loads at LATANÉ, killing him ıtly." *

> "How flashed his soul from his speaking eye,
> How throbbed his bosom wild and high,
> As his dashing charge he made.
> The rush of war-steeds shook the ground,
> The glittering sabres flashed around,
> But highest gleamed *his* blade."

> "Thus charging at the head he fell,
> 'Mid victor's shouts and battle swell,
> Into the arms of fame!" †

ɔm Old Church, General Stuart proceeded to make, as Mr. ɔn styles it, "the circuit of the Union army, by a swoop d its rear." At Putney's Landing, he burned three tran- ı; at Tunstall's Station he captured the guard and cut the aph wires; at Black Creek he fired the railroad bridge. ɜe, capturing a large wagon-train by the way, he moved on lleyville, where was a Federal hospital which he left undis- l, and reached Forge Bridge, on the Chickahominy, about

* Life of Lee. † Anonymous Lines on the death of Captain LATANÉ.

daylight on Saturday morning. Improvising a bridge over th swollen stream, General Stuart crossed it about one o'clock in th afternoon, almost in sight of a large Federal force which wa pressing on his rear. A few hours more, and the Confederate were within their own lines, "having successfully achieved wha will always be regarded as one of the most brilliant feats ever per formed by any cavalry," the results of which consisted less in th millions of property destroyed for the enemy, than in the informa tion which enabled Gen. Lee to carry out his plan of attackin the Union army.

On Monday morning Gen. Stuart issued the following con gratulatory order to the troops engaged in this grand recon noissance:—

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
June 16, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 11.

"The General of Cavalry, profoundly grateful to Divine Providence for the signal success attending the late expedition to the enemy's rear, takes pleasure in announcing in orders his appreciation of the bravery and endurance of the command.

"History will record in imperishable characters, and a grateful country remember with gratitude, that portion of the First, Fourth, and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, the Jeff Davis Legion, and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, engaged in the expedition.

"What was accomplished is known to you, to the public, and to the enemy; but the passage of the Chickahominy under existing difficulties, furnishes a separate chapter of praise for the praise of the whole command.

"The General will despair of no enterprise when he can hold such guarantees of success as Colonels Fitzhugh Lee, William H. Fitzhugh Lee, Martin, with their brave and devoted commands.

"The loss of the gallant and heroic Captain LATANÉ, leading his squadron in a brilliant and successful charge, was a severe blow to us; but the enemy routed and flying before him, will bear witness to a heart intrepid, and spirit invincible, whose influence will not be lost after death, while his regiment will want no better battle-cry for victory than 'Avenge LATANÉ!' Proud of his command, the General trusts that it will never lose sight of what

is at stake in this struggle, and the reputation now its province to maintain. By command of

"J. E. B. STUART, *Brigadier-General.*

"J. T. W. HAIRSTON, *A. A. A. G.*"

Just a week afterwards, this order was followed by a complimentary one from the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern armies:—

"HEAD-QRS. DEP'T OF NORTHERN VA., *June 23d*, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 74.

"The General Commanding announces with great satisfaction to the Army, the brilliant exploit of Brig.-Genl. J. E. B. Stuart, with part of the troops under his command. This gallant officer, with portions of the 1st, 4th, and 9th Va. Cavalry, a part of the Jeff. Davis Legion, with whom were the Boykin Rangers, and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of June, made a reconnoissance between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy Rivers, and succeeded in passing around the rear of the whole Federal army, routing the enemy in a series of skirmishes, taking a number of prisoners, and destroying and capturing stores to a large amount. Having most successfully accomplished its object, the expedition recrossed the Chickahominy almost in the presence of the enemy, with the same coolness and address that marked every step of its progress, and with the loss of but one man, the lamented Captain LATANÉ, of the 9th Va. Cavalry, who fell bravely leading a successful charge against a superior force of the enemy. In announcing this signal success to the Army, the General Commanding takes great pleasure in expressing his admiration of the courage and skill so conspicuously exhibited throughout by the General, and the officers and men under his command.

"In addition to the officers honorably mentioned in the report of the expedition, the conduct of the following privates has received the special commendation of their respective Commanders:—Private Thos. D. Clapp, Company D, 1st Va. Cavalry, and J. S. Mosby, serving with the same regiment; privates Ashton, Brent, R. Herring, F. Herring, and F. Coleman, Company E, 9th Va. Cavalry.

"By command of General LEE.

"R. H. CHILTON, *A. A. General.*"

What, then, had become of "the lamented Captain LATANÉ, of the 9th Va. Cavalry, who fell bravely leading a successful charge against a superior force of the enemy"? That "gallant and heroic" soldier, upon whose fallen form when Colonel Lee looked, it is said his manly eyes filled with tears; that young chieftain, whose men in their grief for his untimely death, forgot the glory they had just achieved — was he left a prey to the insults of those who had fled before his nervous blows, and who were now the more indignant because outdone? No; he was destined to receive a burial, the manner of which was scarcely less honorable than that of his death. Like Richard Corbin, he found gentle hands to perform this melancholy office.

JOHN LATANÉ, then a non-commissioned officer in the Essex Troop, had remained with his brother's dead body, and on Friday evening he conveyed it in a mill-cart to Westwood, the residence of Dr. Wm. S. R. Brokenbrough, who was then a surgeon in the army, and absent from home. "On this sad and lonely errand, he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to the gate and told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner." Mrs. Brokenbrough took the dead soldier into her care, and promised to bury him as tenderly as if he were her brother. Several ladies from Summer Hill — the residence of Captain Wm. B. Newton, and adjoining Westwood — were sent for, to assist in preparing the body for the burial. One of them wrote thus of him:—"He looked so young — not more than twenty years of age. He was shot in four places: one ball had entered the region of his heart, and passed out at the back. We cut a large lock of his hair, as the only thing we could do for his mother. We have sent for Mr. Carraway to perform the funeral services."*

Mr. Carraway — he, too, now gone to his rest — was not allowed by the enemy to be present; and "so," says the writer just quoted, "we took the body of our poor young captain and buried it ourselves in the Summer Hill grave-yard" — the family burying-ground of the Brokenbroughs, where William Brokenbrough Phelps had been laid in January, and where Captain William Brokenbrough Newton was to find his resting-place before the close of the war.

The noble service thus rendered, has provoked the art of both

* Diary of a Southern Refugee, p. 143.

the painter and the poet. Washington's "Burial of Latané" shows us the mantled body by the open grave, the faithful group around it, the pious matron, with eyes turned heavenward, reciting the beautiful burial-service of the Episcopal Church; a fair-haired little girl who has brought white flowers from the garden to strew upon the dead; the lovely women sorrowing for the fate of their brave champion, and the humble slaves looking reverently on, ready to consign the inanimate form to its last resting-place. The whole forms a most touching and impressive scene, the spirit and sentiment of which have been very sympathetically rendered by the artist. The painting, which is not a simple fancy sketch, is one which friend and foe may alike enjoy, fitly forgetting, in its sad, sweet, and chastened beauty, the madness which has wrought such havoc.

The dashing charge of the young Virginian, and the tender care of these daughters of Virginia, have been handsomely commemorated by a distinguished alumnus of our University, who thus, perhaps unconsciously, performed the pious work of embalming the memory of one of his foster-brothers. We give entire the fine poem of John R. Thompson, Esq., on

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

The combat raged not long, but ours the day;
  And through the hosts that compassed us around
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
  Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain,
Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
  Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair;
The next beheld him dabbled in his blood,
  Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
E'en thus he passed through the red gate of strife
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field,
  And gave it unto strangers' hands, that closed
The calm blue eyes, on earth forever sealed,
  And tenderly the slender limbs composed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who, with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb, and, weeping, looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier,
  Pale roses, not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere,
  That blossomed with good actions, brief, but whole:
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

No man of God might read the burial rite
  Above the rebel—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight;
  But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over this hallowed dust the ritual for the dead:—

"'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power;"
  Softly the promise floated on the air,
And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
  Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer;
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God.

Let us not weep for him, whose deeds endure;
  So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died
As he had wished to die—the past is sure!
  Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot touch him now, nor fortune harm him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear—
  "*Victrix et Vidua*," the conflict done—
Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the tear
  That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall sway
Than thine, our early lost, lamented Latané.

Lieutenant JOHN LATANÉ, younger brother of WILLIAM and twin-brother of Lewis Latané, was born at the family residence, "Meadow," on the 10th of May, 1838. He entered the University in 1857, and was still there at the beginning of the war. During this time he had attained distinction in many subjects, and degrees in Latin, Spanish, Anglo-Saxon, and Political Economy. He stood well as a member of the Jefferson Society, when his brother (now Rev.) Jas. A. Latané had already made the name a familiar and respected one, he having but a few years previously represented it as Anniversary Orator, and afterwards served it as President. JOHN also contributed to the *University Magazine*, and one of his articles, "Education and the Natural Sciences," was regarded with great favor by the Committee of Professors appointed to award the gold medal for the best article during the session.

His feeling in regard to the state of the country in 1861, is clearly shown by the fact that he was one of a number of students who planted the secession flag on the rotunda before the ordinance was passed by his native State. In April of that year he accompanied the expedition to Harper's Ferry, and soon afterwards enlisted in the Essex Light Dragoons, in which he was made a non-commissioned officer. The high religious character which he

bore at college, as a communicant of the Episcopal Church and member of the Young Men's Christian Association, was retained when he exchanged the citizen's dress for the soldier's uniform. In the field he was dashing and impetuous, and his handsome bearing as a soldier, combined with his consistent life as a Christian, rendered him popular in his company.

We have already mentioned how he discharged the melancholy duty imposed upon him by the death of his brother at Old Church. Soon after this event he was elected Junior 1st Lieutenant in the Essex Troop, and served as such until his own death.

During the Wilderness campaign in 1864, and just after the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, his command went on a scouting expedition to the rear of Grant's army. Lieutenant LATANÉ was commanding a squad of cavalry at the residence of Dr. Reynolds, near Fredericksburg, and in charging around the house upon a party of the enemy in the yard on the other side, he was accidentally shot by one of his own men. Too weak from loss of blood to be brought back into our lines, he was left with Dr. Reynolds. On the same day, however, he was found by the enemy, taken to Fredericksburg, and thence to Lincoln Hospital, Washington, where not long after he died of his wound.

The writer of this tribute knew JOHN LATANÉ well at College, and valued him highly, not only as a man of intellectual vigor, but what is far better, as one whose life illustrated that type of piety which never fails to make its impress upon the world. Concerning him, a life-time friend says:—"I did not know a more promising young man in Tidewater Virginia. His character, I think, rather eclipses that of the gallant Captain, his brother. I have heard more eulogies from his comrades heaped upon him than upon WILLIAM LATANÉ."

His body was interred first in the National Cemetery at Arlington, but immediately after the war it was brought back to Essex, and laid by that of his twin-brother, Lewis, who, dying a few months after JOHN, was awaiting him under the shade trees of the family burying-ground.

These two young men — who in infancy claimed at once the same mother's tender care, in childhood and youth were playmates and friends, at school and college companions and room-mates, in matters of religious faith members of the same Church, in war sympathized with the same cause, in behalf of which each gave

his life—should not be separated even in a notice like this. Lewis Latané was not technically a soldier. Four of his brothers were in the Confederate service, and another in the ministry, and resident at a distance. It seemed necessary that one son should remain with the widowed mother; and Lewis, persuaded by the family, consented to stay at home and fill the office of Deputy Clerk of the County. He was not less in sympathy with the South than were his brothers, and not less eager than they to take the field for the defence of Virginia; but a sense of duty retained him at home.

While discharging the functions of Deputy Clerk, he was a member of the Home Guard; and during the progress of the war, much of his time was spent in forwarding supplies to the army, a matter which, if all had been as earnest and energetic about it, would doubtless have greatly modified, if not changed entirely, the result of the war. In this patriotic service he lost his life.

About the close of September, 1864, and just previous to the battle at Peeble's Farm and Squirrel Level, he went to carry supplies to our beleaguered men at Petersburg. While thus engaged, he contracted a disease of which he died on the 15th of the following October.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MORRIS.

Private in the "Huger Artillery."

GEORGE W. MORRIS was one of eleven children of Jesse and Nancy Morris. When he was but four years old, his mother died; and at the age of eleven he was left an orphan by the death of his father. He was born on Back Bay, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, July 29, 1832.

With so large a family, "it was utterly impossible," he afterwards wrote, for his father to give them a good education, "though he did what he could towards it." Up to the time of his father's death, he had learned "something about the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic," but during the first two years succeeding that event, he made rapid progress under the tuition of his brother,

Jessé T. Morris. With the year 1846, his brother's school closed, and GEORGE returned to his guardian's, and worked on his farm until September, 1848. From this date until the end of 1850, he was most of the time at his books, though with the disadvantage of frequent changes of both teachers and location, being at one place three months, at another seven and a half, another six, and still another three. In spite of all these obstacles, however, he had by this time acquired considerable knowledge of Latin and Mathematics, and learned something of Greek.

Compelled, by pecuniary considerations, to abandon the further pursuit of an education, the young man then presented himself before the Free School Committee of Examination as a candidate for the position of teacher, received a certificate of qualification, and took charge of the school located near Black Water Church, in his native county. In this employment he continued two years, toiling conscientiously for the improvement of his pupils. In his journal of May, 1852, he wrote thus:—"I find the task of the teacher to be no light one, if his duty be discharged. I have endeavored to discharge my duty as faithfully as possible, and I intend to do so as long as I remain at this most unpleasant employment." The sequel will show that he was fond of teaching, and chose it as the business of his life. It was doubtless "most unpleasant" at this time, because his poverty compelled him to devote to it time which he desired to occupy in study.

In the following December he gave up his school, and in January became a student at Richmond College. The best view of his life there is furnished by his diary, from which the following are extracts:—

"*March* 28, 1853. On Saturday, January 15, I arrived here. On Monday took up the studies of Latin and Greek, and, in the course of a week or two, Mathematics. So far I think I am advancing quite rapidly and thoroughly. On Sunday, January 16, I joined the Sunday-School of the First Baptist Church. On the first Monday in February, I was initiated a member of the 'Mu Sigma Rho Society'; find it to be quite interesting and instructive. A week or two previous I joined the 'Total Abstinence Society of Richmond College,' and do not regret it. To-day I have just returned from a visit to the State Penitentiary and the Poor-House Burial Ground. I was quite interested with my visit, especially that to the 'Horse Shoe College,' as the students call it.

"*May* 8. The session is rapidly drawing to a close. I am busy, very busy. No one can get along here without being thorough.

"*May* 15. To-day is holiday with most of the students, who seem to enjoy themselves, having nothing to do. With me, however, it is not so. I have been engaged all day in working out problems in Bourdon.

"BLACKWATER, *July* 15. Have been from college nearly two weeks. The Commencement Exercises were held on Friday, July 1, and opened with music by the Armory Band. Next, Rev. Ro. Ryland introduced to the audience Mr. Z. Jeter George, of Lancaster County, who delivered a very spirited address. Then Dr. Ryland read aloud the names of those students who had stood examinations and thereby distinguished themselves. My name was read out four times. Thus my course at college has been as satisfactory to me as I could have expected. On all my studies I took distinctions."

On the eleventh of July, Mr. MORRIS, by invitation of the Committee, took charge of Free School No. 18, in Princess Anne County. But having found, during the autumn, a friend who was willing to lend him the means to prosecute his studies, he returned to College in December, with grateful heart and buoyant spirit. Henceforward his course was uninterrupted. During the year, Prof. Dabney, who had conceived a high regard for him, and sympathized with him in his struggle under difficulties to secure an education, offered him two of his classes, in Latin and French, for which he should receive his board and tuition at College. He accepted the offer for the next session, when, accordingly, he became both teacher and student. Under date Nov. 12, 1854, he wrote:—"At present I am progressing tolerably well. I have a great deal to attend to, have to study very hard; indeed, I think I am too closely confined to my room for my health."

In the month of February, 1855, there was considerable religious interest among the students, and Mr. MORRIS's thoughts, hitherto engaged by the single purpose to become a scholar, was directed to the claims of eternity. The result is thus expressed: "March 30, 1855. It is with pleasure that I now write. One thing, the most important of earthly matters, has been attended to. On the 11th of March, I trust I made peace with God, and was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. On the 25th I was

baptized by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Richmond, Va." His religious life was, however, subjectively considered, very uneven. Rejoicing at times as he looked with ravished eye from the mountain-top "where Moses stood," he descended often into the valley of despond, and mourned almost hopelessly over his unclean heart. But his external life was always without fault; and as he grew older he was thought to be more equal in spirit.

At the end of the session of 1855-6, he was graduated Bachelor of Arts at Richmond College. His scholarship in the course pursued there, was regarded as both accurate and thorough, while his deportment had been uniformly such as to win the confidence and regard of his instructors and associates.

The following year he was engaged as tutor in the family of Dr. George Fleming, of Hanover; but in October, 1857, at the solicitation of his brother, Prof. C. Morris, a Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, he entered that institution, where he graduated, at the close of the session, in Latin, French, and Mathematics. Prof. Morris then associated him with himself as assistant in the Norfolk Classical School, where his aptness to teach and eminent fidelity gave the highest satisfaction. In 1860 he assumed control of the school, and conducted it successfully until the opening of the war.

GEORGE MORRIS was not fit for any position in the field. His health, from a child, had been feeble, his constitution frail and infirm. Often, from his earliest years, life had been but a struggle with death. But he was an ardent lover of the South, and with his scrupulous conscientiousness, he felt that he must do what he could for its support. From his "Reminiscences of Camp-Life" we learn the course he pursued. "The Old Dominion seceded," he wrote, "on the 18th of April, 1861, which fact I learned on the 19th, when I closed my school and united with the 'Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.' On Saturday, 20th, I received my first lesson in the military art. Sunday night, detailed for guard at the N. & P. R. R. over some cannon, the first guard-duty I ever performed." On the 23d he left "The Blues," who had not been mustered into service; but on the 10th of June he joined "The Huger Artillery," and went into camp near the city. While engaged in the simple duties of the camp, and sheltered from the night air, his health became more robust,

and his love of country also seemed to wax warmer. Sometimes, sitting on his gun-carriage or caisson, he would throw his feeling of patriotism into rhyme, and transfer it to his memorandum-book. This book is now before the writer. Among others are "Lines Suggested by the Battle of Shiloh," in which is a touching reference to Dabney Carr Harrison, who was his chaplain when at the University, and who fell at the head of his company at Fort Donelson.

Upon the evacuation of Norfolk, Saturday, May 10, 1862, the Huger Artillery marched directly to Petersburg. From the exposure incident to this march, GEORGE MORRIS contracted cold, under which he suffered a general decline of health. When the company moved on to Richmond he was left in the hospital at Petersburg. The Surgeon did not regard his case as at all serious, and was confident that his "nervous prostration" would yield speedily to the influence of tonics, but he did not know how feeble were the cords of life. His prostration increased day by day, until about the 15th of June, when calmly, quietly he "fell on sleep."

His funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. Hume, Sr., and his remains deposited near Blanford, where they still rest. Thus lavishly did this young man lay upon his country's altar the sacrifice of his life, with all the wealth of mental culture which life had been busy in securing.

In personal appearance, Mr. MORRIS was of medium height, small and delicate frame, weighing perhaps one hundred and twenty-five, with dark hair and beard, and gray eyes. In manner he was unpretending and taciturn. His extreme modesty, amounting to positive timidity, rendered it difficult to form his acquaintance, and prevented him from being appreciated by the world. But once known, he was held in high esteem for his irreproachable moral character, his stern fidelity to duty, and his tender, woman heart.

THOMAS GRADY WERTENBAKER,

Private, Co. A, 19th Virginia Infantry.

It would be difficult to write even the briefest sketch of the University of Virginia, without mentioning the name of William

Wertenbaker. The story of his long and useful life would furnish an interesting and valuable chapter in a comprehensive history of that institution. Coming to it in its infancy, he has, with the exception of a period of some four years, dating from 1831, continued his connection with it until the present day, rejoicing in its steadily increasing prosperity, to which his own faithful discharge of duty has largely contributed. In January, 1826 — the year after its foundation — Mr. Wertenbaker was appointed to the office of Librarian; the following December, he was made Secretary of the Faculty, and for more than twenty years discharged the duties of both offices. In one capacity or the other he has rendered a service of nearly forty years; his signature is affixed to a larger number of Diplomas than that of any other person ever connected with the University.

Here, amid those scenes which others, beholding first in early manhood, never forget, THOMAS GRADY, third son of William and Louisiana Wertenbaker, first saw the light. He was born April 14, 1839. And here, in the midst of those influences which have been sought by thousands of the young men of the South, and under whose inspiration they yielded themselves to a generous rivalry in letters, he spent his childhood, youth, and the first years of his manhood. Students, as through successive years they came and went away, remember him, now as a chubby, blue-eyed child, now as a trimly-made, modest boy, noticeable for the freshness of his countenance, and the quiet demeanor which contrasted pleasantly with the precocious forwardness that so often characterizes boys reared in the vicinity of large schools, and now as a youth of tall and spare but compact stature, whose face, still fresh, was assuming a sort of Napoleonic broadness, the effect of which was increased by trimming closely the light, stiff hair.

At the age of sixteen TOM WERTENBAKER began to attend lectures at the University, but having been unfortunate in the selection of teachers, he was compelled to enter the lowest classes, and even for these he was but poorly prepared. His diligent study was, however, rewarded at the end of the session by certificates of distinction in Junior Latin and Junior French. In the next three years he graduated in Latin, French, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, Chemistry, and Moral Philosophy. During all this time he was a member of the Washington Society, and at their Anniversary Celebration, February 22d, 1858, he was the reader of Washington's Farewell Address.

In the fall of 1859 he went to Petersburg, and there spent the academic year as assistant instructor in a High School. But in 1860 he returned to the University, where, to the duties of a student he added, by authority of the Faculty, those of a Licentiate in the Latin language.

"Distinguished in Senior Greek at the Intermediate Examination," is the only record left of his work this session; for before its close — about the middle of April — he had joined the "Monticello Guards," Co. A, 19th Va. Infantry, and gone to look for "the front." For more than a year he served faithfully in this company and regiment, and participating with them in the battles of First Manassas and Williamsburg, displayed on both those fields a coolness and courage which his comrades afterwards spoke of in terms of unmeasured commendation. He was near-sighted, and, on going into battle, he would deliberately take out his spectacles, wipe off the dust, and then, putting them on, take up his musket.

During the campaign on the Peninsula, whose atmosphere, charged with malarial influences, was fatal to so many of our soldiers from the hill country, Mr. WERTENBAKER contracted typhoid pneumonia. He was brought to "Wertland," his father's residence; and there, amid the scenes of his childhood, in sight of that grand old Alma Mater whose fostering care had developed his youthful gifts, and surrounded by those to whom his earliest love had been given, he died, Friday, June 23d, 1862, in the 23d year of his age.

A special communication of Widow's Son Lodge, No. 60, of Free Masons, to whose honorable order he belonged, was held on the following day at their hall in Charlottesville, "for the purpose of paying a parting tribute to his memory." The subjoined extract is made from the records of that meeting:—

"We take mournful pleasure in bearing our unanimous testimony to his high character as a citizen, to his gallant and patriotic bearing as a soldier, and to those sound virtues which rendered him the idol of his family, and gained him the affection of his associates and the esteem and respect of the Lodge. As a testimony of our sorrow at his loss, cut down in the first years of manhood, and of our sympathy with his bereaved parents and friends, the Lodge doth unanimously

"*Resolve*, 1st. That we will attend the funeral of our late brother, THOS. G. WERTENBAKER, this day, at 4 o'clock, from the Pres*byterian* Church.

"2d. That the officers and members of this Lodge, in respect for the memory of the deceased, will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"3d. That we tender to his parents and family the expression of our profound sympathy in their affliction."

On Saturday afternoon the funeral services were held at the church above named, and there the cortege, composed of sorrowing relatives, Masons, and sympathizing friends, took its slow way to the University burying-ground, where scholars and soldiers sleep together — the knightly cavalier by the Doctor of Laws. Then followed those solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and the grave closed over all that was mortal of TOM WERTENBAKER.

In closing this brief tribute to the memory of a valued friend, it is proper to refer to his religious character. Was he left in the grave as one who hath no "hope in his death"? But a word will suffice — let that be from the venerable Prof. McGuffey, under whose eye he had grown up to man's estate, and in whose class he had "honorable mention." In an obituary notice, published in the *Central Presbyterian*, the Doctor thus speaks of him:

"In the early death of this Christian soldier, his friends and his country have sustained no ordinary loss. He was a man of talents highly cultivated, of unquestioned piety, and zealous in his Master's cause, with a practical good-sense that never mistook either the time or object of greatest usefulness. From the time of his connection with the (Presbyterian) Church in 1859 till his death, he was never known to decline or neglect an admitted duty. Had he lived, he would have preached the Gospel. From a habitually controlling sense of obligation, and an unflinching though unobtrusive moral firmness — upon all occasions, in the 'Young Men's Christian Association,' (where he was prominent,) — in the camp, on the battle-field, or amongst the wounded, he was ever at his post. His motto was 'to do what's right, let come what may.' His faith (the gift of God) was that which works by love, purifies the heart and overcomes the world. He rests in peace near the lamented Ashby. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

WILLIAM NAYLOR BRONAUGH, M. A.,

Major, 2d Arkansas Battalion.

Of the ancestry of WILLIAM N. BRONAUGH but little is known to the writer of this sketch. His maternal grandfather was the late William Naylor, of Romney, Hampshire county, Virginia; his paternal grandfather, Wm. Bronaugh, of Loudon. His family was on the one side of English, on the other, of Irish extraction. He was born at Upperville, Fauquier county, Virginia, February 9th, 1833, the son of Dr. J. W. Bronaugh, now of Manchester.

The boyhood of Major BRONAUGH was much like that of other boys marked by more than usual activity both of body and of spirit. His first school-days were spent at the Leesburg Academy, then under the direction of W. N. Benedict. Thence he passed into the Lisbon Institute, a school founded by the Rev. Benjamin H. Benton.

He went from this school to the University in 1850 as a State student, at the age of eighteen. And thus early we find an illustration of the resoluteness of purpose that marked the man. His father was unable to furnish the means necessary for expenses of board, books, &c. The young student, nothing discouraged, succeeded in effecting insurance on his life, and so was able to borrow money. Thus sustained, he did not neglect the advantage of residence at the University, as so many of the State students have done. No better evidence of successful diligence can be given than the fact that at the expiration of two or three sessions he was made assistant teacher in the widely-known Ridgeway School. Here he remained one or two years, performing his duties so honestly and so skilfully as to win the highest confidence and esteem of the principal, Franklin Minor, Esq., a most shrewd judge of men. Returning to the University in 1856, at the end of the session of 1856–57 he received the degree of Master of Arts. The essay read by him on that occasion attracted attention as indicating a tendency of mind towards abstruse matters, and a power to deal with them with more than common vigor and keenness.

His course at College thus completed, he at once entered on his chosen profession of teaching, and accepted the position of instruc-

tor in the Ancient and Modern Languages in the Albemarle Female Institute, located in Charlottesville. This place he filled for two years, approving himself not only a scholar of breadth and accuracy of learning, but also a teacher of most rare skill, especially in imparting to his pupils much of his own enthusiasm of spirit. There are many ladies of our State, school-girls then, who quite well remember his rapid, nervous movements, his sharp, incisive forms of statement, his ingenious generalizations, his quaint and sometimes queer illustrations.

While thus earnestly engaged, Major BRONAUGH not only paid off the expenses of his own education, but, with characteristic unselfishness, maintained his brother, Dr. F. L. Bronaugh, at the University until he graduated in Medicine, and gave his sister the advantage of one year's residence at the school in which he taught.

During the second year of Major BRONAUGH'S connection with the Institute, he had, as one of his colleagues, his most intimate friend, John Baker Thompson, one of the most genial, as one of the most accomplished men the writer has ever known. The affection for one another of these two men, high-spirited, highly cultivated, and yet in some respects very unlike, was as deep, unselfish, tender as a woman's love. During that session, the Albemarle Female Institute had in her corps of teachers BRONAUGH, Thompson, and Toy — the last fortunately still living, and bestowing all the resources of his great learning on the training of the rising Baptist ministry of the South — all men who, in talents, character, and scholarship, might have adorned the proudest institutions of the land.

In the summer of 1859, Messrs. BRONAUGH and Thompson were invited to Little Rock, Arkansas, to take the control of St. John's College, an institution under the special care of the Masonic Order. They entered on their undertaking, in the midst of many difficulties, with the confident enthusiasm of young men who see unfolding before them the prospect of large fame and almost unlimited usefulness. None who knew them can doubt that the College, under their direction, and with a few years of peace and general prosperity, would have advanced to the front rank among the literary institutions of the Southwest. The writer well remembers with what confident hope BRONAUGH, after the experience of one year, spoke of the future of the College, and how

entirely enlisted in his work were all the powers of his polished intellect and passionate soul.

But the session of 1860-61 was the last; before its end, we were in the midst of war. WILLIAM N. BRONAUGH could not do otherwise than throw himself heartily and wholly into the struggle. A Virginian, true to the interests and the honor of his State, he could not but answer her call. Thompson's feelings were the same; together they organized the 2nd Arkansas Regiment—Thompson being made Major, and BRONAUGH Adjutant. Ordered to Virginia very soon, the regiment lay for some time, in comparative inactivity, on the Potomac opposite Fredericksburg. On the eve of the first battle of Manassas it made a forced march for the field, but in consequence of position had no active part in the fight. Not long after, Major Thompson was at his own request transferred to Tennessee, where he hoped to find more active service. The battle of Shiloh followed soon, and on this field John Baker Thompson fell. BRONAUGH remained in Virginia, but does not seem to have been engaged in very active service for some months. On February 1st, 1862, he was married to Miss Evelyn Taliaferro, of King William; a lady with whom he became acquainted a few years before as a pupil at the Albemarle Female Institute. But he was soon summoned from the companionship of his youthful bride to the sterner companionships of the camp and the field.

On the reorganization of the Confederate Army, BRONAUGH was made Major of the 2nd Arkansas Battalion. In the first of the series of battles by which McClellan was forced from his strong positions below Richmond, Major BRONAUGH and his command shared. So severely had the command suffered in the battle of Seven Pines, that without solicitation a furlough was granted the survivors. This they refused to accept, because they expected another fight in a few days, and they chose to share its perils and its glory. On the 26th June, 1862, Major BRONAUGH led the little remnant of his battalion into action, near Mechanicsville Bridge, four miles from Richmond. In the very heat of the battle he was struck by the fragment of a shell on the inner part of the right thigh, making a horrible wound. Captain Beavers of his battalion was at his side when he fell. Prostrate and dying, he continued to urge forward his surviving comrades. Just as he was taken from the field he inquired of Captain B., "How

goes the day?" "We are beating them," the Captain answered. "I am now satisfied," said BRONAUGH, "and am willing to die;" and in two hours he was dead. His body rests in Hollywood Cemetery.

In person, Major BRONAUGH was rather noticeable than commanding. A good deal under the average size, he had yet an elasticity and confidence of movement altogether in keeping with his free, eager, independent spirit. His frame, though apparently slight, was capable of great endurance, and indeed impatient of inactivity. And hence, when a student, he could not confine himself so unremittingly as do some. Of his face, no one feature was remarkable. A compact, well-cut forehead, surmounted with a wealth of rich auburn hair almost verging into red; hazel eyes, that now twinkled with merriment or softened into sympathy, that now flashed with indignation, and not rarely assumed the steady and aimless gaze of the man wrapt in inner contemplation; a well-formed nose; a mouth and chin fully expressing his eager, resolute temper; these combined to form a face that will remain clearly defined in the memory of every man who knew him.

As might be anticipated of a man of such physical and mental structure, he was fond of all manly sports and exercises. No huntsman pursued his game with keener zest and more unflagging energy; no angler ensnared his finny prey with more watchful patience. Allusion has been made to the singularly strong attachment between BRONAUGH and Baker Thompson. During their residence at the Albemarle Female Institute, it was one of BRONAUGH'S highest pleasures to spend an afternoon in partridge-shooting, with Thompson as his companion. No obstacles overcame his ardor, and yet, in the midst of the excitement of the hunt, he was ever thoughtful and tender of the health and comfort of his fragile friend. More than once did he wade Moore's Creek, bearing Thompson on his back, rather than expose the latter to the risk of wet feet. And not the least pleasant feature of these rambles was the lively, comic strain in which, at the supper-table, Thompson would recount the incidents and accidents of the evening.

As a teacher of languages, of the many men of first-rate ability who have been associated with the writer, no one was superior to BRONAUGH. While resident at Little Rock he prepared for publication a grammar of the Latin language, but did not live to bring it out. Those who are acquainted with his views—at once

novel and striking on several points — will hardly doubt that the book would have been a valuable one.

We close this sketch with the following general estimate of Major BRONAUGH'S character, from the pen of one who knew him most intimately — Rev. C. H. Toy, of Greenville, S. C.

"Major BRONAUGH had a mind of no common character. An original keenness of perception, guided by an independence which demanded a comprehension of grounds, was developed by a thorough collegiate training and a wide reading. His thinking was remarkable for depth and thoroughness and accuracy. This he showed in the different studies — Languages, Mathematics, Metaphysics — which engaged him as pupil and as teacher. He was not only careful in the collection and statement of facts — which made him a most accurate Greek scholar — but the quality of his mind impelled him to inquire into the reasons of facts; and he always endeavored to rest his views of language on the workings of the mind. His linguistic was always based on Psychology.

"He had a marked preference for Mathematics and Metaphysics; as was true also of Descartes and Pascal. He gave much attention to ontological investigations, and his friends hoped that he would be able to give impulse to solid philosophical thought. At the same time, while he showed capacity to grasp the highest questions relating to man's being and nature which have occupied philosophy, he was able to make practical application of principles to his own especial work of instruction. He had an insight into the human mind, and an enthusiasm in training it, which made him a teacher of a very high order. And in all researches, in questions great and small, he was conscientious and earnest, governed by real desire to know the truth, and unhappy when he failed to reach it. This quality of truthfulness in intellect endeared him to those who knew him well, and excited high hopes of future eminence. In a position not specially favorable to prolonged and profound research, burdened with the daily toil of school-teaching, without the stimulus of a philosophical general community, he yet carried on certain trains of thought, year after year, with persistence, and in a measure with success. Under other circumstances he might have become a scientific expounder of linguistic, a mathematician of high order, or an original metaphysical thinker.

"His character presented a noteworthy combination of simplicity and strength. He was gentle to women and children, simple-

hearted and devoted in his affection, and courageous in maintaining his own rights and those of others. Highly sensitive to anything that seemed an imputation on his character, and deeply wounded at the alienation of a friend, he was brave and resolute in the face of danger or misfortune. He had not many intimate friends. He rather showed indisposition to speak of his inner experience, the thoughts that lay nearest to his soul. But this reserve he did not maintain towards his friends; to them he expressed himself freely, and confided in them fully. He was in all things generous and noble-minded, willing to sacrifice himself and his own interests for duty and friends."

JOHN THOMAS JONES,

Private in Belsher's Company, 5th Alabama Infantry.

JOHN THOMAS JONES was born in Winslow County, Mississippi, on the 16th day of February, 1840. His father, Thomas Jones, moved with his family to Pickens County, Alabama, in October, 1840, where he still resides, engaged in planting. His mother's name is Clementine Jones.

Young JONES, while yet of tender age, gave unmistakable evidence of rare endowments. At school he was studious, and his progress was marked. He was distinguished for that solid sense and for those sterling principles that would have secured him the highest success in any of the walks of life. Having finished his academic course, he spent two years at the University of Virginia, where he advanced with great rapidity, and prepared for the profession of the Law. He studied his profession thoroughly. The writer remembers his examination in open court for admission to the bar; no candidate ever stood a more creditable examination. He was congratulated by the judge and members of the bar for his proficiency, and licensed to practice in the various courts of law and equity in Alabama. He opened an office in Carrollton in 1860, just before the commencement of the war between the States.

Such was his application to business and to his studies, such his mental training and his solid sense, and such were his noble and

manly qualities, that if peace had continued, young JONES would necessarily have obtained a large and lucrative practice, and have achieved the highest distinction in his profession. But war came—his office was closed, and he hurried to the conflict.

His conduct in the army is well described by Capt. Thad. C. Belsher, of Columbus, Miss., in whose company he served. That officer thus wrote:—"JOHN T. JONES joined my company in the summer of 1861. He soon won the esteem of the entire company by his uniform, gentlemanly bearing; always performed his duty as a soldier without complaint, was obedient to officers, affable and courteous to all. At the battle of Cold Harbor, on the 27th June, 1862, a regiment from North Carolina became panic-stricken and retired. The 5th Alabama was ordered to 'fill the gap.' Before making a charge into the swamp in our front, while the Colonel was arranging another part of the line, I made a little speech to my company, encouraging them to do their whole duty. Before I concluded, JONES was in tears, and when I finished he stepped forward and replied in a brief but eloquent speech, pledging the honor of the company for their action in that battle. Soon the order 'Forward!' was received along the line. JONES was in advance of the company. 'My boys' met the enemy bravely; all charged gallantly. The enemy fled in confusion, but soon rallied, re-formed, and made another stand. We again charged with impetuosity, and young JONES fell, fighting manfully in advance of the main line. The enemy were routed and fled in confusion. We pursued them to the Chickahominy, where we halted, and I sent back a detail to bury our dead and take care of our wounded. JONES was found dead where he fell, and there he was buried. A more gallant boy I never saw during the war."

His letters to his parents and sister during that period are full of affection. He spoke often of death, but with the fullest assurance of a happy eternity. Nor did he ever write despondingly of the cause in which he was engaged. In one of his letters to his father he said:—"Do not be uneasy about me. Even if it should come to the worst, remember me, but do not regret me. Death can be but a temporary separation at most, and I had rather go before, than survive you or my dear mother. I do not write thus to make you sad, but I cannot write otherwise than I feel. Our parting on that memorable morning in Pickensville is vividly

before me, and your last words are yet ringing in my ears. I have as far as possible kept your parting injunctions. Father, if this should be my last letter, I implore your forgiveness for the coldness or ingratitude with which I may at any time have returned your love."

Again he wrote:—"Dear Parents — Do not be uneasy about me, for, sinful as I am and have been, I have put my trust in Christ. Whether I shall live or die, I believe all will be ordered for the best. It is a great consolation to believe you always remember me in your prayers."

In his last letter to his parents, he said:—"You must all try to keep up your spirits. In a few weeks we shall know the worst. If anything occurs to me, I shall arrange it so you shall know by telegraph. Do not trouble yourselves with useless anxiety. If we never meet again, God grant that we may all meet where war and strife may cease, and parting be no more forever. My love to you all, parents, grandparents, my dear sister, and the sweet little ones."

In reference to removing the body of a soldier of his regiment who had fallen in Virginia, he thus expressed himself in a letter:—"I think it is in bad taste. It is true one feels lonely at the thought of sleeping in this distant land, where affection cannot strew his grave with flowers; but he has the pleasing assurance that he will rest in a land hallowed by his efforts in the cause of liberty. If I fall, I only ask that you would, should it be possible, visit the scenes of my soldier life and the spot which marked its close."

His character for intellectual and moral worth is thus portrayed by one who, having been his school-mate, knew him intimately in his early life:—

"JONES was always what everybody would call 'a good boy.' He was the first member of the family to become religious. *At the age of thirteen* he joined the Big Creek Baptist Church, near Carrolton, Alabama, and from this date his life was that of a pious and consistent Christian. While a mere boy, *right* was the great governing principle. If convinced that a certain course was right, he would persist in it with a modest firmness which would have done honor to one of riper years. On the other hand, he would, I believe, have died a martyr rather than pursue a course which he believed to be wrong, especially if it were a matter of con-

science or religion. This is saying much, I am aware, but not too much for the moral courage of this noble boy; he was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. As a Christian, he even then exerted a positive moral influence, which was felt amid our sports and duties at school, as well as in his own family at home.

"An incident which occurred somewhat later than the period just referred to, will illustrate his pious thoughtfulness — his Christian courage. Near the time of our separation for college — for we attended different institutions — I spent a night with him. We sat up late and talked, among other things, of the dangers and temptations incident to college-life. Just before we retired he picked up his Bible, and with much feeling remarked:—'It is my custom to read a chapter and pray before retiring. I want you to read, and lead in prayer to-night. Don't refuse.' Although I had never led in prayer before, his earnestness and deep solemnity inclined me to yield to his request. After prayer was offered, he arose, and, with tears in his eyes, embraced me, expressing his delight at my compliance with his request and willingness to bear the cross as a Christian. I was deeply impressed at the time by this incident, and have often thought of it since.

"He went first to the University of Alabama, then to the University of Virginia. While at both places, his letters bore the mark of a uniform and modest piety. I met him at home during his vacations. The topics and character of his conversation, and the books with which he was most familiar, showed plainly that his piety had not suffered from the circumstances in which he had been placed.

"This same religious constancy followed him through the trials of the soldier's life. As illustrative of this, the following, related by a reliable comrade in arms, is pertinent:—While we were at Mechanicsville, awaiting Jackson's signal-gun, an officer indulged pretty freely in remarks which smacked strongly of infidelity. He had silenced those whom he had been more directly addressing, and appeared to be 'master of the field.' JONES, who had been an attentive but silent listener, modestly asked permission to say something in defence of Christianity. He began in a low, conversational tone to answer all that had been said. As he progressed he became more and more interested in his subject, until his whole soul was aroused, and quite a crowd had gathered around and were eagerly listening. The result was that the

officer was astonished and silenced, and they who had not previously known the speaker, were inquiring who the little fellow was that had made such a defence of Christianity.

"This incident illustrates not only his moral and religious character, but also that of his mind. One is ready to infer from it that he must have possessed superior mental powers. Such was the fact; though a boyish, yet not undignified reserve hid from the superficial observer or transient acquaintance the intellectual worth of this young man. In him the mental and the moral were happily blended. The quick and retentive memory, the correct judgment, the delicate taste, susceptible of the highest degree of refinement, all characteristic of his vigorous and grasping mind, were sweetly harmonized by the spirit of fervid but unpretentious piety of this Christian soldier."

A short time after the incident related above, the signal-gun was heard, and the command to march forward was given. The champion of the Christian religion went bravely forth to the defence of his country.

The result is known. In accordance with his frequently expressed wishes, his remains have never been removed. His couch was spread on the field of battle, and the soldier still "rests in a land hallowed by his efforts in the cause of liberty."

JOHN TYLER REDWOOD,

Private, Albemarle Artillery.

JOHN T. REDWOOD was the son of William Henry Redwood, of Mobile, Alabama. He was born in that city, April 13, 1841. During his youth he lived four years with his uncle, Dr. LeRoy Anderson, in Sumpter County, and attended school from his residence. From Sumpter he was transferred to Virginia, and placed in the school of Samuel Schooler, M. A., at Edge Hill. Here, too, he remained four years, and during this period connected himself with the Episcopal Church. From Mr. Schooler's he went, in October, 1860, to the University of Virginia.

In the spring of '61 he went with the company of students to Harper's Ferry, and after its return he obtained permission to

enter the Virginia Military Institute. Here, however, his stay was short, for we find him in July with Gen. Johnston in the upper valley of Virginia, whence he followed him to the first battle of Manassas. By direction of the President he was honorably discharged from the service during the summer, and in the following October he returned to College. During this session he was distinguished at the intermediate examinations in the Senior Class of Latin and the Intermediate Class of Mathematics; but before its close he was in the field again.

In the spring of '62 he joined the "Albemarle Artillery." This company, after drilling a while in Richmond, was ordered to Yorktown, whence it retired with Johnston to Richmond. During the battles which soon after occurred, this battery being without field-pieces, was on duty at the fortifications about the city, and consequently did not participate in them.

On the morning of June 27, TYLER REDWOOD, wishing to find the 3d Alabama regiment, obtained permission of his Captain to go in search of it. Failing to find it, he joined a Georgia regiment, and went into the battle of Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded in the ancle. From the field he was removed to the city and placed in the Richmond Female Institute, then used as a hospital. The foot was amputated, but during the month of July the soldier died. His father, and one of his brothers,— who also afterwards fell — were with him in his last days. He was buried from the Monumental Church, of which he had been a member since his school days at Edge Hill.

An aged mother says of him, in her sorrowing, that he was a conscientious boy, a devoted and affectionate son, and a bright Christian.

WILLIAM B. PEAKE,

Private, "Montpelier Guards," Co. A, 13th Va. Infantry.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN PEAKE was the eldest son of James B. and Lucy Jenkins Peake, and was born at Twyman's Store, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, December 11, 1833. His father was a well-to-do country merchant, and his mother the daughter of

Benjamin Jenkins, Esq., a highly respected farmer residing in the vicinity.

Having passed through the usual routine of country schools, he sought and obtained, while yet a mere boy, a situation in a commercial house in the city of Richmond; this he afterwards exchanged for a clerkship in the office of the *Richmond Whig*. The duties of this position were not, however, congenial to his tastes; he was, besides, anxious to secure better mental training than he had received in the common schools, and accordingly, after a short stay in Richmond, probably a year, he entered Rappahannock Academy, and took up the study of the classics, with a view to preparation for a course at college.

In the fall of 1854 he entered the University of Virginia, and continued there during two consecutive sessions. He accomplished little at college; and yet he was a remarkably gifted young man. He acquired rapidly, but was impatient of the constant and prolonged application which ensured success. His conversational powers were brilliant, and, following the natural bent of his mind, he pursued a course of reading which contributed to his excellence in this direction. While others, aspiring to the honors of the University, were delving over etymologies and conning hard constructions, he was tracing with some pleasant historian the route of the armies of antiquity. For the Greek plays he substituted the modern drama, and instead of racking his brain with the abstractions of Mathematics and Moral Philosophy, he revelled with the English wits. His abilities would have justified his friends in expecting him to be successful either upon the stage or as a popular essayist. His descriptions of persons and of scenes were so vivid that his language might be called *picturesque*. Humor, inherited through his mother, pervaded his entire being, and discovered itself everywhere and in everything — in the expression of his face, in the tone of his voice, in the simplest gesture. Without an effort he became the centre of every group, and without a word he would often hold a crowd long convulsed with laughter.

While at the University he received a proposal to remove to the West and engage in the business of a teacher. Upon his arrival in Missouri he was not pleased with the prospects of the school, and declining to engage in it, agreed to go as draughtsman with a surveying party to Nebraska Territory. In this service

he suffered both from the severity of the climate and from the dishonesty of his Yankee employer; he was defrauded of his earnings, and almost without resources, returned to Kansas City. Here an emigrating party had just been formed to go to Arizona, and WILLIE PEAKE, always ready for bold adventure, joined it. But, when the party reached El Paso, he abandoned it to become distributer to the Overland Mail Company from that point to Arizona. In this connection his financial experience was not more satisfactory, and disgusted with the fair promises and foul performances of his patrons, he returned to his native Virginia.

In a few months after his return, the signs of political trouble were unmistakable. WILLIE watched them with intense concern, for his love of country amounted almost to a weakness. When a child, he had delighted most of all in the histories of the American Revolution, and he gloated over the recital of British defeats. When thus rejoicing, one day, at the triumphs of the Continental forces, a gentleman said to him, "But, WILLIE, how do you like it when our men get whipped?" "Oh!" replied he, "I don't read that part of the book; I skip over and read on." The instinctive childish patriotism that thrilled him then with pride in his country's success and glory, was but the logical antecedent of his indignation, as he contemplated the wrongs of the Southern States at the hands of the General Government. He became an advocate of Secession, and warmly urged it as the policy most honorable for Virginia. And when his State withdrew from the Union, WILLIE, unlike some of those in his own vicinity who had claimed to be "original secessionists," showed his faith by his works.

Being a resident at that time of Orange, he joined the "Montpelier Guards," an old volunteer company of the county, and set out on the 17th of April to Harper's Ferry. Thenceforward, until his death, his life was an offering to his country.

No company achieved for itself a nobler name during the war, than did the Montpelier Guards. It formed part — was Company A — of the 13th Virginia Infantry, whose name was a synonym for gallantry, and whose first commander was A. P. Hill. Its dead sanctify many a field of battle, from First Manassas to Appomattox; while its living heroes, wounded and maimed, still awaken sad memories of the past. Lewis B. Williams, its first

Captain, rose to the rank of Colonel, and fell at Gettysburg; Champ Cook, a beardless veteran, met his death while leading his company at First Cold Harbor; and Wilson Newman, "first among his equals," received his mortal wound at Winchester; Thomas Wilroy shared a like fortune, while those of the rank and file, subordinate in this only, illustrated a courage not often equaled, perhaps never surpassed. Sergeant Thomas Littleton Goodwyn, John W. Moore, Ned Fry, George Martin Burruss, with his two brothers, Robert and Joseph, Ira S. and his brother L. Tandy Brockman, Alexander Thomas, Robert D. Powell, Hugh Powell, Asa Brockman, Richard Bernard, Hugh Atkins, Thomas Bledsoe, Marcellus Robinson, Robert Rogers, Halsey, Sizer, and others, sleep in soldiers' graves.

In this company WILLIE PEAKE had an honorable name, and with what remains of it his memory is still fragrant. For his aptness for figures he was assigned to duty as a Commissary Sergeant, a position which he held a greater part of his military life, but he not unfrequently volunteered to take his musket when the long-roll was sounded. Under Jackson, he participated in the battles of Front Royal and Winchester, and in the fight with Fremont he served as courier for General Elzey. When Jackson hastened from the Valley to help defend Richmond against McClellan, the route of his army brought WILLIE close to his father's house. He had then given up his office and gone back to the ranks, and he was urged, importuned, to stop and see his family. But he replied that no consideration could induce him to leave his command at that time; that no one should doubt his devotion to the cause he had espoused. And,

> "True to the last of his blood and his breath,
> Like a reaper he descended to the harvest of death."

At Cold Harbor his heart was pierced by a bullet.

A short time after his remains were brought home; funeral services were held at Mt. Hermon, the church of his youth, by the Rev. Herndon Frazer, his father's venerable pastor; and in sight of the home where he first saw the light, the soldier was laid away to his rest.

While living, his character was imperfectly understood by most persons who knew him. Said a gentleman who, of all his friends, knew him probably most thoroughly:—"A seeming recklessness and indifference of manner led many to think him incapable of

warm emotion or enduring attachment. But they mistook him; the light and frivolous bearing was not unfrequently the mask of a sad and sometimes over-sensitive spirit. Underneath was the deep current of warm friendship and lasting affection for those who had won his regard." He who can die for his country can love his friends.

BENJ. C. GARLINGTON,

Lieutenant-Colonel, 3d South Carolina Infantry.

BENJAMIN CONWAY GARLINGTON, third son of John and Susan W. Garlington, of Laurens Court House, South Carolina, was born November 4, 1836. He received his early education in the village academy at Laurens, taught first by Prof. Robert Garlington, and afterwards by the Rev. T. E. Wannamaker, who prepared him for the Sophomore Class in the South Carolina College. Entering this institution at an early age, he was a diligent student, and gave promise of graduating with distinction; but in 1856 an unfortunate collision occurred between some of the students and the police, which resulted in a temporary suspension of College exercises. With this disturbance, however, young GARLINGTON was in no way connected, and accordingly, wishing to pursue his studies quietly, he sought and obtained from the Faculty a certificate of honorable withdrawal. In the fall of 1857 he became a student in the academic course at the University of Virginia, where he enjoyed the full confidence and respect of his Professors and fellow-students. After spending a pleasant vacation at his home during the following summer, he returned at the opening of the session of 1858–59, and devoted himself to the study of Law. He had just been admitted, in Columbia, to the Courts of South Carolina, and had returned home with the intention of opening an office in his native village, when a call was made by the Governor of the State for soldiers to defend her borders from an invading foe; and this gallant young man was among the first to offer himself and the noble company of "State Guards," of which he was Captain.

The offer was, of course, accepted, and the State Guards became,

when mustered into the service of the Confederate States, Company A, 3d South Carolina Infantry. From the bombardment of Fort Sumpter to the battles around Richmond in 1862, Captain GARLINGTON was not absent, even once, from the post of duty. Such attention to his command, such devotion to the sacred cause in which he was engaged, could not fail to produce its legitimate results. It was no mean compliment, therefore, when, upon a reorganization of the regiment, he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. In this command, one of the most efficient in material, drill, and discipline, he bore the reputation of an officer of rare and extraordinary promise.

At the battle of Savage Station, June 29, 1862, he fell mortally wounded, and died on the field. In the charge in which he lost his life, it is said that he was conspicuously prominent, moving hither and thither, animating and encouraging his men. And when his vitals had been pierced by a minie ball, he announced with the coolest intrepidity his condition to those around him, and then urged them forward with the words, "Charge, boys, charge! Forward, my brave men!"

When night came on, and General Sumner had withdrawn across White Oak Swamp, Colonel GARLINGTON'S comrades found him lying perfectly straight upon his back, with his hands folded upon his breast, and his sword standing with the point in the ground by his side! How cool and self-possessed must have been his mind at that time! His attitude and features bespoke no thought of fear, or even pain, so calm was he in that awful death-hour, when left alone with his God!

Colonel GARLINGTON was a man of high promise, both in the profession which he had chosen and in that which was thrust upon him by the event of the war. That he was efficient in the school of the soldier, and in all the high qualities of the officer, those of his gallant command who survive, will testify. That he was possessed of the truest courage, the circumstances of his death abundantly prove. Had he been permitted to consummate the life that was opening before him, he must, with abilities that fitted him for the field and the forum, have taken a position in his State among the most honored of her sons.

His aged parents, two brothers, Creswell and Stobo, of Laurens, and two sisters, Mrs. John L. Young, of Union, and Mrs. R. W. Simpson, of Pendleton, South Carolina, are left to mourn his loss.

Of the four brothers who at once, and together, answered their country's call, only the two above-named remain. John, the youngest, after passing safely through the first battle of Manassas, those around Richmond, and those of the Maryland campaign, fell at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862 — fell, no less beloved, no less regretted than his older and more distinguished brother, under whom he enlisted.

The two brothers lie buried side by side in the village graveyard, at Laurens, the removal of their bodies from the battle-fields affording a melancholy pleasure to their bereaved parents. And these, while called upon, thus, to mourn the early deaths of those whose lives would have given them the highest earthly comfort, have still all the consolation that can spring from the sympathy of the public, from the pure characters of the deceased, and from the reflection that to fall in defence of an imperiled country is not to die meanly.

Colonel GARLINGTON was grandson of Edwin Garlington and great-grandson of Christopher and Elizabeth Conway Garlington, of Lancaster county, Virginia. On the maternal side, he was great-grandson of Richard Parke Stobo, of South Carolina, who was a grandson of the Rev. Archibald Stobo, a Presbyterian clergyman who landed in Charleston from Scotland, in the year 1700. His mother's father was Benjamin James, of Laurens, third son of John James, of Stafford county, Virginia. His relatives in the Old Dominion are numerous, including such names as the Conways, Moncures, Howes, Vowleses, and Washingtons.

He was a man of commanding form, handsome face, and elegant manners; possessed a clear and vigorous intellect, and was a graceful speaker. Long will his friends remember his last address to the "State Guards," before they left their homes for the uncertain field—and especially the quotation referring to their return,

> "And we'll come back in glory,
> Or come not again!"

Sad indeed is the remembrance that he "came not again." Reared in the lap of affluence, gratified in all his wishes, so far as consisted with his best interests, beloved by all, his young life was as a sunbeam, shedding light and happiness on those who came within its influence. In the social circle he was unrestrained and full of life and humor. His conversation was chaste, as his habits

were strictly temperate. His high principles, generous disposition, and courteous bearing preserved for him in the army, the popularity which he had at home. And it may be mentioned, in evidence of the high regard in which his memory is held by his comrades and friends, that such a number of their children are being called for him, that "Conway" has become quite a common name.

Colonel GARLINGTON'S man-servant, who had played with him and watched over him in his childhood, was deeply moved when he heard that his "young master" was going into service, and insisting on going with him, served him faithfully through all the hardships of his soldier life.

MELZAR ALLEN JENKINS,

2d Sergeant Co. D, 3d Virginia Infantry.

This young man died at Winder Hospital, Richmond, Va., August 26, 1862, of a wound received at the battle of Frazier's Farm. The son of John Baker and Margaret Ann Jenkins, he was born in Southampton county, Virginia, February 26, 1842. His father, who is a native of Nansemond county, is still living, and has spent the greater part of his life in agricultural and mercantile pursuits. His mother, who was the daughter of Allen and Ann Daughtry, also of Nansemond, was married at an early age — before the completion of her education. A woman of good mind and amiable character, she was also a devoted Christian, and an exemplary member of the Baptist Church. She now rests by the side of her son, having passed from this life September 3d, 1866, after months of suffering which she bore with that resignation which became her profession.

MELZAR'S early education was obtained in the schools of the neighborhood. He was afterwards sent to Buckhorn Academy, in Hertford county, N. C., and subsequently to Reynoldson Institute, in Gates county, N. C., when he was thoroughly prepared for College. At Reynoldson he applied himself with that persevering diligence which caused his brilliant mind to display itself in its best colors, eliciting from his learned preceptors the seem-

ingly extravagant, though deliberate declaration, that "he was the most intellectual boy they ever knew." He entered the University of Virginia in October, 1858, and for two years devoted himself to the study of the academic course.

He was one of the original members of Company D, 3d Virginia Infantry, which was organized May 3d, 1861. He entered the army as a private—at the reorganization was elected 2d Sergeant, and continued as such until his death. He did not desire office, and refused several times to fill vacancies that occurred in his company. Finally, however, under the urgent request of his Captain, he consented to do so, and had he been with his command just before his death, he would have been made Lieutenant; but owing to the doubt of his recovery, and the urgent need of officers on duty with the company at the time, the appointment was not made.

From the beginning he trod the path of the true soldier. He passed gallantly through the Peninsula campaign—the battle of Seven Pines—and those around Richmond, to the 30th June, 1862, when, at Frazier's Farm he was fatally wounded by a minie ball, which entered the leg near the knee-joint. The wound afterwards communicated with the joint, gradually exhausting him. Several weeks before his death, he professed faith in the Great Redeemer, to whom, unto the end, he committed his soul.

WILLIAM A. WRIGHT,

Captain Co. F, 55th Virginia Infantry.

Among the Confederate battle-flags that were furled at Appomattox Court-House was that of the Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry. It was a tattered and weather-beaten thing, but to those who had followed it until then, it was still "a thing of beauty," which they would have worn about their hearts forever. On its faded folds were inscribed the names of nearly every field which the Army of Northern Virginia had fought, from Mechanicksville to that place. And these names were not simply reminders of their part with Field's Brigade in opening the battles around Richmond, of their proud privilege of protecting the wounded Jackson at Chancel-

lorsville, of General Lee's official compliment to their bravery, and of the many terrible conflicts in which their efficiency had contributed to secure victory; but, to the old regiment now about to be disbanded, they stood each as a sort of *In Memoriam* to their honored comrades who had fallen here and there by the way, even marking with monumental precision the resting-place of their dead heroes. Many a time, in the quiet camp, when their colors, sporting with the wind like a thing of life, showed one after another, in quick succession, the names they had helped to make historic, the soldiers whose eyes chanced to be upon their flag, found themselves sweeping rapidly over the past and fighting their battles again; and then they thought sadly, yet proudly, of "the beauty of Israel slain in their high places." And they were worthy to be thought of thus; for among the dead of the 55th were such men as Colonel Francis Mallory, Majors Saunders, Thomas M. Burke, and Charles Lawson; Captains Elliott M. Healey, Austin Brokenbrough, George Street, and Wm. Latané Brooke; Lieutenants John R. Mann, Robert G. Haill, Logan Fleet, Charles Roy, John Tupman, Leonard Henley, Thomas Bullock, and Sergeant-Majors John G. Gordon and William Rowzie with a multitude of others representing the bravest and the best of the counties of Essex, Westmoreland, Middlesex, and Spotsylvania.

The name of Captain WILLIAM ALFRED WRIGHT, Company F, 'Essex Sharp Shooters,' belongs also to this list, and among the first that fell. He was the eldest child of William Alfred and Charlotte Wright, of Tappahannock, Virginia, and was born in that place, February 23, 1832. His father was the eldest son of Edward and Mary Pitts Wright, of Wrightsville, King and Queen county, and grandson of William Wright, who with two brothers, James and Thomas, emigrated from Scotland early in the last century, and took up large tracts of land in Essex and the borders of King and Queen. His mother was the youngest daughter of the late Richard and Rebecca Roane Barnes. He thus numbered among his ancestors ardent soldiers of the Revolution and eminent jurists of later times.

The bright childhood of WILLIAM WRIGHT passed without anything to mar or specially mark it. The first quality he discovered was the spirit of unselfishness, which developed with age into that of self-sacrifice for the good of others. His modesty in

youth grew into diffidence, and this was accompanied with so great frankness that those who knew him but partially, regarded him as blunt and uncouth.

As the oldest of six children, he was the object of especial parental training. After the ordinary curriculum in primary schools, he was sent to Fleetwood Academy and there prepared for College. In 1849 he entered the University of Virginia, and took the schools of Moral Philosophy and Law, in the first of which he received a diploma. The next year he devoted himself exclusively to the study of Law, after which he returned to Tappahannock, and having been received into partnership by his father, who was a prominent practitioner at that bar, he entered upon a career of great promise.

In 1858 the death of his father devolved upon him the care of a large family, many of whom were yet to be educated. But to his widowed mother he became at once a thoughtful adviser, to his brothers and sisters an elder brother indeed, and to the sorrowing servants a humane master. It was a difficult office to assume, with all its weighty responsibilities; but he felt their weight far more keenly when, three years after, it became evident that the country was to be involved in war. There was no conflict between his sympathy and his judgment as to the course he should pursue; yet in view of a struggle, which he believed would be both long and bloody, and into which he was sure his two younger brothers would plunge with all the ardor of youth, he was oppressed, by a sense of the value of his life to the helpless family of which he was the head. With such ties to bind him at home, with the thoughts of mother and sisters thus pressing upon his mind and casting a shade of seriousness over his cheerful face, he was among the first to enter the lists for his country's defence. In doing this he believed he was discharging his highest duty to his family also.

The "Essex Sharp Shooters" were organized sometime previous to the war. This company, in which WILLIAM WRIGHT held the office of 1st Lieutenant, was mustered into service in the spring of 1861, and sent to a point on the lower Rappahannock to erect the fortifications afterwards known as Fort Lowry. Here other companies gathered from the neighboring counties, and the 55th Virginia Infantry was organized, under command of Colonel Francis Mallory, of Norfolk. When this fort was evacuated the regiment retired to Fredericksburg, and afterwards to Richmond,

where, in Fields' brigade, it shared the honor of beginning the battle of Mechanicksville, July 26, 1862.

About this time Lieutenant WRIGHT was promoted to the command of his company, which he led to battle day after day with singular gallantry. At Gaines' Mill his brother, Richard Edward, was severely wounded in the head and borne from the field. When he recovered and returned to duty, it was to fight under another Captain, for WILLIAM WRIGHT had then long since "finished his course."

On Monday, June 30, 1862, he fell mortally wounded in the grand attack of Longstreet and A. P. Hill upon the enemy's powerful centre at Frazier's Farm. Captain WRIGHT, at the head of his company, was charging a Federal battery, and just as the prize was taken he was pierced through the body by a musket ball, which, cutting his empty canteen, entered his left side just below the heart and came out to the right of his spine. He sunk to the earth in the midst of his men, his sword escaping from the relaxed grasp and falling loosely upon the field. Realizing quickly the serious nature of his wound, he begged his comrades who were carrying him to the rear, to leave him and return to those who might recover if cared for; but in spite of his entreaties, the faithful soldiers bore him from the battle-ground and sent him in an ambulance to the hospital in the woodland adjacent. On the way he complained of internal uneasiness and asked that his sword belt might be unbuckled; when this was done, the copious discharge of blood, which had been stayed by the belt, quickly exhausted his strength. A few words testifying his love for the cause to which he gave his life, broken messages of devotion to that family which he must now commit to God, affectionate adieus to those who gathered around him as he lay in the arms of one of his men, and WILLIAM ALFRED WRIGHT was dead. A letter taken from his pocket and bearing his address, was pinned to his breast, and he was left amid the multitude of dead and wounded.

The next evening Thomas R. B. Wright, one of the remaining brothers, came in search of the body. Having readily identified it, his next effort was to get it transported to Richmond for burial. Two Confederate officers, with limbs amputated, lay near by. Their attention had been drawn to the body (for, as a soldier recently remarked, "he was a handsome and noble-looking officer"), and they watched with apparent interest the approach and move-

ments of the young man whose head was bowed with grief. Perceiving their interest, he told them his story and committed his dead brother to their custody until he could secure a conveyance. Very soon he returned with a wagon, but the officers, not recognizing him, forbade the removal of the body, saying that it had been confided to their care. The needed explanation was made, when the noble men apologized for an act of fidelity, which was worthy of all praise. Mr. Wright, moved to tears of gratitude, thanked them for the interest they had manifested, and placing the body of his brother by that of a Georgian who had been killed in the same battle, set out to Richmond to inter it.

The great current of stirring events swept on, while the widowed mother wept among her daughters, over the loss of her first-born. Richard Wright recovered, after a time, from his severe wound, and returned to his regiment. Thomas, after the first year of the war, had secured a transfer from the 2d Richmond Howitzers to the same command, and the two brothers were fighting under the same flag. On the 30th September, 1864, at Petersburg, Virginia, they both fell side by side under the same hostile volley. Richard, shot through the head, died instantly, within the enemy's lines; Thomas recovered, but with the loss of a limb, and still lives to minister to his bereaved family.

The body of Richard Wright was never recovered; that of Captain WILLIAM ALFRED WRIGHT was removed to Indian Neck, in Essex county, where it rests beside the ashes of his father.

CHARLES ELLIS MUNFORD,

2d Lieutenant, Letcher Artillery.

Munford is a good name in Virginia; in her annals its representatives have an honorable record. In the piping days of peace they were her friends, and served her faithfully and efficiently in places of high official trust. When her sky was overcast with clouds, upon which the finger of a man's hand wrote in red characters the fearful heraldry of war, they did not shrink from the crisis.

Colonel George Wythe Munford served his native State for

many years in various capacities, he and his father before him having filled the office of *Clerk to the House of Delegates* for forty years. In 1853 he was elected *Secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia.* This position he continued to hold until the close of the late war, when all the time-honored landmarks of the State Government were removed, and the high character for official capacity and faithfulness was substituted by the spirit of rapacity.

Colonel Munford was twice married. His two sons by the first marriage, William and Thomas T., were both prominent in the Confederate service; the former as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Virginia Infantry, the latter for a long while as Colonel of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, from which position he was promoted, just before the close of the war, to the rank of Brigadier-General of Cavalry.

CHARLES ELLIS MUNFORD was the eldest child by the second marriage. His mother was Miss Elizabeth T. Ellis, daughter of Charles Ellis, Esq., of Richmond, for many years a prominent merchant of that city, and sister to the gentleman of that name now President of the Richmond and Petersburg Rail Road. He was born in Richmond, October 27, 1839.

Remarkable always for his integrity and firmness of purpose, he did not, until his fifteenth year, evince any fondness for books. At that time he joined some debating society connected with his school, and in it his ambition was first aroused. The following year he entered the Hanover Academy, as a pupil of Lewis Minor Coleman, from whom his parents received frequent testimonials of his good standing. At the close of his course at the Academy, he was elected by his society to deliver the Valedictory Address, in which he acquitted himself with great credit.

Having decided, with his father's full consent, to make the Law his profession, he accordingly spent the winter of '58-9 reading and submitting to the severe questionings of Governor Wise, who, thus brought into intimate association with him, conceived for him an affection which lasted through life. When in 1862, ELLIS MUNFORD had filled a soldier's grave, that gentleman — himself then a soldier too — thus wrote of him to the stricken father, from his "Headquarters, Chaffin's Farm, July 5th":—"He was my child in arms, and I loved him almost like a son of my own bosom. A sweeter youth never lived to make a parent hopeful of all his future life and sure of his blissful immortality. There was no

forwardness in him, save that his manliness exceeded his age, and *that* was exceeded by his soft sweetness of affection. He was innocent and pure as he was sincere and staunch in principles of the best school of gentlemen."

In October, 1859, he entered the University of Virginia, took both classes in the Law School, and applied himself vigorously to study. The next session he returned to college, was distinguished at the intermediate examination on "Common and Statute Law" and had every reasonable hope of graduation. When, in the spring, hostilities begun, his father was so anxious he should finish his law-course that he at first deterred him from relinquishing his studies. He soon found, however, that ELLIS was not to be restrained; his letter from Harper's Ferry, whither from a sick-bed he had hurried to assist in saving the arsenal, was the first notice his parents had of his leaving the University. During this expedition he performed the duties of Quarter-master's Sergeant.

Soon after the return of the students from Harper's Ferry, ELLIS MUNFORD joined General Wise, and accompanied him to Western Virginia, where he served, without commission, in various official capacities. As Assistant Adjutant of Artillery under Colonel Gibbes, he marched from Staunton to Gauley, where he remained some time as drill-master, and thence to Charleston, at which place he was prostrate with pneumonia when Colonel Patton won his brilliant victory at Scarey's Creek. 'I can't remember"—wrote General Wise to Colonel Munford under date May 4, 1869,—"I can't remember exactly the date when he came to me, but he was with a class of young men of his age and standing, such as Frank Imboden, young Kinney, of Staunton, Bradfute and Barksdale Warwick, my son Richard, and I had to give them *all* such detail as drill-officers in infantry and artillery, as inspectors, and sometimes as officers of distant posts, all without commissions. And no one performed his part in all respects more like a gentleman and soldier of intellect and courage than ELLIS MUNFORD.

"The last time I recollect him on duty was whilst I was at 'Camp Defiance' on the eastern peak of the Big Sewell. There we had a flow of beeves from the Kanawha Valley. Fresh provisions were in waste in spite of all that could be done; there was no economy in the Commissary Department. Many more beeves were slaughtered than was necessary. I had detailed Lieutenant

MUNFORD to inspect the slaughtering; see that no more were killed than necessary; that the heads were not thrown away, and that all the meat was dealt out. During his execution of this order, General Lee came up to me from Floyd, to judge between him and me and to make a thorough inspection of my position, and the condition of my camp.

"Young MUNFORD had done his duty *wonderfully*, in reforming the economy and cleanliness of the beef department. But in spite of all his diligence and vigilance, General Lee found some quarters of beeves on the road-side spoiling, and I called up Lieutenant MUNFORD to see the failure, to have the ground cleaned and the beef saved. I shall never forget the mortification of the gallant boy, and I don't even now cease to regret that I ever called his attention to the apparent failure. It was the *only* instance that I ever knew of even a *seeming* omission of duty on his part. Immediately after this I was ordered to turn my command over to General Floyd, and I left him with it, according to my recollection now. My Legion was brigaded in the spring of 1862. Young MUNFORD joined the Letcher Battery of Artillery, and the next I heard of him, your son, like my own, had fallen, and his end was exactly what I anticipated."

It was in February, of 1862, that the Letcher Artillery was fully organized under the command of Captain Greenlee Davidson, formerly A. D. C. to the Governor, after whom the battery was named. The company was mustered into the service of the Confederate States February 17th, with ELLIS MUNFORD as 2d Lieutenant. Early in May it was ordered to Fredericksburg, and remained there until called to the defence of Richmond. In one of his letters, written about this time, he said: "Orders have come for us to be in readiness to march. I hope it is onward, though if there is to be any fighting near Richmond, I want to be there."

When the first alarm of an attack on the Mechanicksville Turnpike reached him, he was on sick-leave and under the care of Dr. Gibson, in Richmond. "An eruption resembling a feverish scar had appeared on his neck, causing intense pain, and in the opinion of his physician, deserving the most serious treatment." Lieutenant Wm. E. Tanner, of the same battery, was also at his home in the city, convalescing from a spell of illness. Late in the morning of June 26th, Lieutenant MUNFORD, who through his father had learned that an engagement was imminent, sought his

brother-officer and informed him of the fact. After a brief consultation, they both set off for the field and were soon with the battery, which shortly after began to annoy the enemy's left flank, while General Hill made the attack in front.

It was at Malvern Hill that the Letcher Artillery first won for itself a place in history. This was the last act in the Seven Days' drama. McClellan, who, like a wounded lion, had been slowly retiring since the conflict at Cold Harbor, until communication was opened with his gunboats on the James river, now turned at bay upon his pursuers. Malvern Hill is an elevated plateau about a mile and a quarter in length by three-fourths in width. Its front was densely skirted with woods, while its rear, rising by gentle slope, was crowned by a plantation dwelling. Upon this crest McClellan's splendid artillery was massed, and supported by his infantry, which rested under cover of the hollows behind, the line curving backward on the right nearly to the river. His guns, probably sixty in number, thus swept at every point the open space in front, and one of his officers, boasting of the advantage of the Federal position, said:—"*We'll clothe this hill in sheets of flame before they take it.*"

It was General Lee's plan to bring forward a strong force of artillery to silence the enemy's guns, and then hurl his whole line upon the heights and take them by storm; but owing to the nature of the ground, the artillery could not be rapidly concentrated, "Two batteries," says a cotemporary account of this battle, "Grimes' and the 2d Richmond Howitzers, were ordered to take position in the cleared field, some fifty yards from the edge of the forest. Grimes' Battery, while in the act of taking its ground, was thrown into hopeless confusion by the killing and wounding of most of its horses, and never did get into position; whereupon the Purcell Battery, Captain Pegram, was ordered to replace it. The Howitzers and Captain Pegram's battery opened a well-directed fire on the enemy, but the return fire was so deadly, they were compelled to withdraw. . . . The Letcher Artillery, of six pieces, under command of Captain Davidson, was now ordered to the spot until now occupied by the Purcell Battery, and getting their guns quickly in place despite the tempest of iron, commenced to serve them with the greatest efficiency, firing fifteen discharges to the minute, while an infantry column advanced through the cleared space to storm the enemy's batteries." Onward it moved,

up the crimsoned slope and through the baptism of smoke, nearer and nearer the hostile guns, but growing smaller and smaller, until at length it reeled under the concentrated fire and retired in confusion. "The Letcher Battery still held its ground," and according to the Annual Report of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute — to which some of its guns were afterwards donated — "was in action one hour and twenty minutes, in a position which, from a subsequent survey of the havoc made by the enemy, would appear to have been utterly untenable for a much shorter time." It had indeed fought with heroic valor; a caisson had exploded in their midst, yet they continued their fire as if giving a holiday salute.

But did the fame it won compensate for the loss it suffered? Twenty-two, killed and wounded, lay around their guns; among the killed, Lieutenant CHARLES ELLIS MUNFORD.

When ordered into battle, that young officer had waved an adieu to friends who stood by him, with so sweet a smile that none would have supposed him conscious of the danger he was plunging into. Absorbed at once by the duties of his position, his eye ran rapidly over the men under his command. Among them were some who were very difficult to discipline; one, especially, seemed thoroughly hardened, not hesitating even to resist the authority of his officers. Lieutenant MUNFORD, almost in despair of making a soldier of him, had recently put him under arrest for some grave offence. But during the fight this man displayed a most extraordinary courage: wherever the dead fell fastest, there he seemed to find his duty. Noticing his gallant conduct, MUNFORD dashed up to him, seized his hand, and said:—"I have come to ask you to forget what I did to you. You have shown yourself a *hero* to-day; you cannot again be what you have been. Hereafter, be not the hero of a day, but of all time."

These were almost his last words before he fell; but they were "apples of gold in pictures of silver." As by magic, they thrilled the soul of the degraded man, and seemed to transform his very being. A few moments more, and the lips that uttered them were silent forever, and the countenance just now glowing with the inspiration of battle, was resuming its pleasant smile and settling into the repose of death. The soldier sought and obtained permission to bear the body from the field. When he delivered his charge to the friends of the dead Lieutenant, his rough face was

wet with tears, and he said to them, as with the promptings of a new life, "*He was the first who ever saw any good in me, or thought me capable of better things. I shall never forget him.*" Happy the man who is remembered thus!

The family of ELLIS MUNFORD had the mournful pleasure — denied, alas! to so many others under like bereavement — of following his remains to the grave. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, near Richmond, his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles Minnegerode conducting the funeral services.

BENJAMIN H. HARRISON.

Captain Charles City Cavalry.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that bright names will hallow song,
And his was of the bravest; and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard."

CHILDE HAROLD — CANTO III.

BENJAMIN HARRISON HARRISON was born Feb. 5th, 1828, at Upper Brandon, on James River.

He was the eldest son of Wm. B. Harrison, of Brandon, and of Mary Randolph Harrison, daughter of the late Randolph Harrison of Clifton, in Cumberland county. He was the seventh in descent from Benjamin Harrison who first took up lands in the Colony in 1635.

When sixteen years old he was placed at Concord Academy under the late Frederick Coleman, and during a stay of several years, gained the esteem and respect of that able instructor, by his good conduct and considerable talent.

At the University of Virginia, he graduated the first year, with high honor, in the School of Mathematics under the lamented Courtney, although kept from his studies for more than a month by an injury to one of his eyes. His bad health cut short his stay at College, and he returned to his father's estate. At the age of twenty-five he married Mary Randolph Page, daughter of the

late Nelson Page, of Cumberland, and settled at the Rowe, an estate on James River, in the lower end of Charles City.

He foresaw the impending troubles; and assisted in forming a Company of Cavalry in which, as Lieutenant, on the breaking out of hostilities, he joined the Peninsular army under General Magruder.

He served at the battle of Bethel and in several skirmishes; and on the reorganization of the army, being elected Captain of his company, he was detached with his troop to be near his General's person. In this capacity he served in the retreat through the Peninsula and in the operations before Richmond, previous to the Seven Days' fights. At the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862, he did signal service in rallying the broken infantry; and when a battalion, routed, returned from the fatal hill without a leader, he reformed and offered to lead them in person. Again they charged with HARRISON, sword in hand, at their head; and when within a few yards of the enemy, he fell, pierced with seven wounds, in the fore front of the fight. His body was found by a faithful friend and follower early next morning, conveyed to his family, and buried on the Upper Fork of Willis River, in Cumberland county. In person he was singularly commanding, being six feet, two and a half inches in height, with a classic head, an eye penetrating though gentle, and a dignity and urbanity of manner that impressed all who saw him. With strong passions, he had few if any enemies. He possessed the rare faculty of exacting obedience, while he acquired the love of his followers. It is more than probable that his rise would have been very rapid in the Confederate service.

His whole heart was in the cause of Southern independence. To effect it he would have made any sacrifice; and the desperate assault he led, he undertook in the conviction of meeting death.

His General fully appreciated his character and services. In his report of his military operations, he says:

"The noble, accomplished, and gallant HARRISON, Captain of the Charles City troop, uniting his exertions with my own, rallied regiment after regiment, and leading one of them to the front, fell pierced with seven wounds, near the enemy's batteries."

In a letter to a relative of the fallen soldier, he says:—"I write in great haste, but deem it proper to say here that which I omitted to state in my report, that your brother *volunteered* to lead the

troops in the great and decisive battle of Malvern Hill — leaving his own company in charge of a subaltern, and acting on this occasion on my staff, his cavalry not being engaged that day.

"This charge was decisive of the great victory of Malvern Hill, and your brother was eminently instrumental in securing it."

The following graceful tribute, from the pen of an official in the Department of War, appeared in the newspapers of the day:

"Fell on the battle-field of Tuesday, the 1st of July, Captain BENJAMIN H. HARRISON, eldest son of Wm. B. Harrison, Esq., of Upper Brandon, aged about 33 years.

"Of the many sacrifices offered there on the altar of patriotism and duty, none was more worthy.

"Brave, modest, devoted as a soldier and a man, his character endeared him to all who knew him. Nature had gifted him richly with intellectual powers of a very high order, improved by careful culture, with a large, warm heart, womanly tenderness, affections ardent and true, and a dauntless spirit.

"He saw the coming storm before the secession of Virginia, and raised a troop of cavalry to aid in the defence of his mother State. Worthy to bear a name which Virginia has been pleased for a century and a half to honor, he has given his life to the State to which his ancestors gave their labor. A friend who knew and loved him, makes this brief record of his manly virtues. K."

The biographer may be often guilty of partiality, but this was one of those cases in which nature makes atonement for her many imperfections. This light was not hid under a bushel, but was widely known through the army. Without fear, therefore, the writer awards due merit to this exalted character. Other names have been or will be for centuries the theme of tongues; but neither the hero stricken at Lutzen, the gentle Falkland who fell at Newbury, nor that Christian, Vicars, who perished in the trenches before Sebastopol, ever marched to death with more loyal devotion than the modest gentleman who on the fatal field of Malvern, gave his life for the State he loved so well.

His wife and three children yet live to rejoice in the heritage of honor left them by the husband and father.

EDWIN W. EASTON,

Private, "Mobile Cadets," 31 Alabama Infantry.

No part of the State of Alabama gave more of its best blood to the cause of the Confederacy than did the city of Mobile. Hardly a family escaped the loss of a member, and many with mutilated limbs are to be seen every day, even now, moving painfully through the streets, with cane or crutch. Happy the mothers who were permitted to embrace even the shattered *living* remains of their dear ones!

One of the military organizations in which this city was represented, was the Third Alabama Infantry, composed of the following companies:

The Mobile Cadets, Captain R. M. Sands; The Mobile Rifles, Captain Z. T. Woodruff; the Washington Light Infantry, Captain Archibald Gracie; the Gulf City Guards, Captain Hartwell, with two companies from Montgomery and one each from Wetumpka, Union Springs, Tuskeegee, and Lowndesboro. The field officers were: — Jones M. Withers, Colonel; J. T. Lomax, Lieutenant-Colonel; Cullen A. Battle, Major.

To the Cadets, Company A, belonged EDWIN WILLIAM, son of William C. and Mary Stoddart Easton, of Mobile, in which city he was born February 4, 1840. He was educated at the Mobile Academy, first under the charge of Rev. Norman Pinney, formerly Professor in Yale College, and afterwards under that of Prof. James M. Saunders, LL. D., now Rector of the "University School," New Orleans. EDWIN was from his earliest years thoughtful and studious. It seems that he actually taught himself to read. Passing from the primary schools to the Academy, he pursued all the studies usually preparatory to a high collegiate course. This done, he entered the University for the session of 1859-60.

This was a disturbed period of our country's history, and unpropitious for close study. The "John Brown Raid" greatly excited the public mind, especially in Virginia and the South; yet it is believed that EDWIN took such a position at College as, considering an unfortunate attack of illness under which he suffered for several weeks, would have insured him future honors. On

leaving the University in the summer of 1860, to spend the vacation at home, the country became so alarmingly unsettled that it was thought best he should not return to that school. He pursued his studies at home for some time, and then voluntarily entered upon a course of legal reading in his father's office. His mind was critical and analytical: taking little on trust, he sought to explore everything thoroughly. In a few months, one who frequently examined him can truly say that he gave promise of becoming distinguished in the profession.

But then came the excitement of the elections, political discussions, Secession, and the confusion of the altering state of political affairs, and all the various incidents and clamors preceding the actual "din of arms." He joined the "Cadets," and without military ambition — for of that kind he possessed none — he simply endeavored as a patriot to do a soldier's duty. *This* he performed fully, bravely.

On the 23d of April, 1861, the "Cadets" left Mobile for Montgomery, where the 3d Alabama was formed and regimental officers elected. From Montgomery the regiment was ordered to Norfolk, Virginia, where it was stationed for nearly a year at a point familiarly known in that city as "The Entrenched Camp." Its duties during this time were neither glorious nor hazardous, and the men chafed at their constrained inactivity. There was hardly an incident — except the memorable victory of Captain Buchanan and the iron-clad "Virginia" over the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads — to bring home to the young men of the Third the glorious perils of war. Many of them, however, were enabled to witness the destruction of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, among these EDWIN EASTON, who was fully alive to the interest and importance of the occasion.

A few weeks later, the regiment was unleashed, and took up the line of march for Richmond. On its first field, Seven Pines, it behaved handsomely, and in the Seven Days' contest with McClellan, it established a name for courage and gallantry. In the last of these great battles, Malvern Hill, EDWIN EASTON was stricken from the ranks by a fragment of a shell. Recovering sufficiently to rise after a few moments, he hobbled to his company and endeavored to maintain his position; but his feeble condition and the command of his superiors compelled him to retire.

He was then sent to a hospital in Richmond, whence he wrote,

on the 3d of July, his last letter to his father. He made light of the severe contusion he had received, and said he would soon join his company; spoke in the most feeling and affectionate terms of some among his friends who had fallen on that fatal First of July, and mentioned particularly two of his company comrades, Frederick Stewart, than whom "the Confederate Army did not boast a braver soldier," and Paul Lockwood, who was "brave to desperation." Then he thanked God for his own preservation!

. . . . . On the 4th of July, a ring of the bell at the house of Daniel Ratcliffe, Esq., in Richmond, brought to the door a servant, who announced to her mistress the young Confederate soldier. When she found that it was EDWIN EASTON, a kinsman of her husband, whom she had known years before a little boy, but now "wearing the gray," and withal hobbling with his wound, she took him to her heart at once. Her husband soon came in. He, too, made the soldier boy doubly welcome. They would not permit him to go back to his quarters; sent for his knapsack, and furnished him with a room and every comfort incident to a "home." Here he was watched carefully, and when, as shortly appeared, his health declined and malignant symptoms were indicated, they obtained the best medical advice. But the advances of the terrible disease — Chickahominy fever, superinduced perhaps by his enfeebled condition — were insidious and did not manifest their fatal tendency until a few days before he died; too short a time for his stricken parents to reach him, alive. But those parents will not cease to pray God's blessing upon Mr. Ratcliffe and his excellent wife; and they desire to record here their grateful remembrance of the unostentatious and unaffected kindness, the thoughtful care and patient, gentle attention given by these friends to their sick and dying child.

On the 28th of July, 1862, the crisis came, and EDWIN EASTON was numbered with the dead. His body was, by the forethought and care of Mr. Ratcliffe, preserved in a metallic coffin, and his parents removed it from Richmond to its final earthly resting-place among the deceased members of his family in Mobile.

Of young persons, all that we are generally able to say is, that they were youths of promise, and gave hopes of future usefulness. More, it is true, has been said by the biographers of persons cut off prematurely, where strong indications of literary or other excellence were developed. Perhaps there have not often occurred

more marked evidences of future excellence in the ordinary pursuits of life, of taste in literature and science, sound judgment, steady and devoted purpose of mental and moral improvement, than in the case of EDWIN EASTON.

With this opinion accords the following testimonial — the only one which our space allows — from his old teacher, Prof. Saunders, now of New Orleans: — "EDWIN was confided to my care in the year 1856, as Principal of the Mobile Classical Academy, and successor of that laborious teacher, student and *littérateur*, the Rev. Norman Pinney. He continued under my instruction for more than three years, when he entered the University of Virginia.

"It has always been a part of my system to cultivate confidential and affectionate relations with such of my pupils as desired and deserved it. I am able, therefore, to speak with precision, not merely of the scholastic acquirements, but of the moral and mental attributes of this most estimable and intellectual youth. His habits were unexceptionable. Sincere, candid, and docile, he had the confidence of his teachers. Honorable, truthful, and courageous, he was beloved and respected by his schoolmates. Virtuous by nature, and protected by parental example, he betrayed none of those precocious aspirations of vice and folly which so often ripen into a habitude of wrong.

"His mental capacity was excellent. He was calm and thoughtful, thorough and exact in his acquisition of knowledge, and his whole course at school was successful. He was a good scholar in Greek, Latin, French, and Mathematics. These studies comprehend an extended range of intellect. I do not remember that he ever made a bad recitation. But his pursuit of knowledge was not confined to the accurate repetition of an academic task: though very young, he had explored much in advance of his studies, and evinced much of the taste and tact of the scholar. He read the great classic epics of Homer and Virgil with a sympathy and ability which elicited my admiration. I remember that he compared the description of the shield of Achilles with that of Æneas, and awarded the palm to Virgil. In this disquisition he manifested much critical acumen and poetic taste. He expressed an admiration of Dr. Channing's Essays, especially of those which describe the characters of Milton and Napoleon.

"These observations and expressions of opinion were made in his frequent calls on me in the intervals of school, when the con-

versation would turn on other literary subjects than his studies. I regarded him as one of the best and brightest of my pupils. Self-dedicated as he was to the cause of right, those who loved him must be consoled by his fame for the misfortune of his loss. Such were his youthful indications of worth and ability, that if spared he would have been one of the most virtuous, the most useful, and the most excellent of men."

JOHN M. REDWOOD,

Lieutenant, "Mobile Cadets," 3d Alabama Infantry.

It was not a single family only that had good reason during the war to say, "*God bless the people of Richmond!*" When the fortunes of the day begirt that beautiful city with a double line of friends and foes, and the brave Southerners fell by thousands under the flashing fires, the citizens turned their houses into hospitals, and their matrons and maidens became ministers of mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers. It mattered not that they came with strange faces and names; they were welcomed with deeds of kindness and offices of charity, the grateful remembrance of which they bore with them to their graves, or to their distant homes. The writer has not forgotten, will not forget, a household, until then almost entirely unknown to him, to whose tender ministry and patient watchings he probably owes his life; and so for many does Richmond suggest, along with the thoughts of hard service and costly victories, memories of kindnesses that are immortal.

While Edward Easton found a home in the family of Mr. Ratcliffe, JOHN MARSHALL REDWOOD, another of the "Mobile Cadets," was not less fortunate. Both of these young men were natives of Mobile; they entered the military service at the same time, passed through the same experience of war, and, falling in the same fight, shared alike in their last hours the comforts of a private family.

JOHN REDWOOD was the son of Richard Holman and Sabrina Caroline Redwood. His father was a native of James City county, Virginia; his mother, a South Carolinian by birth, was reared in Alabama, where she met and married Mr. Redwood. The date

of this latter event is February 3, 1827. JOHN, the fifth child of this union, was born July 23, 1841.

At the age of fifteen he was sent to the Military Academy at Nashville, Tennessee. After remaining two years at this school, he became (in 1858) a student at the University of Virginia, where the name, Redwood, was both familiar and in good repute — his brother Robert having not long before been graduated Bachelor of Arts of that institution. It was here that the writer formed his acquaintance. The effect of a military education was then visible in his erect carriage and dignified bearing; but in his countenance were traces of good humor, while his conversation abounded with jokes and scintillations of wit. In the summer following, when books were laid aside and students were roaming about, some in quest of health, others in the abandonment of pleasure, we met again in the mountains of Virginia, at the celebrated Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. Here he bore himself in the same quiet, gentlemanly manner, his face perhaps a shade more mischievous, and his sly, pungent jokes a little more frequent than when in the vicinity of grave Professors. Here his wit was shot at some of the noted characters that usually abound at such places; an ill-fitting wig or a pretentious widow, a snob or a nabob, a Danton or a Scruggs, was sure to provoke his shafts, which were not unfrequently feathered with a historical allusion. After such a running fire he was apt to lapse into serious conversation, sometimes discussing most difficult topics with ease and intelligence.

In the autumn of that year (1859), REDWOOD returned to the University, and took, along with some literary tickets, the junior course of Law, which he proposed as his profession. This year, as in the preceding, he was a member of the Washington Society, in whose meetings he participated regularly. At the close of the session he returned to his home, carrying with him, besides several distinctions, certificates of proficiency in Anglo-Saxon and in Constitutional and International Law and Government.

In Mobile he entered at once the law-office of Manning & Walker, and there spent nearly a year longer in preparation for the bar. Both these gentlemen stood high in the profession, and JOHN enjoyed their full confidence and esteem. One of them thus writes of him:—"His naturally fine abilities, hourly improving under his studious habits, gave every promise of profes-

sional distinction. For one so young, he had a rare maturity of thought and reflective turn of mind; and united to his high intellectual gifts, were the moral qualities that give roundness and completeness of character."

In April, 1861, he set out for the seat of war as a member of the "Mobile Cadets," of which company mention has already been made. During the long time the 3d Alabama was stationed at Norfolk, its members had little to do except to perfect themselves in drill. Many of them represented the best families of Mobile; some were recognized at once and cordially greeted by their college friends; and so they were readily received, and to an unusual degree, into the society of the city. During this period — remembered still with pleasure in this connection by many of the residents of Norfolk — JOHN REDWOOD became acquainted with a young lady of high respectability and of cultivated piety. Ere he left the city a mutual attachment had been formed, and the offer of marriage made and accepted. Under her influence and with her example before him, he became interested in the subject of religion. He had always borne a character above reproach, but without any pretension to personal piety. For many months he was deeply serious, giving to this great question its merited consideration; and as the result, made a confession of faith and connected himself with the Episcopal Church.

In the spring of '62, the 3d Alabama left their comfortable quarters, and taking up the line of march, reached Richmond in time to engage in the battle of Seven Pines, and the Seven Days' conflict around Richmond. At Malvern Hill, REDWOOD was severely wounded in the left arm, yet not so severely as in the opinion of the surgeon to render amputation necessary. When his father reached him, however, on the 4th of July, it was too late, as mortification had already taken place, and he was not sufficiently strong to bear the knife. During the first, week of his illness, he was removed to the residence of Captain G. W. Allen, of Richmond, "whose continued and thoughtful kindness will be gratefully remembered by his afflicted parents." There, through the heat of summer and until the early autumn, he lingered, wasting away under constant suffering, which, it is pleasant to know, was borne with the patient resignation of a Christian.

A short time previous to his death, he was elected to a lieutenancy in the Cadets, "in acknowledgment of his proficiency in

tactics and his gallantry in action." To please him, his father had his officer's uniform made, and hung it just where JOHN could see it. Though proud of a promotion for good conduct on the field, he often remarked that he would never be able to wear the bars; and once added that perhaps it was just as well, since his military education made him too strict to hold office over those who were of the same station in private life.

On the morning of the 25th September, his friends gathered around his couch to receive the whispered farewell. Among them was she who gave him life, and she who, dearer than life to him, "is still single for his sake, and beloved by his friends as fondly as if she were indeed a sister." At nine o'clock a soft hand closed his eyelids, and then they came and composed his limbs for the grave. His remains were deposited in the burying-ground at Richmond, where they await the signal from Him who said, "*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"

H. EVERARD MEADE,

Private, Company E, "Petersburg Riflemen," 12th Virginia Infantry.

The list of victims of the campaign around Richmond, already so long, is not yet complete. The names of the brave men who received their death-wounds upon the field of battle have been recorded; but the results of a campaign like that are never given by even a correct report of the killed and wounded. The long marches, the privations and exposure incident to the rapid movement of the army, and the excitement produced by frequent engagements, were fruitful of fatal results. Heroic soldiers sank under the long-continued pressure; chivalric spirits, jealous for their country's weal, drooped as they went to meet her foes, and perished by the way without the inspiration of the battle-hour. But they were not less heroes than those who yielded up their lives while the shouts of victory were on their lips.

HUGH EVERARD MEADE, the second son of Julia E. and the late Hon. R. K. Meade, of Petersburg, Virginia, was born at

Dinwiddie Court House, March 30th, 1838. His father was for many years a member of Congress, and subsequently was United States Minister to Brazil.

In the fall of 1855 he entered Hampden Sidney College, where, in June, 1858, a few months after reaching his majority, he graduated at the head of his class. During the two years succeeding his graduation, he taught school in Brunswick county, as principal of "Red Oak Academy."

With a view to fitting himself for the Bar, he became, in October, 1860, a member of the Law Class in the University of Virginia, and was thus engaged until the following spring. In May, 1861, he laid down his law-books, and leaving the University, took up his musket as a member of "The Petersburg Riflemen," who were known officially as Company E, 12th Virginia Infantry. His record in this command is that of a soldier who was scrupulously conscientious in the discharge of duty, and among the most fearless on the field of battle. But his delicate constitution was unequal to the hardships of military life; and under the prolonged high-pressure service on the lines around Richmond, while McClellan was investing that city, his system gave way. Worn, exhausted, and attacked by an insidious disease, he was sent to his home in Petersburg, where, in the midst of his friends, he died on the 10th of July, 1862.

Of EVERARD MEADE it may be said that he belonged to that school of gentlemen who are distinguished for a chivalric sense of honor, and the highest refinement of feeling and manner. Nature had given him a clear head, and a liberal education had stored his mind with useful information. Possessing the keenest sense of the ridiculous, and an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, he was eminently fitted for society; and in the convivial gatherings of his fellow-students, or of his comrades in the army, he seemed to preside unconsciously, the genius of the hour.

Of his religious feelings few knew much; only on the bed of suffering — his death-bed — did he give evidence of that faith whose teachings, let us hope, had guided his life. Conscious that the end was near, and that the hour of his departure was at hand, he calmly kissed each member of his family, and bade them good-bye, with the parting words to each, "Meet me in heaven." Then turning and clasping the hand of his physician, who was also his friend and kinsman, he said to him:—"I am dying,

Hugh. Fight Christ's battles as we are now fighting those of our country. Take Him as your great example, remembering that there is no happiness save in a life of virtue." With these beautiful words trembling on his lips, he closed his eyes, and the brave young spirit was gone.

CHARLES T. SHELTON,

Private in Anderson's Battery.

CHARLES T. SHELTON was born on the 9th of April, 1839, at "Roseneath," the residence of his father, David R. Shelton, of Louisa county, Virginia. After a preparatory course at Hampden Sidney College, he entered the University in the fall of 1857. In the latter part of the following May he was suddenly called home by family bereavement, in consequence of which his studies at the University were interrupted until the beginning of the next session, when he returned and spent the two following years in preparation for peaceful and useful employment, receiving diplomas in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. In October, 1860, he took charge of a school in the village of Columbia, on the James river.

While he was thus engaged, Virginia called her sons to her defence. On the 18th of May, 1861, he was married, and started in a few minutes to the front. In January, 1862, he re-enlisted "for the war," and was in consequence granted a thirty days' furlough, which enabled him to visit his bride, whom he had never seen since the hurried ceremony was performed. In rescuing a drowning youth during this furlough, he contracted a violent cold, which, terminating in pneumonia, detained him from the service for about a month longer.

About this time his company — Captain Anderson's Artillery, from Botetourt county — was reorganized and put in drill at Camp Lee. Thence it was transferred to the West, serving first under General Kirby Smith, and afterwards under General Pemberton, in the disastrous campaign on the Mississippi river.

At Port Gibson Mr. SHELTON was wounded in the right hand, but did not leave his command. The siege of Vicksburg followed,

and at the surrender of that place he was so ill with fever that he had to be left in the hands of the enemy; his cousin, a mere boy, volunteering to remain with him as nurse.

On the night of the 25th July, this youth fell asleep, and on waking, found his cousin in a kneeling posture, but — the spirit had fled!

Of his last days of sickness and suffering his family and friends know but little. The young kinsman mentioned above related to his own father the little that is known, and then said: —"Tell *them* what I have told you, and tell them *never to ask me about it*, and never to mention it in my presence. I wish never to repeat it, and never, even in thought, to revert to it again."

CHARLES SHELTON had never made a public profession of religion, but in the years of his childhood and youth more than ordinary attention was paid to his instruction in religion. And letters written during the last few months of his life give most comforting evidence that he trusted in the Saviour of sinners and was saved.

His remains rest at Vicksburg, and the spot is marked by a marble slab, with the name, CHARLES T. SHELTON.

DR. PATRICK H. CLARK,

Captain, Long Island Artillery.

PATRICK HENRY CLARK, youngest son of William H. and Elvira A. Clark, of Banister Lodge, Halifax county, Virginia, and great-grandson of Patrick Henry, was born April 21st, 1837. "From childhood a dutiful son, a tender brother and faithful friend, he grew in esteem as in years." After careful training at home, he was sent for several years to the excellent school of Mr. Franklin Minor, in Albemarle county. From Mr. Minor's he went in October, 1855, to the University of Virginia, and, in accordance with the wish of his father, entered upon a course of study preparatory to the profession of Medicine. Among his fellow-members of the Washington Society, as indeed among the students at large, he enjoyed an enviable degree of popularity. As has since been said of him, "he was indeed a noble, high-souled

spirit, as genial, frank, and manly as he was pure, kind, and generous;" and for these qualities he is still held in affectionate remembrance by those who survive him.

After leaving the University, PAT. CLARK attended lectures in the Medical College at Richmond, during which time he resided with his grandmother, Mrs. Bruce. At the end of the term in 1858, he was graduated Doctor of Medicine. His father now gave him an ancestral estate, situated in Campbell county, and known as "Long Island;" but it could hardly be said that Dr. CLARK resided upon it, so much of his time did he spend with his friends in Halifax. In 1859 he went abroad to enlarge the liberal culture he had already received. In Paris he pursued again his professional studies, and then set out for a tour of the Continent. But he had gone no farther than Italy, when he heard of the secession of Virginia; and, true to his proud Revolutionary lineage and his own convictions of duty, he left at once the scenes of enchantment amid which even they who lack the enthusiasm of youth are tempted to linger, and hastened home to aid in defending the land of his birth.

When he reached Virginia, he repaired at once to Campbell, and finding that Captain Alexander had already raised a company of cavalry with which he was hurrying to take the field, he promptly enrolled his name as a private in its ranks, and set about his preparation to accompany it. During the brief space allowed him for this purpose, Mrs. Clark, moved, perhaps, both by her instinctive apprehensions for the personal safety of her son, and by a natural and laudable desire to see him fill that station which his professional studies had so admirably fitted him for, said to him, "PATRICK, you have been highly educated; your medical course completed in Paris, where you enjoyed so many advantages. You could now serve so well both your country and your fellow-men as a surgeon." To the appeal, intelligible and eloquent as it doubtless was to him, he replied at once:—"Dear mother, while I love to gratify you in all things, don't ask me to take a surgeon's place. I want to go into the ranks and fight as a common soldier." And thus did he enter the army and fight the first battle of Manassas, in which his gallantry and efficiency were conspicuous. But when the victory was won, he applied himself industriously to the relief of the wounded.

Dr. CLARK was not long allowed, however, to remain a private.

"His excellent character as a soldier speedily won for him the rank of Orderly Sergeant. In this position his soldierly qualities and his capacity for command soon became so conspicuous that he was urged to raise a company, and procured from the War Department authority for that purpose." In a few weeks he succeeded in raising an artillery company of over one hundred men, who elected him captain by acclamation, and called the command after his plantation, "The Long Island Artillery."

In this new position "he secured alike the respect and the affection and the confidence of his officers and men. In the battles around Richmond his battery was frequently engaged, and he conducted himself with conspicuous gallantry, which elicited the complimentary notice of his commanding general upon the battle-field, and won for him the highest admiration of his compatriots in arms." Through this series of conflicts he passed unscathed by shot or steel; but very soon after he was stricken down with violent disease — the consequence of excessive exposure and privation. At the first symptoms of fever he was warned and urged by his friends to retire from the field; but his devotion to duty would not allow him to do so until he was prostrated and it was too late for safety.

In one of the hospitals, with which the Confederate capital was crowded, he received every attention — all that medical skill or humanity could suggest, was done for his relief. Yet so rapid was the progress of his disease, that even his relatives in the city knew nothing of it until they were stunned by the news of his death. Immediately after that event, which occurred on the 25th of July, 1862, his uncle-in-law, Hon. James A. Seddon, wrote to Mr. Clark: —"I have been most deeply shocked and pained this morning to hear of the death of your gallant son PATRICK. . . . . I see him now before me with his beaming, open face, ardent and glowing with all kindly and manly emotions; and I mourn indeed to think I shall hear no more on earth his cheerful, hearty voice, nor meet again the warm grasp of his cordial greeting. We had heard with such gratification of his conspicuous gallantry in our late glorious battles, and of his happy escape from all wounds. Nor had we the least notice of his sickness, to allow us the last poor privilege of endeavoring to soothe or minister to him, until the tidings of his death came to shock us."

In his last hours Captain CLARK'S thoughts dwelt much upon

his family; especially did he yearn for the presence of his mother. "You remind me so much of her," said he to a noble Virginia matron, who watched at his side during his brief illness. "Oh! if I could just once more behold the loved ones at home, my darling mother, dear father, and dear sisters and brother." It is indeed a glowing and grateful tribute to maternal fidelity that the son should long to pillow his dying head on the bosom that nursed his infancy.

The fancied or real resemblance of his faithful attendant to his own mother, led him to talk to her as with filial frankness about the concerns of his soul. For the comfort of the bereaved household, that lady was thus enabled to speak with confidence concerning his highest interest. "Not a doubt," wrote she to Mrs. Clark, "not a doubt of his acceptance with God rests upon my mind."

From an obituary notice of Captain CLARK, written soon after his death, by Prof. E. S. Joynes, now of Washington College, we have already had occasion to quote; in concluding that tribute, which is a meed, not less of justice than of praise, Prof. J. says:—"As an officer he was devoted to his men and to the interests of the service. As a patriot he surrendered all the luxuries of wealth, and offered up his life in the service of his country. As a friend he was genial, generous and kind. As a son and brother he was affectionate, devoted and beloved. In every relation of life he was above reproach; in death let his memory be cherished, as in life he was respected and beloved, by all."

To conclude this article, nothing could be more appropriate, as surely nothing could be more comforting, than the following extract from a notice by the venerable Bishop Johns, of the Episcopal Church, who knew Captain CLARK well:—

"Other appropriate obituaries have borne truthful testimony to the manly virtues, social refinement and accomplished education of this patriotic youth, which endeared him to all who knew him, and rendered his early death a costly sacrifice in the cause of his country, and a deep and enduring affliction to his devoted family and friends.

"It is to record for their solace and support the clear and decided assurance of their dying relative and associate that this notice is penned.

"To the estimable lady who, during his short and severe illness, ministered to him with maternal tenderness, and who had expressed

to him her hope of his recovery, he replied —'I am very ill; but do not think I am alarmed. I am not afraid to meet my God. If He spares my life, well. If otherwise, *I am perfectly resigned. My trust is in Jesus.*'

"In the battles of Manassas and before Richmond, his brave heart manifested itself in distinguished deeds of gallant bearing; and in the silence and solemnity of his chamber, when all causes of animal excitement were absent, and he was conscious of the pressure of the cold hand of death, he was calm, collected, and hopeful. Death had no fears to him. He who had nobly laid his worldly wealth, and all he hoped for, even life itself, on the altar of his country, was himself reposing in the arms of Jesus, and could confidently say, 'It is well'—'well' if spared; 'well' if removed; 'well' for time and eternity.

"We may thus, amidst the merited wreaths which his admiring and grateful survivors shower on his honored grave, discern an unearthly and incorruptible bloom bestowed by the invisible hand of grace, to refresh with its fragrance those who mourn him, and hereafter to bear the precious fruit of eternal life."

WARNER L. SELDEN,

Private, Co. B, 7th Virginia Cavalry.

WARNER LEWIS SELDEN, son of Courtnay W. and Robert C. Selden, was born at "Sherwood," Gloucester county, Virginia, March 18th, 1844. He was descended from the Seldens of Norfolk and the Lewises of "Warner Hall," Gloucester, two families that date back as far as the Revolution.

Of rare personal beauty, intelligence, strength of purpose, and genuine piety, there is every reason to believe that time only was wanting to develop in LEWIS SELDEN a character rich in noble qualities. As soon as the war began he was, like all the youth of the land, filled with zeal for the cause he deemed sacred, and eager to enter the service at once; but being too young for this, he was obliged to content himself with drilling at the University of Virginia, during the spring months of that year. At the close of the session he returned home and devoted his attention to the

soldiers in the miserable hospitals at Yorktown. Almost daily he might be seen, carrying every delicacy he could collect; and later in the season, when his father opened a private hospital at his own farm, it was a pleasure to him to bring many an invalid to receive the benefits of good food, nursing, and change of air.

In October, 1861, he returned to the University, and became a student of the academic course. Here, however, he remained only until the completion of his eighteenth year, which occurred the following March. His ardor to enter the army was unabated, and after earnest entreaties he gained the consent of his parents, who having already given two sons to the service, did not feel that the demand for the third was imperative.

His young cousin, William Boswell Selden, of Norfolk, had just fallen at Roanoke Island, and WARNER begged that he might avenge his death. He chose a gallant leader — Ashby — and joined his command in the Valley, soon to be to him the "Valley of Death." His regiment was the 7th Cavalry, his company, that commanded by Captain Marshall, of Warren county.

The sudden change of climate, the unaccustomed hardship and exposure, made him an easy prey to typhoid fever, by which he was attacked. In a few weeks he was lying prostrate and pining in a tent, unable to join in battle with his comrades as he had coveted. His home had then fallen into the enemy's lines, and all communication with his parents was cut off. No kind friend was there to bear him, as he had borne others, to rest and comfort, for the war was raging, and Ashby had fallen. At last, when too late to be relieved, he was sent, under the care of Rev. Magruder Maury, to Harrisonburg. There he was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Strayer — as a stranger, from pure benevolence and patriotism, for he was too ill at first to give her the necessary directions to his friends.

From this gentle lady, assisted in every way by her husband, he received not only the most judicious nursing, but tenderness equal to a mother's. Though worn by sickness, his mind failing from delirium, the beautiful traits of his character shone out during this period, and Mrs. Strayer learned to love for himself one whom she had taken into her house from mere sympathy with his condition. His accounts of his home and his family interested her, and she soon became familiar with the names of all his friends; and so, when in his delirium he called constantly "Henry!

Henry!" she knew that his mind was straying back to the scenes of his childhood, in which that younger brother had been a constant and beloved companion.

On the 1st day of August, 1862, LEWIS SELDEN died. His remains were carried to Richmond and interred. After the war they were removed to Norfolk, and laid in the family burying-ground.

While at the University he boarded with Mrs. Carr, and during his residence there, her son, who had been one of his tutors at "Sherwood," sickened and died. LEWIS assisted in nursing him, and by his brotherly attentions won the heart of the bereaved mother. And when, so shortly afterwards, he followed his teacher to the grave, Mrs. Carr wrote thus to Mrs. Selden: —

"I was greatly shocked to see the announcement of dear LEWIS's death in the papers. He had left us but a few months before, full of life and spirits. By his sweet and gentlemanly manners he had engaged the affections of all the family here. There never breathed a purer or more manly spirit than his, and his family have the sweet consolation of feeling a certainty that he was perfectly prepared for the change."

Henry Selden, whose name LEWIS had repeated so often in his last illness, was his junior by just two years. The two brothers had scarcely been separated at all until LEWIS became a soldier. Alike in character and purpose as they were, one in heart and soul, they could not be sundered long. Just two years later, Henry entered the service of his country, and shortly after received a mortal wound at Milford, Page county. Knowing that he could not live, he desired to be carried to Mrs. Strayer's; and on arriving there told that lady he came to beg her help, as he wished to die where LEWIS had died. She received him as she had done his brother; and in a few hours he resigned his breath, with the bright faith of a child of God — having just reached his brother's age, eighteen years.

Together they sleep in the same grave at Norfolk, with this simple inscription:

"IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED."

HUGH MORTIMER NELSON, M. A.,

Major and A. D. C. to General Ewell.

When a community or State, surrounded by competitors with equal advantages, produces for a continued series of years a superior class of public men in both civil and military callings, the fair presumption must be, that the body of the people, of which these are the chosen representatives, are of superior mould.

For her distinctive characteristics, which have shed such lustre on the Old Commonwealth, Virginia is indebted to every class of her citizens, but to none more than that from which the subject of this memoir sprung.

Major HUGH MORTIMER NELSON was born in Hanover county, Virginia, October 20th, 1811. His father, Mr. Francis Nelson, was the son of that staunch old hero and patriot, General Thomas Nelson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. General Nelson was the son of Hon. Wm. Nelson, President of the King's Council in the Colony of Virginia, who was a descendant of Thomas Nelson, a gentleman who came over from the northern part of England, among the earliest settlers of Virginia. Major Nelson's mother was a Miss Page, of Gloucester county, Virginia, a descendant of Governor Mann Page. He was the youngest of a large family, all of whom reached years of maturity.

The rudiments of his education were taught him at home, by an elder brother. At a very early age he gave evidence of that thirst for knowledge which ever after characterized him. At fourteen he was sent to a classical school four miles from home, which distance he walked morning and evening. Here he acquired an enviable reputation for diligence in his studies. Often in after-life he spoke of the notes of the wood-robin, which cheered him as he trudged to school. He retained through life a pure love of nature; and the memory of these sweet notes, which solaced his solitary walk, ever after awoke pleasant associations in his mind.

At the age of sixteen he was placed at the Academy at Winchester, then in charge of Mr. John Bruce, a native of Scotland, and an eminent instructor of youth. He remained in this school two

years as a pupil, and one as a teacher, retaining through the whole time the confidence of Mr. Bruce and of all who knew him.

It is well known that his grandfather, General Nelson, sacrificed an immense fortune in defence of those principles for the maintenance of which he had pledged his life, his all. His family was impoverished, and anything like a just compensation was refused them by a Congress which, even then, was more amenable to sinister influences than to the claims of justice. Mr. NELSON was consequently unable to gratify his desire to prosecute, at the University of Virginia, the studies thus auspiciously begun. But a relative of his father, appreciating his wish, kindly assisted him, and in 1830 he matriculated at that institution. The friend who aided him was always cherished with the warmest feelings of gratitude.

At that time there were no schools preparatory to the University, and on reaching it, Mr. NELSON found that he had almost to begin anew. Consequently his first two years there were spent in most laborious study. Sometimes, when worn down by work, he would get a fellow student to pump water on his head, to arouse him for renewed efforts.

At the close of his third year he was graduated Master of Arts, together with James L. Cabell, and Socrates Maupin, now Professors in the University. Previous to this year, this degree had been conferred but once.

Mr. NELSON retained through life, the highest regard and veneration for his *Alma Mater;* and with a keen appreciation of the difficulties he had labored under, he determined to establish a school for the special preparation of young men for the course of study adopted there. He located in Charles City county, where he was enabled by his success to offer a happy home to his widowed mother and two sisters. Although always an honorable occupation, teaching had not then taken so high a stand as a profession, as it has since done in Virginia. Mr. NELSON was the first full graduate of the University who taught in Virginia, and thus was a pioneer in a business that has opened a career of honor and usefulness to so many of our best young men.

While teaching in Charles City, he suffered a loss which none ever knows but once—his mother sickened and died. This event overwhelmed him with grief; for, while his character was marked by the sternest qualities of a man, he ceased not to cultivate the tenderest sentiments of the heart.

In the midst of the duties of a successful and popular teacher, Mr. NELSON not only found time for the pleasures of social life, which he both enjoyed and ornamented, but applied himself industriously to the study of law, to which as a profession the bent of his talents and inclination directed him. During a vacation, while spending the summer at one of the Virginia Springs, he met Miss Maria Adelaide Holker, the accomplished daughter of the late Hon. John Holker, Consul-General of France to the Colonies during the Revolutionary War. A mutual attachment springing up between them, they were married in the following November, and took up their residence in Baltimore, where, after some preliminary study, Mr. Nelson was admitted to the bar. Pecuniary considerations, however, induced him to leave Baltimore before he had made much progress in the practice of his profession; but he felt, ever afterwards, that this step was the great mistake of his life.

Returning to Virginia, he purchased Long Branch, the estate of his relative, the late Philip Nelson, Esq., in Clarke county. Here the talents which would have distinguished him at the bar, were turned into a different channel, and he became an enterprising, progressive farmer. In this capacity, too, he was eminently successful, and made for himself a State reputation, rarely returning from the agricultural fairs, so frequent before the war, without almost an undue proportion of premiums. His hospitab board was enriched by handsome goblets and silver servic obtained in these civic contests. Amid these pursuits, he sti retained his love for literature, and his leisure hours were spe with the best authors, ancient and modern.

As yet, no reference has been made to Mr. NELSON'S religio character. Early in life he attached himself to the Episcop Church, and he was a habitual and liberal supporter of all rel gious and benevolent enterprises. The resolution passed by th Vestry of Christ Church, Millwood, of which he was a membe gives a faithful delineation of his character, so far as it could b done in a few words:—"Ever cheerful, ever trustful, seeking bu to do his whole duty as a high-toned Christian gentleman. . . . . That in his death they feel that each one of them has lost a warm and valued friend; the community a public-spirited citizen; the country a devoted patriot, and the Church one of its most useful members." This was far from being a merely complimentary

form; it was the simple expression of the convictions of those who passed it. In this connection, it is due to truth to add, that while he was devoted to the Church of which he was a member, he was no bigoted sectarian.

Mr. NELSON had not long enjoyed his country home, before he met with a serious accident, which impaired his health, and caused him the most acute suffering. By the advice of his physicians he was induced to consult some of the most eminent surgeons of Europe; and thus the accident was not an unmitigated evil, as it was the cause of his travelling abroad for several months. The object he sought was accomplished in Paris, where he spent the greater portion of his time, occupying his large leisure in those pursuits which are especially attractive to an American scholar.

Having always had a fondness for the study of military tactics, he had here, probably, the best opportunity the world then afforded, of observing the movements of large bodies of soldiery, of all arms. His specialty was cavalry, and he was enabled here to make valuable observations in that branch, in which he himself was yet to do actual service. He was in Paris in the revolutionary year 1848, and saw the massing of immense bodies of troops in the *Champ de Mars*. He was in the midst of the fighting in the barricades, and witnessed the horrors of civil war, which he afterwards labored so faithfully to avert from his own beloved country.

Returning home from Europe with improved, though not restored health, he felt anxious that Virginia should have an efficient military organization. He accordingly raised, and for many years kept in fine drill, the company afterwards noted in the war as the "Clarke Cavalry," of the 6th Virginia Regiment. This seemed to some of his friends a useless precaution, but future events proved his wisdom.

When the ominous cloud, which had been so long gathering, covered the political skies, and the question of Secession was forced upon Virginia, Mr. NELSON remained firm for the Union. When a Convention was called to decide the question, his people cast about them for the best man to represent them in council. He seemed to come naturally before the *Union people* of Clarke county, and was elected to the Convention by a large majority. Mr. NELSON took his seat in that body, with the conviction that the path of duty, as of safety, for Virginia, lay in adhering to the

Union and demanding our rights. At the same time he was determined to follow the fortunes of his State. It required all his firmness to pursue the course he had marked out for himself, as most of his personal friends in Richmond, having adopted a policy opposed to his, urged him, by every means, to abandon the views which they thought dishonoring to Virginia. He wrote thus, February 20th, 1861:—"The Convention has been engaged for the last two days in hearing the Commissions from Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia. Mr. John S. Preston, of South Carolina, made a very brilliant speech yesterday. It did not move me the least from my propriety. The action of the Convention will be very conservative, as I think it is a very conservative body. The Secessionists are exercising all sorts of outside pressure, but, I hope, with no avail. At least I can speak for myself."

March 11th, he wrote:—"I hope we shall now soon bring our labors to a close. God grant they may be effectual to preserve the Union, and, at the same time, to preserve our rights. The times demand of us all the utmost prudence, discretion, calmness, forbearance; and yet the Secessionists would have us go out in hot haste, which, in my opinion, would result in anarchy and ruin."

As he saw the madness of the Government in refusing any concessions to the just demands of the South, his letters became more hopeless of peace. He wrote, April 13th:—"We hear of wars and rumors of wars. What will be the issue, God only knows. I fear the Confederate States have been very precipitate. We are in the hands of the Almighty, and I doubt not He will order all things well."

April 10th, 1861:—"I am writing to-day with a sad and heavy heart. I never felt so sad since the day my mother died. This day an ordinance of Secession will be passed, which will sever Virginia from the Union; and then, indeed, the Union will be gone forever. As long as Virginia remained in, there was hope of reconstruction; but the wretched Lincoln, by his outrageous and usurping course, has swept every inch of ground which we Union men were standing on, from under us, and we must be carried headlong over the precipice of revolution. When I think of the past, and look forward to the future, it almost unnerves me."

A gentleman of Mr. NELSON'S cultivation, large acquaintance,

and character, must of necessity have taken a prominent stand in any body of which he was a member. In the Convention he offered a series of resolutions, which were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, the substance of which was embodied in the majority report of that committee. The resolutions were supported in an able and characteristic speech, delivered before the Convention in committee of the whole.

Not as presenting the arguments of a party, but as characteristic of a true patriot and accomplished gentleman, one or two extracts from this speech will not appear misplaced. The report says: —

Mr. NELSON continued — "This ultimatum I would present in the calm and dignified language of settled purpose. If it be heeded, the tide of fanaticism rolled back, peace and harmony restored, this great Republic, returning to its ancient usages, acting within the scope of its constitutional limitations, will go on to illustrate the grand theory of popular sovereignty, and to perpetuate the great blessings of liberty, prosperity, and happiness to us and our posterity. If, unfortunately, it should be unheeded, then, conscious of having done all that forbearance can do, wisdom suggest, or patriotism demand, to save from destruction this glorious Union, we will — nay, of necessity then must — withdraw from a confederacy no longer compatible with our interest and our honor.

"But, Mr. President, the question is asked on the other side, 'In case the Gulf States will not come back into the confederacy, will you go with the South or with the North?' Do gentlemen mean to forget or ignore the Border Slave States? Sir, I will not ignore them. They are a mighty empire, embracing within themselves all the elements of greatness and power. They contain at this time a population double that of the Gulf States; and I for one, Mr. Chairman, am prepared to say, if I can get such guarantees as will be satisfactory to Virginia and to the Border Slave States, much as I deplore a separation from them, though they will have my strongest sympathies and my best wishes for their prosperity, I will not consent, so far as my humble influence will effect it, to take Virginia out of the Union; and in this my action, I shall be guided solely by what I think will be for the interest of Virginia. For, Sir, of all the stars upon the National flag, the star of Virginia is 'the bright, particular star' that fills my vision. To her I owe my first allegiance; to her I

am bound by the strongest ties. Sir, if any man can have a birthright in Virginia, I have one. All my ancestors, for nearly two hundred years, have lived and died in Virginia. Sir, I cannot say, with the eloquent gentleman from Kanawha, that I never left Virginia. Stern necessity once compelled me to leave her border. I felt an exile from my native land. I thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night. When laid upon the bed of sickness, in the delirium of fever, I was crying out to be taken back to Old Virginia. I never breathed freely until I got back within her bounds. Yes, Sir, the memories of the dead enter into my love for Virginia; the potent associations of childhood bind me to her; all the joys and all the griefs of my manhood have daguerreotyped her on my heart; and I can say, as Mary of England said of Calais —' when I am dead, take out my heart and you will find Virginia engraved upon it. May she be my home through life, and when I am dead, may my ashes repose within her soil.'"

The more argumentative portion of Mr. NELSON'S remarks were forcible and telling. But when any subject has been thoroughly discussed, the facts and deductions from them are common property. It is in the outburst of feeling and sentiment that we find more that is peculiarly characteristic of individuals. One more extract will be necessary to show how clearly he discerned the ruin and disaster that would fall, not only on the whole South, but peculiarly on those whom he represented:—

"I come," he said, "I come from the sparkling Shenandoah, 'daughter of the stars,' as its name imports. I live within a day's march of the Thermopylæ of Virginia. That Valley, now beautiful and peaceful 'as the Vale of Tempe, may be a very Bochim — a place of weeping.' These growing fields, 'where lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,' may become fields of blood. Can you blame me, then, if I wish to try all peaceful means, consistent with Virginia's honor, of obtaining our rights before I try the last resort? I promise you, when the contest does come, if come it must, the people whom I have the honor to represent on this floor, will meet it like men. I hope, in that event, I shall not be wanting to my duty. If I know myself, I will try and not disgrace that commission which I hold, which was presented to me by the gentleman from Princess Anne, when Governor of the State.

"When Virginia spreads her broad banner to the breeze, and gives me my orders, no Mohammedan ever followed the sacred banner of the Prophet with greater zeal than I will follow her standard. I hope, if need be, 'I will follow it to the death.'"

But the eloquence of Demosthenes must have failed when it was announced that Mr. Lincoln had issued a proclamation calling for men to coerce the seceded States. What had been to that moment a strongly conservative and Union body, was driven to secession; and Mr. NELSON found himself, with a vast majority of the State, compelled by the logic of events to accept it as the only honorable course, and he, without hesitation, affixed his signature to the Ordinance of Secession, as his ancestor had to the Declaration of Independence.

And now, although at an age when he might, without fear of injurious reflection, have relinquished the hardships of the field to younger men, he immediately sought service. He was not then in command of the cavalry company organized by himself some years previously; but he had many of the qualities that should have given him high rank as a cavalry officer. Fearless, active, intelligent and devoted, he was one of the best riders in a State famous for her horsemen. But it is well known that at the beginning of the war, the prejudices of the powers at Richmond ran so exclusively in favor of West Point men, and the *élèves* of the Virginia Military Institute, that, with the exception of a few prominent politicians, it was exceedingly difficult for others to obtain regimental appointments.

When the war actually broke out, Mr. NELSON was in Richmond attending the Convention, which adjourned in April to meet again in June. During his absence from home the volunteer companies of Clarke county had been assembled at Harper's Ferry and mustered into service; so that very few available men remained. Immediately upon his return from the June session of the Convention, he set about raising a company of cavalry. He rode constantly, and by dint of extraordinary exertion — offering as an inducement to volunteer, to some a horse, to others a bounty — at length collected forty men, and with these he reported for duty to General Johnston, who employed him in watching the movements of Patterson. In this capacity he rendered most efficient service by his intelligence and activity, in deluding that officer, and thus preventing his junction with McDowell's army at

Manassas — a junction that would probably have given a very different conclusion to a day so brilliant in Confederate annals. He was thus employed until Johnston moved to Manassas, when the men whom he had with such difficulty collected, not having been regularly mustered into service, disbanded.

A vacancy having occurred in the captaincy of his old company, the Clarke Cavalry, he was elected to fill it, on the day of the first battle of Manassas. Immediately on hearing of this election, notwithstanding his very delicate health, he set off to assume the command, but of necessity too late to take part in that glorious day, which was to him a keen disappointment. On taking charge of his company, Captain NELSON was constantly employed on picket duty by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, to whose regiment his command was attached.

A letter from General Stuart, now before the writer, evinces the high esteem in which he held Captain NELSON as an officer. And so, in truth, did all under whom he served at any time during the war, unite in testifying to his high qualities as a cavalry commander, as well as in expressing their regret that the army should have lost his services by the silly blunder of the reorganization in 1862 — a blunder which almost ensured the displacement of good officers and strict disciplinarians.

From the time when Virginia first girded herself for the great struggle, Captain NELSON looked forward for a glorious future for the South, never doubting of the independence for which he fought. His letters from the field were uniformly cheerful. Instead of complaining of the hardships which his delicate frame felt so severely, he wrote to cheer and animate those who were inclined to despond. But that he did suffer bitterly may be gathered from his expressions in his last moments, when delirium had relaxed his self-control. "How I have suffered!" he would exclaim; "how I have suffered! scorched by the sun by day, and by night frozen with the cold!"

Captain NELSON remained with Colonel Stuart until the latter was promoted, when he procured a transfer of his company to the 6th Virginia Cavalry, then under Colonel Field, who, also, afterwards won his General's wreath. During the winter of '61–62 he was kept constantly on outpost duty, with the exception of a short visit to his family. In the meantime he had greatly improved the discipline of his command, which distinguished itself through the war for efficiency and gallantry.

At the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862, as before intimated, he was not re-elected. He was, however, soon called into service again by a letter from General Ewell, requesting him to act as his aide-de-camp. This position—with the rank of Major of Cavalry—although inadequate to his abilities as a soldier, he at once accepted, and as promptly reported himself for duty.

On the 23d of May, General Ewell captured Front Royal and pressed on to Winchester; that night Major NELSON paid a flying visit to his dear ones at home—the last ever permitted him. On the following morning he rode over to the village of Millwood, to learn something of the movements of the army. When in sight of the village he saw a body of men advancing, and, taking them for Confederate cavalry, he rode up and accosted them, inquiring the number of their regiment. Finding from their answer that he was surrounded by Yankees, he wheeled his horse and gave him the rein. He was fired on and pursued for miles, but his gallant "Victor" bore him safely into our lines. That night he joined General Ewell and participated in that celebrated Valley Campaign, which at once elevated General Jackson into the rank of great captains.

Space does not permit us to follow Major NELSON through the dangers, excitements and glories of this campaign, commencing at Front Royal and Winchester, closing amid the thunders of Malvern Hill. The history of these works does not belong to a paper like this; but the chivalrous bearing of General Ewell's aide, through all this series of brilliant victories, is attested by the following letter, written the day after his death:—

"*August 7th*, 1862.

"W. D. MERIWETHER, ESQ.,

"*Dear Sir:*—I could not have believed it possible to be so grieved at the death of one, a short time since a stranger, as I am at the afflicting blow that has removed Major HUGH M. NELSON. His devotion to the cause of his country, his bravery, sense, in short his eminent qualities as a soldier and gentleman, have impressed deeply myself, as well as all those brought in contact with him.

"These are mere facts, and the more important as in this war, more than anywhere else, the people stand on their own merit.

"His life, under Providence, was sacrificed, I fear, to his too great anxiety to take the field while still under the influence of disease. Major NELSON was at the affair of Strasburg in June, the battle of Cross Keys, Port Republic, and the terrible conflicts below Richmond. It is useless to say that on those days he showed the bravery and devotion to which his descent entitle him; all who knew him need not be informed of this, but I take pleasure in offering a feeble tribute to modesty, worth and patriotism. He received a contusion at Cold Harbor, June 27th, but, except this, escaped uninjured the exposure of the other battles.

"Be so kind as to communicate to his family my grief as well for them as for the loss to the country. I make no idle compliments to his memory; my expressions seem to me feeble in conveying my sense of either the official or social loss.

"Should my duties permit, I will attend the funeral. My staff will be present. Yours,

R. S. EWELL."

That letter anticipates the event. His frame, enfeebled by bad health, could not endure the rude shocks he bore with such uncomplaining fortitude. The record, common as it was a few years ago, is touching: First, there is a surgeon's certificate that leave of absence was necessary, and that he could not return to duty for *ten days*. The "ten days" ran into eternity, and he was "off duty" forever!

Early in the month of July he went to the house of his cousin, Mr. Keating Nelson, in Albemarle county. A violent attack of typhoid fever developed itself. All that medical skill and kind friends could do, was done; but in vain. He knew for some time before the event, that death was approaching; but instead of gloom, the knowledge brought joy and gladness. He felt keenly for those who were bound close to his heart; but he knew in whom he trusted, and his faith never wavered for a moment.

A faithful friend who was with him wrote thus, August 8th, 1862, immediately after his death:—"Truly, I felt it a privilege to listen to him, to hear his testimony to the glorious salvation of which he was assured. 'Saved by grace,' he repeated again and again. 'I am safe, safe in the Lord Jesus.' All his views were bright: no cloud obscured his hope of Heaven."

Another, who joined him soon after, wrote of his wonderful serenity and his triumphant trust in his Saviour. "I am in sweet

hands — safe in the arms of the Lord Jesus," were his words. A little after he exclaimed, "Glorious brightness!" One who sat close by, asked, "Where does it come from?" "Straight from my Saviour's countenance," he replied immediately.

His message to his wife and children was "to stand still and wait on the Lord for salvation."

On the 6th day of August, 1862, his brave spirit winged its way to the bosom of its God. And we add, reverently and trustfully, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

THOMAS PRESTON McDOWELL,

Private, 2d Rockbridge Artillery.

"The best history of a nation," some great writer has remarked, "is written in the biography of her sons."

If this be true of all nations — and who can doubt it? — then, preeminently, is it true of the State and people of Virginia in the exciting crisis of her existence out of which, "with garments rolled in blood," and face marred with weeping, sorrowing, suffering, stricken in every sacred right, she has but just emerged. No mother ever boasted a goodlier or truer race. No sons ever served a noble mother with loftier enthusiasm, more unselfish affection, unflagging zeal, unswerving fidelity, unfaltering courage, or more unquestioning obedience. Feeling her honor impeached, her rights infringed, and her borders threatened with invasion, her call to arms, like the blast of Fitz James's bugle, in an instant, as by magic, peopled the smiling valleys and quiet mountain-tops with men bristling in armor, ready and eager for the fray. And further and further away, beyond the bounds of her own domain, her sons, sheltered by other banners than her's caught the echoes of that battle-cry, and hastened to the rescue. They had no impulse other than the love they bore to her and to her rights. She had no bribes with which to lure them to her side; for empty of jewels and gold, she bore in one hand but a simple chaplet of leaves to grace the honored brow of a living son, and in the other only an *immortelle* to drop upon the grave of the no less honored and cherished one who had laid down his life for her sake.

Of those sons dwelling beyond her limits, there was not one who yielded a more prompt response to her call, than the subject of this brief memoir.

THOMAS PRESTON McDOWELL, youngest son of Governor James McDowell, was born at the residence of his maternal grandfather, General Francis Preston, in Abingdon, Virginia, July 5th, 1836.

Losing in childhood the tender care of a most excellent mother, he was at a still more critical period of life — that in which a boy is transferred from the high school to the college — again deprived of parental oversight and anxious watchfulness, and the firm hand of paternal control and guidance by the death of his father. Thenceforward his education was confided to his uncle and guardian, Colonel Thomas L. Preston, who, himself a much attached alumnus of the University of Virginia, sent his young ward, after a short time at Washington College, to his own cherished *Alma Mater*.

Unambitious of a professional career, on attaining his majority, young McDOWELL married and established his home in the neighborhood of Abingdon.

In a few years, however, beguiled by the accounts that reached him of the rich lands and bright prospects of farmers in Texas, he left his quiet home in Western Virginia, and after a brief sojourn at Seguin (the county town), settled on a ranche a few miles distant from it, on the banks of the beautiful Gaudaloupe river in Gaudaloupe county, Texas. "Roughing it in the bush," he here gathered his herds and built a log dwelling for his little family. By his genial temper, his affectionate disposition, his kind consideration of the feelings of those about him; by his honorable character and attractive social qualities, he soon made friends in his strange home — friends who still cherish his memory with kindest regard.

But he had small space here for the development of his powers, either as a citizen or farmer, for the rumble of hostilities on our Atlantic frontier already sounded across the continent. A Secessionist in principle, he was standing on Texan ground, cap in hand, waiting for the action of Virginia, and ready, when the word came, to go, that he might defend his native State upon her own soil. Pending the short delay of his departure, he joined Ben McCulloh's Texan Rangers, and proceeded to San Antonio against

Major-General Twiggs, of the United States Army. It was a bloodless victory, the old General yielding his sword without a blow, because he would not wield it against his native South. Early in April, 1862, he reached Lexington, Virginia, his old home; and immediately entering the service as a private in the 2d Rockbridge Battery, under his brother-in-law, (Reverend) Captain John Miller, reported himself for duty in camp on Alleghany Mountain, Pocahontas county, General Edward Johnson commanding.

He was from the beginning in active service, being present at the engagement at McDowell, which was the opening of that splendid Valley campaign, under Stonewall Jackson, which has rendered that General and his comrades forever illustrious.

Young McDowell's military career was short, only three months; but in its rapidly shifting scenes, its long forced marches and hard fights, he won from his Captain (one who had succeeded his brother-in-law) an expression of commendation for his "distinguished gallantry," and bore to the grave the scar of a wound received at Port Republic.

During a temporary withdrawal of his command from active service, he died in camp at Gordonsville, Virginia, the 11th of August, 1862.

The power that distinguished Tom McDowell, of attaching others to him, was due to an eminently cordial address, to his manners, refined and courteous to a very high degree, and to a generosity of spirit, soon discovered and warmly appreciated by those who became his neighbors.

These traits, with fine powers of speech, and a bold free pen in what he attempted of written rhetoric, would have made him a conspicuous ornament to the University, if he had devoted himself to a political career.

WILLIAM B. MEREDITH, M.A.,

1st Lieutenant, and Adjutant, Richardson's Battalion of Artillery.

William Bernard Meredith was the son of Hon. John A. and Sarah Ann Meredith, of Richmond, and was born at Port

Royal, Caroline county, Va., October 8th, 1839, at the residence of his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Bernard. On both sides he was connected with some of the oldest and best families of Virginia, and his father is one of the purest and most honored of Virginia judges.

In youth he was distinguished for almost womanly gentleness, joined to an unusual fondness for athletic sports. When he entered Richmond College as a student, he was very young, and seemed younger than he really was. His clear, bright eye, his hair slightly curling in the neck, his erect carriage and dignified bearing, and withal his pleasant genial face, made him a boy of mark. In a class composed of students older than himself, he was among the best. He received his diploma as Bachelor of Arts in June, 1856, not having yet completed his seventeenth year. Although so young, such had been the diligence with which he had improved his excellent opportunities, that there were few men who had a wider or better acquaintance with general literature. In the fall of 1855, the class met one morning in the lecture-room of the Professor of Mathematics, before the hour for lecture. "We were talking of the books we had read during the vacation just closed. One remarked that he had spent much time in reading poetry, and that for the first time he had just read 'Rokeby.' Then turning to another member of the class — the best scholar in it — he asked him if he had ever read 'Rokeby.' A little confused, he hesitated a moment, and then said, 'I think I have read some of Mr. Rokeby's poems.'" The writer can never forget the confused look of young MEREDITH, or the surprise with which he said, "Well! H——, don't you know any better than that?" He himself was well up in the mysteries and beauties of Walter Scott. From Richmond College he went to the University of Virginia, where he took the Master's degree at the commencement of 1859. He was the first Master of Arts of the University whose father had taken that degree there before him.

After leaving the University he became a student of law in his father's office, and under his father's direction. One who was much with him at that time says:—"I was not only struck by the extent of his reading, but by the facility with which he could use the information he had laid up; and still more, with the readiness with which he advanced in his legal studies. I was likewise struck with the logical trait of mind he displayed in the discus-

sions I frequently provoked with him. His reasoning faculty was the leading faculty of his mind, and was wonderfully developed for one of his age. If it had pleased God to spare him, and he had pursued the study of the law, he would have made a great lawyer; and his thorough education would have enabled him to adorn the profession with literary and scholastic embellishments of a very high order." This estimate of his abilities is not too high. His rare powers of intellect fully justified high anticipations of a brilliant and distinguished career.

BERNARD MEREDITH was very much opposed to the war. He thought it could be avoided without dishonor, and that it should be avoided. But when the war came, he did not hesitate to seek a position in which he might render some service to his native State. His friends thought he could not endure the hardships of the camp, and proposed to secure for him some civil employment. But supposing the army to be the place of duty, he joined an artillery company raised at Ashland, Hanover county. Of this company Pichegru Woolfolk was chosen Captain, and young MEREDITH First Lieutenant. He entered the service in July, 1861, and was with his company at Manassas during the winter of 1861–62; he moved with the army to Yorktown in the spring, and fell back with it to Richmond. In the spring of 1862 he was made Adjutant of Major Charles Richardson's battalion of Artillery, and remained in service until he was stricken with the disease of which he died. In August, 1862, he went home on sick leave, no more to return to the army; and on the 22d of that month passed away from earth. His disease was typhoid fever.

In the fall of 1860, I think it was, I met him in the dusk of evening coming out of his father's house on Grace street, in Richmond, and we walked up the street together. He was full of hope for the future. His mind so deeply in sympathy with books, was likewise in sympathy with nature. We were "stepping westward," and we watched a huge dark cloud as it boiled up from beneath the horizon and floated on in space. Just before us the evening star was shining in quiet, tranquil beauty. The cloud approached and the star trembled for a moment upon its dark verge, and was then engulfed. It was a beautiful and suggestive scene, and did not fail to touch our hearts. Alas! that it should have been typical of his own bright, hopeful life, so soon overcast by the dark cloud of death. It was the last time I saw him,

except once for a few minutes, in his gray uniform as an officer of artillery. His high cultivation, his quick, clear perceptions, his genial nature, his great abilities, bespoke a high place in the annals of Virginia and the country; but — *he died.*

WILLIAM S. H. BAYLOR,*

Colonel, 5th Virginia Infantry, and Acting Brigadier-General "Stonewall Brigade."

WILLIAM SMITH HANGER BAYLOR was born in Augusta county, Virginia, on the 7th day of April, 1831. He fell at the head of the "Stonewall Brigade," bearing its battle-worn banner in his own hands, and leading in the final charge which crowned with victory that unrelenting three days' bloody struggle on the fields of Manassas, on Saturday evening, August 30th, 1862.

His mother's maiden name was Eveline Evans Hanger. His father was Jacob Baylor, an old magistrate and successful farmer of Augusta county. An only son, generous, ardent, and affectionate, with a most pleasing person and cordial address, he was the idol of fond parents and the favorite of hosts of friends. His early youth, as a bright and cloudless morning, passed pleasantly away amid the familiar scenes of his childhood's home. His school-boy days were spent in the academy of the accomplished and lamented Lyttleton Waddell, in Staunton. In his seventeenth year he became a student of Washington College, and ever afterwards was remarked among his associates for the zeal and devotion he manifested and felt for the welfare of his *Alma Mater*. He was a leading member of the Graham Society, zealous in its interests and eloquent in its debates, and was chosen the anniversary orator at the session of 1849–50. He graduated with credit at the College commencement in June, 1850. He entered the University of Virginia the succeeding session as a student of Law. In 1851 he returned to the precincts of Washington College, around which ever clustered so many of his most cherished associations, and continued the study of Law under the Hon. John W. Brockenbrough. At the University again in 1852–53 he

*This sketch appeared first in "The Collegian," of Lexington, Va. Some minor changes, however, were made by Mr. C. when he offered it to "The Memorial."

completed the Law course, and delivered the "final" oration by election of the Jefferson Society. In November, 1853, he was admitted to the practice of his profession in his native county, and in 1857 he was elected Commonwealth's Attorney for the town of Staunton, and continued in that office through successive elections as long as he lived, discharging its duties to the fullest satisfaction of the Court and the community.

He was elected Captain of the "West Augusta Guards," a spirited volunteer company of Staunton, and devoted himself with such ardor to its interests, that soon, in the perfection of its equipments and efficiency of its drill, it was unsurpassed by any company in Virginia. At the first signal of trouble in the "John Brown raid," it marched to Harper's Ferry; but its youthful Captain — then on his bridal tour, having been married in October to Miss Hawes Johnson, of King William county — was at the time prostrated with typhoid fever in the city of New York, and so greatly did he chafe to be with it, and where he thought his duty called, that often in the delirium of fever he imagined himself in command of his company, and not all the endearments of a devoted bride could divert his thoughts from the engrossing theme.

The volunteer companies of Augusta were organized together as the "5th Regiment of Virginia Volunteers," and in the spring of 1861, Captain BAYLOR was elected its colonel. During the war this regiment — modified by substituting two infantry companies from Winchester in place of the artillery and cavalry companies, which were transferred to their appropriate organizations — became famous as one of the leading regiments of the immortal "Stonewall Brigade."

On that historic day of the adoption of the ordinance of Secession by Virginia, the 17th of April, 1861, with the authority of only a telegram from Governor Letcher, with the notice of only two hours' time, the "West Augusta Guards" and the "Staunton Artillery" started on a special train for Harper's Ferry. Couriers were sent with orders, starting as promptly the other companies of the regiment to follow. And on the night of the 18th of April, together with the companies from the University and Charlottesville, the Warren County Rifles, and the 2d Virginia regiment, and the famous "Black Horse Cavalry," led by the peerless Ashby, all under command of General Kenton Harper, of Augusta, they took hostile possession of Harper's Ferry, with its

large armament and valuable stores and military machinery, so indispensable at that juncture to arm and equip the troops of the South. This handful of volunteers held this vital point — within less than four hours' travel of the Federal metropolis — until all its invaluable stores and machinery were removed to a place of security.

In the substitution of the volunteer for the militia organization, and the razeeing of officers accordingly under orders of Virginia, Major General Harper was appointed as Colonel of the 5th regiment, Brigadier-General W. H. Harman as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel Baylor as Major; and all the forces at Harper's Ferry were put under command of Colonel Jackson — afterwards the world-renowned "Stonewall" Jackson.

On the 2d of July, in the skirmish which checked the formidable advance of Patterson at Falling Waters, was shed the first blood on the since famous arena of the Valley of Virginia. The skirmish line was commanded by the gallant and lamented Kenton Harper, and BAYLOR led the left of the line. The brilliancy of the affair elicited the most generous applause throughout the South, and gave a prestige and *eclat* to the gallantry of the Valley Volunteers that inspired and incited them afterwards in many a fierce and bloody fray.

And on that 21st of July, 1861, on Manassas' memorable plains, where the impulsive valor of the Southern soldiers won such signal renown, the command in which the subject of our sketch was ever so conspicuous for spirit and ardor won its name for history. It was in the immediate presence of Colonel Harper, of the 5th — himself the soul of chivalry (and who often recited the incident to the writer) — that the lamented Bee, while engaged in rallying his retreating troops, exclaimed, "*See these Virginians, standing like a stone wall!*" — thus affixing for immortality the prenomen of "Stonewall Jackson," and identifying forever his undying name with the since historic fame of that battle-scarred brigade,—

> "The old brigade he loved so well,
> The mountain men who bound him
> With bays of their own winning, ere
> A tardier fame had crowned him."

On the reorganization under the act of the Confederate Congress, on the 19th April, 1862, Major BAYLOR was unanimously

elected Colonel again of the 5th Regiment, and remained in its command through its subsequent eventful history to his fall.

At the defeat of Banks at Winchester, May, 1862, Colonel BAYLOR, leading the advance, had his horse killed under him at the Court House. In the seven days' battles around Richmond he was distinguished by his characteristic enthusiasm, and was officially commended by the commander of his brigade.

Shortly after the battle of Cedar Run, 9th of August, 1862, where the brave General Winder fell, Colonel BAYLOR was assigned to the command of the Stonewall Brigade, and was recommended by General Stonewall Jackson for a Brigadier-General's wreath.

Under his command, once more amid the giant struggles upon the already famous arena of Manassas, the old brigade ever steadily maintained its well-won laurels. Its division commander, General Taliaferro, says of it in his official report of the battle of 28th of August:—"The gallantry and heroism displayed by our troops is beyond all praise. The 1st Brigade was more exposed than any other, and more than sustained the reputation which under the leadership of the Major-General commanding, on the same field over twelve months ago, it achieved, and which has distinguished its veteran troops in many of the hardest fought battles of the war.

"Colonel BAYLOR, 5th Virginia, who commanded it, was worthy of his heroic command: no more exalted recognition of his worth and services can be uttered, and no higher tribute can be paid him, than to declare that he was worthy of the command of the Stonewall Brigade in the action of the 28th ultimo."

After the bloody fighting on the 29th, on that night, while the brigade was resting on its arms, Colonel BAYLOR sent for his beloved comrade, the brave and lamented Hugh A. White, Captain of the Liberty Hall Volunteers, and invited him to hold a prayer-meeting at the headquarters of the brigade on the field; and there amid the mingled dead and dying of both armies, on that field of fearful carnage, these two young heroes united in humble prayer to the God of Battles. The next day it was Captain White who caught the colors from BAYLOR'S dying grasp, and in a few brief moments himself fell draped in its gory folds — thus "not divided in death."

It was during the terrific throes of the last hours of that fearful

contest, on the evening of the 30th of August, when the faltering lines of the Federal forces were writhing in one desperate struggle to save from utter defeat, when the roar of artillery and the peal of musketry blended in one mighty diapason to death, the Stonewall Brigade advanced upon the final and fearful charge; in that storm of shot and shell the riddled battle-flags of its war-worn regiments dropped one after another from the stricken hands of its bearers, BAYLOR caught up from the field the standard of the 33d, and while waving forward the colors and cheering onward the charge, fell in death.

"Over the volley's din
Loud be it rung—
'Follow me!— Follow me!'
Soldier, oh! could there be
Pæan or dirge for thee
Loftier sung?"

His body was tenderly borne from that field of his fame, and brought back by sorrowing comrades — but in honor — to the home of his boyhood. And under the shadows of the oaks in the old churchyard at Hebron, amid the graves of his kindred, he sleeps his last sleep; and now by his side, in the space left sacred for her — only too soon to fill — lies his heart-broken mother, ever dearer to him than life itself. His grave is marked by a marble obelisk, simply inscribed:—

COLONEL WM. S. H. BAYLOR,

BORN APRIL 7TH, 1831;

Fell while leading the Stonewall Brigade in the second battle of Manassas,

AUGUST 30TH, 1862.

Beloved in life by all with whom he lived.
Honored in death by all for whom he died.

THOMAS G. COLEMAN, JR.

Junior 2d Lieutenant and Acting Captain, Company K. 3d Virginia Infantry

THOMAS GORDON COLEMAN, Jr., son of the late Thomas Gordon Coleman, Sr., of Halifax county, Virginia, was born June 29th, 1833. In the autumn of 1853 — a few months after attaining his twentieth year — he matriculated as a student at the Univer-

sity of Virginia, and pursued his studies in that institution with creditable success during the sessions of 1853–54, '54–55, and '55–56. On the 25th of the following November he was married to Isabella, daughter of Hon. Alexander Rives. From this date until the eventful period of which this work especially treats, there was nothing in his quiet, retired life to interest the public.

On the 26th of April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the "Halifax Light Infantry," Company K, 3d Virginia regiment. His command was stationed near Richmond and at Ashland until the 18th of May, when it was ordered to the defence of the Peninsula. At Yorktown the troops were compelled to do hard manual labor in throwing up fortifications, and TOM COLEMAN, although totally unused to the axe and spade, performed both patiently and cheerfully the service of a private soldier.

On the 10th of June the battle of Bethel was fought — an action which at this distance seems little more than a skirmish. When it is remembered, however, that this was the first essay of a raw, citizen soldiery against odds (nearly five to one), probably as great as the Southerners had to contend with at any subsequent time, its importance will not need to be magnified. The conduct of Magruder's little force on this field was a prophecy of the fierce spirit and the stubborn resistance with which the Federals would be met at every point, and its moral influence as such was felt throughout the country. Company K, commanded by Captain Grammar, here held the post of honor. "I have given you," said General Magruder to Captain G., after disposing his troops, "I have given you what I consider the most dangerous and the most important position. You must defend it to the last breath." This was his right flank, which the enemy attacked only with field-pieces; "but that made our position all the harder to stand to," said a member of the company writing from the field, "as we had to stand still and receive the hottest kind of a fire without being able to return it." This statement every tried soldier knows to be strictly true; yet like veterans, the "Halifax Light Infantry" held the post until ordered by the commanding General to reënforce those companies of the regiment which had been driven back under Colonel Stuart. When the enemy became aware of the approaching support they retired, and the battle closed.

A few days after the battle of Bethel, the 3d Virginia was ordered to Williamsburg, and remained there until late in the

fall. About the 1st of December Company K went into winter-quarters at Smithfield, but in the spring it returned to the Peninsula, and took part in the frequent skirmishing about Yorktown. It was during their stay at Smithfield that Mr. COLEMAN was advanced by his comrades to the office of Junior Second Lieutenant.

In the month of April, 1862, Lieutenant COLEMAN'S health gave way under the exposure in the low country, the effects of which were no doubt aggravated by excessive fatigue. At the house of a friend in Richmond, he was tenderly nursed through a dangerous attack of typhoid fever, from which, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he received a furlough to go home and recruit. He had scarcely recovered his strength when the battle of Seven Pines occurred; but being confident that the campaign had opened in earnest, he set out for the field against the advice of his friends, who thought him unfit for active service.

The 3d Virginia was then in Pryor's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, and in all that series of seven days' battles around Richmond, in which Longstreet tore his laurels from the enemy, Lieutenant COLEMAN bore an honorable part. His regiment participated in all the charges of the 27th instant, except the last, from which it was withheld by the commanding General on account of exhaustion. On that day Captain West, of the "Halifax Light Infantry," was mortally wounded; and Pryor's Brigade, which went into its first battle *fifteen hundred and forty-eight strong*, lost during the seven days *eight hundred and fifty-seven killed and wounded!*

From Richmond, after the defeat of McClellan, the route of Longstreet soon led to Gordonsville, and thence at once to the support of Jackson, on the Rapidan. The history of Pope's continued retreat from that place, begun on the 18th of August, and culminating in the three days' battle of Second Manassas, is familiar to the reader. On the morning of the 29th, Longstreet forced his way through Thoroughfare Gap, and hurried to the aid of Jackson, who, having already fought the battle of the 28th, was now confronting the entire Federal army.

At that time Lieutenant COLEMAN was the only officer with Company K, and therefore had command of it. He passed safely through the ordeal of the 29th, in which his gallantry helped to purchase victory. On Saturday, August 30th, when at the head

of his command, the whole brigade temporarily lost organization under a galling fire. Captain COLEMAN, in attempting to collect his men, leaped upon a stump, and waving his sword, cheered loudly to them to rally around him. He thus became only too sure a mark for the enemy's guns; and while exhibiting a coolness and daring which his comrades still delight to tell of, he fell, pierced by a ball, and expiring without a word, left his name

"Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss."

WILLIAM GOODWYN RIDLEY,

Private, Co. G, 6th Va. Infantry.

Colonel Thomas Ridley was a distinguished soldier in the Revolutionary war. His great-grandson, the subject of this sketch, served with no less credit, though in a humbler sphere, and in defence of the same principles in the Second American Revolution, which, because it was not successful, is now called the "The Rebellion."

WILLIAM GOODWYN RIDLEY, oldest child of Francis T. and Elizabeth N. Ridley, was born July 1st, 1842, in Southampton county, Virginia. As a child he was noted for his great neatness of person, and his manner, as he grew older, was unusually refined. At the age of fourteen, having been previously carefully trained, he was sent to "Brookland School" in Albemarle county, as a pupil of William Dinwiddie, M. A. At the end of the third session he had passed through the classes of this school; but Mr. Dinwiddie, who, having discovered in him the requisite ability of mind, was anxious he should take the Master's Degree at the University, persuaded him to return to Brookland another year, in order to make his success at College the more easy and certain. In October, 1860, he entered the University of Virginia, with the intention of remaining there until his education was completed.

Soon after the first acts of war he became, at the earnest solicitation of many personal friends, a member of Company F, a volunteer organization previously raised in Norfolk, and then sta-

tioned on Craney Island, under command of Captain Harry Williamson. Here he had many comforts not usual to the life of a soldier, and the friends of the company *fêted* them continually. But still, with ardor of patriotism which characterized so many Southern youths, he sighed for a more active life. He was then a beardless boy, of rather small stature, but with a good constitution. Under this rudimentary experience of "playing soldier," as it was afterwards called, his frame expanded and he became more robust.

At the reorganization in 1862, he was offered a lieutenantcy in another company, but he preferred to remain with his friends in Company F. Upon the evacuation of Norfolk, this company, with others, was marched to Suffolk, and thence to Petersburg. Here first it was placed in the regiment to which it belonged, and was afterwards known as Company G, 6th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade.

The first action in which WILLIAM RIDLEY took part was at Drury's Bluff, his company being among those detailed to attack the gunboats at that place. He wrote to his father, afterwards, that in this his first trial he was calm and composed. Malvern Hill furnished his next experience; a friend, then on a visit to the brigade, described his bravery, immediately before entering this battle, as creditable in the highest degree to himself and his lineage. *It was the twentieth anniversary of his birthday,* and he wrote home that in the midst of the desperate charge the thought flashed across his mind how unlike was this to all the previous celebrations of that day.

After the battles around Richmond, when many were filling their places with substitutes, he was offered one; he peremptorily refused to accept the offer: "his bleeding and injured country required *his* services, and he was unwilling to give her less."

Mahone's Brigade was then stationed at Falling Creek until the middle of August, when Anderson's Division followed Longstreet's to reinforce Jackson and drive Pope from the Rappahannock. This brigade was not brought into action in the series of battles that culminated in the great struggle of Second Manassas, August 30th, 1862, until the afternoon of that day. It was then that WILLIAM RIDLEY fell. His officers and comrades complimented his bravery on the field, but darkness intervening, no one saw him close his earthly career. On the morning of the 31st, he was

found dead "on the front line of the action." Thus perished this noble youth, far away from his home, his last earthly consciousness the shouts of his victorious comrades, who presently made his grave beneath the bloody sod.

On the same day his gallant brigade-commander, not more courageous in battle than considerate for the feelings of those whom the battle bereaved, wrote the following letter to the dead soldier's father:

"NEAR GAINESVILLE, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.,
"*August* 31*st*, 1862.

"*F. T. Ridley, Esq., Jerusalem, Va.,*

"MY DEAR SIR:—I do not know that any one of his comrades will have an opportunity, so soon, of conveying to you the painful intelligence that your son fell upon the battle-field, a sacrifice to the cause of his country, in the great fight of yesterday. I have seen no one yet to give me any circumstances attending his death. He was reported to me among those for whom I inquired especially, as having been found upon the field, dead — and, to his honor, on the front line of the action where our brigade was engaged.

"I gave directions that he should be carefully interred, with a view to future removal.

"I was myself wounded early in the action, but (miraculously) not seriously. We have had a very hard-fought battle, one of the most determined, perhaps, of the war. The enemy was, however, completely routed, and he is now fleeing before our advancing forces.

"My Dear Sir, permit me to extend to you and to your household the warmest sympathies of a friend in your bereavement.

"You have made a noble and generous contribution in the sacrifice of a son to the defence of our rights and liberties; and while there is no consideration which can replace or compensate the loss, and especially in a mother's affection, it will be consoling to know that the spirit which has gone fell nobly with his face to the foe. Your friend,

WILLIAM MAHONE."

JAMES J. PALMER,

Private, Company K, Jenkins's Regiment, Palmetto Sharpshooters.

JAMES JERMAN PALMER was born in St. Stevens' Parish, Charleston District, on the 23d May, 1840, and fell on the plains of Manassas on the 30th of August, 1862. He inherited and received from his parents, Dr. John S. Palmer and Esther Simmons Palmer, all the advantages that family, wealth, intelligence, and moral training could contribute to a useful and successful career in life. These privileges he did not abuse, but used them to make himself an educated gentleman and a useful citizen. After several years of domestic training and suitable instruction from private tutors, he was transferred from the parental roof and placed under the instruction of J. W. Hudson, in the Mt. Zion Academy at Winnsboro'. Here he was prepared for College, and in 1857 was admitted to the Sophomore Class of Wofford College. Though deficient in some of his studies, his previous training and diligence in study soon overcame these disadvantages, and placed him among the first in his class. He graduated in 1860 with the first grade of scholarship in a class of a high order of intellect, and thought by some to be the best that ever left that institution.

After leaving College he went to the Virginia University for the purpose of preparing himself for the practice of Medicine. He was recalled home when South Carolina seceded, and attended a course of lectures in the Medical College of Charleston. At the close of the winter lectures he paid a visit to his parents, and while there the booming of the distant guns announced that the bombardment of Fort Sumpter had begun. His native State had thrown herself in the breach of a dismembered Union, and he could no longer resist the promptings of his patriotic heart. Hastening to the scene of action, he arrived in time to assist the Palmetto Guard in extinguishing the flames of the captured fortress.

At the suggestion of the venerable Edmund Ruffin, who was an honorary member of the Palmetto Guard, volunteers for Virginia were called for, and our lamented young friend was among the first to step forward and offer his services. He served in Kershaw's 2d South Carolina regiment, until April 1862, when, upon

the reorganization of the different regiments, his old mess of the Palmetto Guard having dispersed, he was led by his strong attachment for Thomas Duncan, his classmate and bosom friend at Wofford College, to join Company K, Captain Evans, of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, under Colonel Jenkins. He was in all the marches, skirmishes and battles through which Kershaw's regiment passed, and fought his first great battle on the plains of Manassas, July 21st, 1861. The privations, fatigues and sufferings which our army endured in that memorable campaign he bore without a murmur, and sustained himself with unflinching energy and heroic fortitude in that masterly retreat from the Potomac to Richmond.

With the Palmetto Sharpshooters he was associated with a large number of his college friends, and with them shared the privations and dangers of that gallant corps. At the battle of Williamsburg he fought bravely and endured great hardship as a good soldier. Wasted by disease, and exposed to heavy rains, without food or shelter, he declared that for the first time he had to abandon his knapsack. His feeble health would have justified him in retiring to a hospital or in asking a furlough, but with indomitable zeal in his country's cause, and with almost matchless fortitude he passed on with his regiment, and we next find him in the bloody battle of the Seven Pines. Here he fought all day, until darkness arrested the progress of Jenkins's Brigade, which had advanced beyond the enemy's last entrenchments. His sabre-bayonet was broken by a ball which passed through his overcoat and coat, leaving a slight bruise on his side and back. So great was his modesty he refused to have his name reported among the list of wounded.

In the memorable battles before Richmond, he displayed the same courage and fortitude which had distinguished his previous career. It was in these battles that so many of his comrades fell, and none more lamented than his bosom friend, Thomas C. Duncan. On the last afternoon of the fight, about 4 o'clock, when every other officer had been either killed or wounded, the command devolved upon Lieutenant Duncan. While gallantly leading his company to the charge, he fell mortally wounded upon the field. JAMES J. PALMER hastened to his friend in the midst of flying shot and shell, caught him in his arms, and receiving from his lips hasty messages of love to parents and friends at home, closed his eyes in death; and pinning a card to his bosom with a request that his body might be decently buried and marked, has-

tened on to pursue the flying foe and avenge the yet uncurdled blood of his slaughtered friend. Returning to the field, he had the body carefully placed on a litter and sent back to Richmond to the care of his brother, the Rev. James A. Duncan.

In one of these battles he had had his rifle struck out of his hand by a fragment of shell, his cartridge-box torn off, and a severe bruise inflicted on his hip which prostrated him to the ground; but he merely stated the fact dryly in a postscript to a letter addressed to his parents. Although urged by his comrades, he persistently refused to be reported among the wounded, as he felt able to continue the fight, and in a few weeks he appears for a second time on the bloody plains of Manassas.

Little did he think how soon he was to close his career upon the same memorable field where he had fought his first great battle. His company had been assigned a dangerous and important position upon the field, and while standing in a group of his College friends, a shell exploded in their midst, and at once hurried into eternity this gallant young man, with his noble companions, Theodotus L. Capers and Whiteford Smith. Thus perished the last of that mess, who, from congeniality of feeling, had associated together in camp, and for intelligence, courage, fortitude, and moral worth, were not to be surpassed by any association of young men in the Army of Northern Virginia.

As a son he was obedient, respectful, and affectionate. His father writes:—"He was all a parent could desire of a son. He never caused us a single moment's anxiety as regards his deportment; he was always a dutiful and affectionate brother." As a student he applied himself with diligence, was seldom or never absent from the recitation room, and always listened with respectful attention to every lecture or explanation given by his instructors. The universal testimony of the Faculty is that he was prompt and punctual in the performance of every duty, obedient to college-laws, and commendable for his gentlemanly deportment. The habits thus formed were carried into camp, and laid the foundation of his character as a true patriot and brave soldier. His willingness and promptness to perform any duty assigned him elicited from his Colonel, afterwards General Jenkins, the remark, "Sir, that young man is a noble fellow; he is always the right man in the right place." His talents qualified him to take a high position in the army, yet he sought not office nor fame;

least of all did he desire the ephemeral distinction of a desperado. His motives were higher and purer; his country was invaded, a ruthless and cruel foe threatened to desolate his home, and he felt it to be his duty to defend that country and that home. He performed therefore, with cheerfulness, every service assigned him, endured hardship and sufferings without a murmur, and shrank from no danger where duty called him. In a letter to one of his sisters he wrote:—

"I go down to join the army under the full conviction that it is my duty, and that not only *my* honor, but that of all my relations and connections will be impaired if I keep aloof any longer. I go now with the intention of serving my State to the utmost of my abilities, and entrust my life to the keeping of God. He gave and he can take away whensoever it pleases him. I will not murmur, but it will be hard to be cut off in the prime of life."

To a mind well balanced he added the refinements of a cultivated taste and cheerful disposition. He was, therefore, a beautiful writer and pleasant correspondent. His extreme modesty and repugnance to display caused him at times to appear diffident, but he was interesting in conversation and loved to mingle with his friends. He may have been select in the choice of his companions, but he was kind and polite to all, and no feature of his character was more prominent than his uniform gentlemanly deportment. It was not that artificial mannerism which, like a holiday garment, may be put on or off as occasion demands, but it was the habit of his life, it was the effusion of a kind heart flowing through every channel of social intercourse and mellowing every element of his nature.

It is not reasonable to expect of one whose mind and heart were so constituted and whose life was so consistent with the great principles of Christianity, that he should base his character solely upon the dogmas of a worldly philosophy, or that he should postpone the consideration of eternal salvation to a period of time when the feeble service of a fragment of his life would be but a poor return to *Him* who had crowned his years with loving-kindness, and offered a life of eternal happiness beyond the grave. Hence, we frequently find him in his correspondence recognizing his dependence on God, returning thanks for His merciful protection, submitting without a murmur to His will, and expressing his conviction of the importance of making early preparation for death. In his last letter to his mother, he says:—

"Men claim to have strong and brave hearts, but many a man's heart has been bitterly wrung since the commencement of this cruel war. And I have heard men who never flinched in battle, declare, since these sanguinary conflicts, that they hope never to be engaged in another. It does seem miraculous how any of us escaped at all unhurt from such a shower of shells, grape-shot and minie balls. We lost some of the best men in our company killed, and many others have been disabled for life.

"Truly I have great cause for gratitude to God for his merciful protection of me through so many dangers, while others have been cut down in youth around me. If I know my own heart *I am* grateful, and since I have seen those so near and dear to me fall in the bloom of youth, I have felt the necessity of preparing against that day when preparation will be impossible; for there is no longer a to-morrow. Two of my messmates have fallen, but they were Christians, and I hope they have only been removed from a world of trouble to a world of eternal joy."

We, too, hope that you have joined that mess above, and that it may be your blessed privilege to welcome to that "world of eternal joy" those beloved ones on earth who now mourn the loss of that "dutiful son and affectionate brother."

ELLIOTT M. HEALY,

Captain, Company C, 55th Virginia Infantry.

ELLIOTT MUSE HEALY was born on the 8th day of January, 1840, in the county of Middlesex, State of Virginia. He fell on the historic plains of Manassas on the 30th day of August, 1862. He was the youngest son of the late Walter Healy, who, for several years, represented his county in the State Legislature, and illustrated a long and useful life by the spotless character of a Christian gentleman; and whose very name in that county is still the synonym of honor and truth. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Elliott Muse, who was also a member of the House of Delegates, from the county of Middlesex, and was a gentleman of rare accomplishments. The old citizens of Middlesex still speak with rapture of the elegant and generous hospi-

talities of "Buckingham," the old family seat, and of the winning manners and fascinating conversation of its handsome and graceful proprietor.

The grandmother of Captain HEALY was Betty Tayloe Corbin, a daughter of John Corbin, of Laneville, a name well known in Virginia.

ELLIOTT HEALY'S early childhood gave unusual promise. He was a boy to attract the notice of all who came in contact with him. His manly beauty, his graceful form and bearing, his frank and open face, his amiable and generous disposition, combined to make him the pride and pet of his family and neighborhood. As he grew into manhood, he was marked as one of the most promising young men in the State, and all who knew him predicted for him a brilliant career. His talents, naturally of the highest order, were assiduously cultivated by a thorough classical and professional education. He was a graduate of Columbian College, D. C., and had just completed his legal studies at the University of Virginia the session before the late civil war broke out.

In the spring of 1861 he was admitted to the bar, and was about to commence the practice of his profession as the law-partner of a gentleman who was engaged in an extensive practice. Nature had endowed young HEALY with talents which peculiarly fitted him for the profession he had chosen. With a mind of great native vigor, stored with the treasures of a scientific and classical education, he had devoted himself to the study of his noble profession with the enthusiastic ardor of a votary. With indomitable energy and a laudable ambition to excel, united with natural fluency of speech, graceful manners, and handsome person, he promised soon to reap the highest rewards and to attain to the highest honors of his profession. The writer of this sketch has frequently heard a late Circuit Judge say that young HEALY was one of the best speakers of his age he ever heard, and he predicted for him a brilliant career.

When the late unhappy civil war was imminent, young HEALY was among the first to enlist as a volunteer, and through his efficient aid a splendid company, composed of the best men in the county, was organized, of which he was elected 1st Lieutenant, and afterwards Captain. This Company was a part of the "Old 55th Virginia," which had upon its battered banner, when it was furled forever at Appomattox, the names of every great battle fought in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Captain HEALY, though one of the youngest men in his regiment, had the most remarkable influence over the men and officers in his command. Such were his force of character, his high moral courage, his brave and fearless bearing in battle, his mild and gentle manners in camp, and his unselfish devotion to the comfort and welfare of his men, that he became the idol of his whole regiment.

He was earnest and conscientious in his convictions of duty, and thoroughly devoted to the cause in which he offered up his young life.

The following extracts from his letters to his mother and others, give a better insight into his real character than any sketch of his life and peculiar characteristics could possibly convey. They contain sentiments worthy of the immortal Stonewall Jackson: —

. . . . . "Our authorities seem to be concentrating their forces in Virginia and about Richmond, for the purpose of defending it to the last. If the enemy gets possession of Richmond, I fear we shall be forced to abandon Virginia, and suffer the good old State to fall into the hands of ruthless invaders, who can neither appreciate the spirit and genius of her people, nor respect the historic memories which her very name recalls. Can we stand tamely by and see Virginia struggling for her very existence as a State, her sovereignty threatened, her soil overrun by those who have sworn to change her noble institutions and reduce her to the condition of a conquered province? No. Every consideration of interest and of honor forbids it. We must all hurry to her rescue. . . . . You must not, dear mother, be distressed on my account. The same kind Providence which preserved me at ———, can protect me on the battle-field, or wherever the fortunes of war may carry me. I am blessed with health, and if this be preserved to me, the duties of the camp will be light."

In a letter to his sister, Mrs. Judge Christian, he says: —

. . . . . "You may well imagine that I too, long for this cruel war to terminate. I would do anything in my power, and give anything and everything I have to give, to bring it to a close upon terms honorable to my country. But if it is not to close until the South is subjugated and these States reduced to conquered provinces, then I do humbly pray *that it may have no end.* Yes, I would infinitely prefer to spend the rest of my days in camp, suffering all its hardships and dangers, rather than live in peace, purchased by the subjugation of my country."

Another extract from a letter to his mother:—"No, dear mother, I would not leave the army if I could. If I am spared to enjoy that independence which we must one day achieve, I shall be fully compensated for all I have endured, and will have the proud reflection that I contributed my humble services to the accomplishment of that great object. If I fall, I fall in the discharge of my duty to my country, I fall in battling for liberty against tyranny, and shall sleep in a patriot's grave."

We give one more extract from a letter to his brother, not only because of the noble sentiments it contains, but because it seems to foreshadow his sad but glorious death. It was written just before the great battles around Richmond:—"Tell mother if we are defeated, she must not despair. President Davis says there will still be fighting-ground enough in Virginia for the next twenty years. But if we are driven from Virginia, I shall follow the army into North Carolina, and, if it is still forced to fall back, I shall still follow the army, until they drive us to the southernmost part of Florida, and then, for the first time, conceive the idea that we may be defeated in this struggle. . . . . Brother Tom, it is painful to me to write the words good-bye. Heaven only knows whether I shall ever enjoy the pleasure of seeing you, or of even writing to you again. In the presence of this great event which is so soon to transpire, is it strange that melancholy forebodings and painful emotions should arise in my bosom and make me reluctant to lay down my pen, as if it were the hand of a retiring friend? I have *no presentiment* that my course is almost run, that this battle is to send me to my long home, and that I am never to see you and the loved ones at home again; no, not that. But I do know that my chances of escape are no better than others, and some must be killed; so GOOD-BYE."

It was at the second battle of Manassas, just at the moment of victory, on the evening of August 30th, 1862, and when Captain HEALY was leading his Company in the final charge made by his immortal leader, Stonewall Jackson, that he received his death-wound. An eye-witness, a member of his Company, thus describes the scene:—"Captain HEALY, with his cap in one hand and his sword in the other, was in advance of his Company, cheering them on to the charge. His face, radiant with the enthusiasm of victory, shone with that manly beauty for which it was so remarkable, when he exclaimed, 'Come on, boys. Victory and glory

once more on the plains of Manassas!' These were the last words he ever uttered. The fatal shot at that moment sped to the brain, and he fell dead without a groan or struggle; and when he was buried by his comrades, his face still wore the smile of triumph and joy."

A nobler man never died for his country, a purer spirit never took its flight to the bosom of its God.

This imperfect sketch ought not to be closed without reference to one incident, putting on record the noble words of his mother. When the news came of the death of Captain HEALY, a whole county was in mourning; for he was not only the pride of his family, but also of the whole county. In his own family circle, mother, sisters and brothers were stricken with inconsolable anguish, and wounded hearts still bleed afresh whenever his name is mentioned. But the blow fell with crushing force upon his aged mother. He was her youngest child, and the idol of her heart. None but a mother can know what is a mother's joy and a mother's pride in such a boy as hers. While loving friends gathered around her to offer consolation, as best they could, in her inconsolable grief, one of the number said to her, that, as soon as it was possible, he would go to the battle-field and bring home the loved body of her son, and deposit it in the old family burying-ground, where she might be laid by his side. Her reply was (and it is this noble sentiment, worthy of a Spartan mother, that ought to be recorded): —"Let him rest where he lies. The last resting-place of a soldier who dies for his country, should be upon the field where he fell."

But this imperfect sketch would be altogether incomplete, without some brief reference to the moral and Christian character of its subject. Captain HEALY had the priceless advantage of early religious training. A pious father's teachings and example, and a Christian mother's gentle admonitions and prayers, early led him to investigate the great truths of the Bible, which resulted at the early age of sixteen years, in his uniting himself with a Baptist Church, of which he continued an exemplary and consistent member, amid all the temptations and vicissitudes of life in the college and the camp. As a Christian as well as a soldier, "he fought a good fight."

GEORGE K. ROYALL, B. L.,

Private, Company G, 11th Virginia Infantry.

GEORGE KEITH ROYALL, fourth son of the late Rev. John J. Royall, of Fauquier county, was born in Winchester, Virginia, February 4th, 1837. His mother was a daughter of the late George Keith Taylor, of Petersburg, granddaughter of Colonel Thomas Marshall, of Revolutionary fame, and niece of Chief-Justice Marshall.

Very delicate in his infancy, GEORGE ROYALL'S health continued very feeble until his father removed to Mt. Ephraim, the family seat in Fauquier, where the habits and sports of country life wrought in him considerable vigor and energy of body. When about six years old he became greatly interested in the work of foreign missions, and one day asked his father if he would give him a shilling to put in the "Missionary Box" if he cut up a load of wood for the house. Mr. Royall agreed to do it, and had a load of sticks, about the size of a man's arm, brought to the wood-yard, and the little fellow chopped away, day after day, until it was ready to carry to his mother's chamber. This shilling was probably his first contribution to this cause, but he continued to give, while yet a boy, until the amounts, forwarded little at a time, summed up several dollars. Such is the evidence of his youthful energy and perseverance, qualities which characterized him in manhood also. He was not less marked by his candor, his truthfulness, and his ardent devotion to the few to whom he gave his friendship. Along with these fine traits was a strong will, which, often foretokening a strong head in the man, not less frequently causes the child to be called *headstrong*. Thus it was with GEORGE, who was not so easily controlled as the rest of the children; and hence, while they were educated at home, he was sent to the neighborhood school, conducted by Mr. Pope. Here his ambition was aroused, and in a little time he was at the head of his classes — a position which he retained until he was fourteen, when his father took charge of his education. At eighteen he entered the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, and maintained a good standing as a Freshman; but, during his second year there, his father died suddenly, and he was called home to attend to the affairs of the family.

In October, 1857, he became a student at the University of Virginia, and at the close of the session he graduated in Constitutional and International Law and Government, and in Moral Philosophy. The next year he took the entire course of Law, and graduated with the title of Bachelor of Law. During his University career the writer was honored with his acquaintance and his friendship. As might be readily inferred from his success, he was a close and diligent student. The self-will which characterized his youth, was, at that time, not obtrusive, if noticeable at all, being happily balanced by a matured judgment. He was of small stature, with the darkest blue eyes, brown hair waving slightly, and teeth of pearly whiteness. In manner he was dignified and courtly, forbidding a too hasty approach, or an unwarrantable intimacy; but his friendship, when once won, was not capricious, nor easily alienated.

Having achieved the honors of the University, and having laid well the foundation of a noble profession, he settled in Richmond, and was admitted to the bar. Among the friends he made there was A. B. Guigon, Esq., now Judge of the Hustings Court of that city. In a letter now before the writer, and dated September 15th, 1870, Judge Guigon says:—"I knew GEORGE ROYALL well. He came to Richmond after leaving college, and took an office near mine, for the practice of law. Daily and familiar intercourse with him grew into an affectionate intimacy. Almost too modest and retiring for successful struggle in the profession he had chosen, he possessed a clear and well-balanced intellect, good judgment and fair powers of study. But above all, his high sense of honor and his genial ways endeared him to me and to other friends he made in his new home. I never saw him after April, 1861, when I went into active service in a different portion of the army from that in which he served; but I shall ever cherish my recollection of him as one of my pleasantest memories."

The headstrong, self-willed boy had thus developed into a modest and retiring man, "almost too modest for successful struggle in his profession." He practised law nearly two years in Richmond, with what success the writer has not learned.

When volunteer companies were forming for the war, ROYALL joined one raised by Captain Joseph G. Griswold, with the understanding that he might withdraw from it, if he desired, before the company was mustered into service. About that time his mother's

overseer volunteered also, and her affairs becoming involved, ROYALL left his company and went to Mt. Ephraim. While there he was elected Captain of a militia company in the county, and was in command of it when called into service just previous to the first battle of Manassas.

When the militia was disbanded, he returned to Fauquier and remained in charge of his mother's affairs until the following February. He then volunteered as a private in Company G, Captain Kirk Otey, of the 11th Virginia Infantry. In this command he served "as a good soldier," in the battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines, in the fight about Richmond, and in the second battle of Manassas.

When General Johnston retired from Centreville in March, Fauquier was at once occupied by the enemy, and until the close of the war, Mrs. Royall had little intercourse with her sons in the army. She never saw GEORGE after he enlisted, and only three short letters from him were received through the lines. A poor neighbor, who was with him in the battles at Richmond, told his family "GEORGE *fit like a lion.*" One of his servants, hired with the army, reported after the second battle of Manassas, that "the last time he saw Mars GEORGE he had his Testament in his hand, praying by a wounded soldier." Those who knew ROYALL will not hesitate to believe both reports; and together they furnish probably the best record that could be made of a soldier's life. That he was brave, the manner of his death, presently to be related, shows clearly enough; and his dogged courage in battle had won upon the heart and stirred the pride of the illiterate neighbor, who probably thought of him still as the boy who *would* have his own way, even on the battle-field. Under the ministry of that faithful Chaplain, Rev. J. C. Granberry, he was converted to the faith of Christ; and he was not a man to do things by halves. During the course of the war, Dr. Stiles, who visited and preached to the brigade, sent word to Mrs. Royall that he had never seen a more devoted and decided Christian than GEORGE. It is not improbable then, indeed it is in perfect keeping with his character, that, as opportunity occurred, he sought to win others to Him in whom *he* trusted. And surely it is pleasant to think of him, with God's Word in his hand, kneeling during the intervals of battle upon the very field where he was presently to make his grave, and pointing the dying soldiers to the rest of Heaven into which he was himself so soon to enter.

On the 30th of August, 1862, the last day of the second great fight at Manassas, he was killed by a musket ball which pierced his head, entering at almost the centre of the forehead. His brother William, who was a private in Company A, 9th Virginia Cavalry, saw him on the battle-field after he was killed, but he was not permitted to leave his command, which was hotly engaged in the same action, to take care of his body. And so, though so near to his mother's home, he was buried among the thousands that lay around him, with nothing to mark the spot. For this, however, his grave is not less glorious, nor his rest less peaceful.

JOHN D. PITMAN,

Sergeant, Company E, 8th Florida Infantry.

"He who serves his country well," says Voltaire, "has no need of ancestors." If to fight for her honor and to die in her defence may be counted good service to one's country, then did this young Floridian win for himself this boasted distinction.

JOHN D. PITMAN was born in Jackson county, Florida, January 28th, 1843. In the brief notes traced for the writer by the tremulous hand of his aged widowed mother, Mrs. Martha Pitman, no reference was made to his parentage. In youth he was so devoted to study that his health was injured by too constant application; and it is evident that he possessed abilities which would have secured literary distinction in maturer life. At the age of fifteen he was a writer for the papers of Marietta, Georgia, and two years after for the *Macon Telegraph* and *The Field and Fireside*. In October, 1860, he became a student at the University of Virginia; he returned the following session, and prosecuted his studies until the spring of 1862, when in May he determined to enter the army. Going directly home, he volunteered in the "Clarke Rifles." This company was ordered to Tallahassee in June, and remained on duty there a month. In July "the Rifles" — now Company E, 8th Florida Infantry — were ordered to the seat of war in Virginia. His brief career there is summed up by the following obituary notice, written by the Rev. W. Cleisky, of

the Presbyterian Church, who was intimately acquainted with him:—

"Died at Manassas, Virginia, August 31st, 1862, of a wound received in the great battle of the 30th, JOHN D. PITMAN, of Marianna, Florida, a Sergeant in Company E, 8th Florida Regiment, aged nineteen years and eight months. He was the last surviving son of his mother, 'and she a widow.' Pressing forward with his comrades in pursuit of the already defeated enemy, and cheering with great ardor, a shell, shattering his left thigh, inflicted a wound which he survived only till the following morning.

"Thus has fallen a young man who gave more than ordinary promise of future usefulness and honor. For more than a year previous to the breaking out of the war, he was a student in the University of Virginia, and his sound intellect, serious, reflective disposition, energetic industry in the pursuit of his studies, and high moral principles, amply justified his friends in anticipating for him a career alike honorable to himself and beneficial to others. But animated by an ardent patriotism, which with him was principle and not an impulse merely, he left his studies, entered the army as a volunteer, went with his regiment to Virginia in July, and within a few short weeks was called to lay down his life for his country.

"Though not a professing Christian, he had for some time given evidence of being actuated by religious principles, and a few days before his departure for the seat of war, declared his intention of uniting with the Church on the first opportunity. His friends, therefore, deem that they have grounds for believing he has been called to join the Church on high, and in this belief they mourn not as those who have no hope."

HENRY LE NOBLE STEVENS,

Volunteer Aide to Colonel P. F. Stevens, Commanding the Holcombe Legion.

On the 19th of September, 1827, HENRY LE NOBLE STEVENS was born at Pineville, South Carolina. He was the son of the late Charles Stevens of that State, whose reputation as a literary

man and as a political writer was not confined to his native State, and whose kindly nature and ready sympathy with distress rendered his memory fragrant among his neighbors. HENRY inherited, in a great degree, the kindliness of his father's disposition, and from childhood was marked by his adherence to truth. A generous desire — disinterestedness we call it — to contribute to the happiness of his fellows, however small their claims upon him, had much to do with his personal popularity as a student.

In October, 1844, he entered the College of Charleston. Here he remained two years, and in the fall of 1846 he became a student at the University of Virginia. About the middle of his second session at the University, he returned home and soon after assumed the management of his planting interests.

Upon attaining his majority he came into possession of a handsome fortune. Unlike many in similar circumstances, he did not waste his means in a life of extravagance. Yet, with a lavish generosity wholly congenial with his nature, his income was largely spent in unostentatious deeds of charity, many of which have been gratefully acknowledged by the recipients since his death.

By his successful management, Mr. STEVENS greatly improved his property, and at the time of his death, although a young man, was esteemed one of the very best and most successful planters in his neighborhood.

In March, 1849, he was married to Henrietta Gaillard, daughter of the late Samuel Gaillard, of St. John's Berkley, South Carolina, and at the beginning of the war he had an interesting family to endear him to his home. But the endearments of home and the luxuries enjoyed at his own hearthstone, were outweighed by the impulses of patriotism and the call of duty, and hence, at an early period of the war, Mr. STEVENS was serving his State as a soldier. Joining first, as a private, the "Rutledge Mounted Riflemen," he did duty with them for some time on the neighboring islands and along the coast.

When the Holcombe Legion was organized, he joined it as Volunteer Aide, to Colonel (now Rev.) P. F. Stevens, for whom he entertained a high personal regard, and in that capacity accompanied it to Virginia in July, 1862. Several years before this he had professed himself an humble follower of the meek and lowly One, and having thus enrolled himself as a soldier of Christ, he con-

tinued to fight under the Christian's banner until his life's end. Of his personal intrepidity in the hour of conflict, an estimate may be drawn from the opinion of his gallant commander, who thus wrote of him:—"His character daily grew upon me, and won both my love and my respect. I saw him in action twice; once on the Rappahannock, where we were for a long time exposed to a severe artillery fire, which lost me a number of men. Mr. STEVENS was as cool and regardless of danger as if on a parade. Again, on the fatal day, Manassas No. 2, he displayed the same perfect indifference to danger when we were ordered forward."

While advancing against the enemy at this second battle of Manassas, August 30th, 1862, he was shot down by a ball through the thigh. His wound hastily bound up, he was left on the field by his advancing comrades. On their return they found him on the same spot; but, in the interval, a fragment of a shell, which had fallen and burst near him, had entered his thigh, inflicting a second severe wound, and a ball had passed through his arm! Thus broken and mangled, he was removed to a place of safety and comparative comfort in the neighborhood. For the first four days after his wound, his friends were hopeful of his recovery; but on the fifth day a change was noticed, and on the seventh, one of those who watched at his side wrote thus sadly to South Carolina:—

"CAMP HOSPITAL, NEAR THE BATTLE-GROUND OF 30TH AUGUST. SEPT. 6TH, 1862.

"I am sorry to give you a different account of Mr. STEVENS from what I did in my earlier note. He has sunk very much within the past two days. . . Dr. P. G. Snowden has no hope of him."

His end was already very near; about noon of the next day, conscious of his condition, he died calmly, and full of resignation. Another letter told of the stunning grief that fell upon the widowed heart — widowed ere it suspected that danger was nigh, and even while it was beating joyously with hope of speedy reunion:—

"GORDONSVILLE, Sept. 12th, 1862.

"Mr. STEVENS died on the 7th, before his afflicted wife, who had gone on to meet him, even heard he was wounded. Dr. Snowden was with him and paid him every attention of the skillful physician and kind friend. . . . The Rev. Mr. Porter was

with Mr. STEVENS, and was of much comfort to him in his last hours. He knew his end was near, and was resigned."

The deep and unfeigned expressions of sorrow manifested by the whole body of his slaves, upon the news of his death, testified their affection for him and marked him as the kind and attentive master And the grief that pervaded the community showed that Death had claimed as his victim one beloved by all. In evidence of the esteem in which he was generally held, we append the following extracts from an editorial notice of him, which appeared in the *Charleston Daily Courier*, Sept., 1862:—

"This high-toned gentleman, generous spirit and gallant soldier is added to the martyrs of the atrocious war waged against the South. Mr. STEVENS was the only (surviving) son of the late Charles Stevens, of Pineville; a gentleman who was as much admired for his literary attainments as he was esteemed for his many virtues and beloved for his amiable qualities. Young STEVENS was maternally descended from the Ravenels, a highly honored name and highly esteemed family, or rather race, in our midst. Possessing an ample fortune, he made a noble use of it, and rendered his name synonymous with benevolence and liberality. As amiable as he was generous, he won the warmest affection of kindred and friends, and conciliated the kind feeling of all who knew him. . . . . He received his death-wounds while gallantly fighting for his country in the last three days' battle on the plains of Manassas, and on the 7th inst., with calmness and resignation, yielded his useful and honorable life a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism, dying in the prime of life, and leaving a widow and young child to mourn the irreparable loss of the loving husband and tender father. . . . . And now, having sketched our young friend, let us hold him up to the young men of the country as an example worthy of imitation, and urge them by all they hold dear and sacred to live the life he did, that when their last hour shall come, they may like him be prepared with calmness and resignation to meet the awful change that awaits us all when 'this mortal shall put on immortality.'"

JAMES M. HOLLADAY,

Private, Company B, 19th Virginia Infantry.

Beyond the mountains of Kurdistân, in the northwestern part of the Persian Empire, is the home of the Nestorians, a people of different race from the Mohammedan Persians, and, from a very early age, nominally Christian; but now for a long period subject to the Mohammedan rule, and having lost, in their ignorance and degradation, all but the most exterior forms of Christianity. The more civilized portion of this people, together with their Persian rulers, inhabit an extensive plain which stretches for seventy-five miles between the salt-water lake, or Sea of Ooroomiah, and the Kurdish Mountains. This plain, as seen from the mountains, is surpassingly beautiful. The eye is greeted by hundreds of villages which seem to rise from the very midst of the orchards and vineyards, and through the broad fields of wheat and clover one may trace the numerous canals by the thick hedges of sycamores, poplars, and willows that skirt their banks. In the midst of all this fertility the Nestorians live in abject poverty, ground down by the tyranny of irresponsible subordinates of a despotic government. Near the centre of the plain there is a walled city of some thirty-five thousand inhabitants, called also Ooroomiah, and said to have been the birth-place of Zoroaster.

Here, some forty years ago, was established one of the stations of the American Board of Foreign Missions; and it has proved, next after that to the Sandwich Islands, perhaps the most gratifying of all their fields of labor.

Among the earliest missionaries to this place were the Rev. Albert Lewis Holladay, and his wife, Anne Yancey, daughter of James Minor, Esq., of Albemarle county, Virginia.

Mr. Holladay was a native of Spottsylvania county, where members of his family still reside upon lands granted in colonial times to one of their ancestors, Captain John Holladay, for services rendered in defending the border against the incursions of the Indians. His father, the late Waller Holladay, of Prospect Hill, was a half-brother of General Lewis Littlepage, who acquired celebrity in European armies, and rose to be Chamberlain to Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland. He himself was

one of the earliest students at the University of Virginia, and l name appears in the list of the first graduates in Mathematics that institution.

Of these missionaries JAMES MINOR HOLLADAY was the seco son who lived beyond infancy. He was born in the city of Ooro miah, on the 23d day of June, 1841. During his infancy a early childhood he suffered much from the unhealthy influences a climate which has allowed no child of American or Europe parents continuing to reside there, to attain to years of maturit One of its evil effects he experienced as long as he lived, in t weakness of his eyes. In July, 1845, his parents were compell by ill-health to leave the country. After spending the winter the vicinity of Smyrna, they reached America in May, 1846, a lived one year at Bremo, the residence of General John H. Coc in Fluvanna, Virginia. In 1847 they removed to Albema county.

As JAMES grew up, he developed a quick mind, and generou strong emotions. He had a marked taste for the beautiful poetry and in art; and, although he had had no advantages f learning, he showed considerable aptitude for drawing. He w very bright and cheerful in disposition, playful in manner, a full of spirit. At the age of fifteen a terrible loss overtook hi in common with the rest of the family, in the death of his fath Those only who knew this father—so elevated in intellect a character, and yet so near in kindness and affection; so beau fully adding to the noblest qualities of man the tenderest att butes of woman, and in all so earnestly consecrated to Christ· are able to appreciate his loss. The constant presence during l last days of that Saviour to whom he had given his life, w evident to all who had the privilege of being with him; and t effect upon JAMES of what he saw then, was marked and perm nent. Some time later he made a profession of Christianity, a connected himself with the Presbyterian Church in Charlott ville. Soon after this, being debarred from the pursuit of h education by the extreme weakness of his eyes, he acted for so months as Colporteur, in the Valley of Virginia and in t county of Stafford. After this he determined to become a phy cian; and, his eyes having considerably improved, he entered a student of medicine at the University of Virginia, for the sessi of 1859–60. He immediately took a high stand in his class

and was spoken of most favorably by his Professors; but he was so much hindered by the weakness of his eyes that he could not offer for graduation. The next session he returned to the University, where the outbreak of the war found him. He sympathized strongly with the course pursued by the Southern States, and was from a very early period an earnest advocate for the secession of Virginia. The same night on which the Ordinance of Secession was passed by the Convention at Richmond, the fact was telegraphed to the University, and the next night the company to which he belonged, the Albemarle Rifles, commanded by R. T. W. Duke, of Charlottesville, set out for Harper's Ferry. His company subsequently joined the army which was gathering at Culpeper Court-House, and was incorporated as Company B into the 19th Virginia Infantry. With this regiment HOLLADAY went to Manassas Junction, and was present at the famous battle of the 21st of July.

During the calm which followed this battle, a plan which he had drawn was shown to General Beauregard, who was so pleased with it that he offered him a place among his suite. But JAMES, not feeling fully competent for the position, declined it. While the army was in winter-quarters, he obtained a furlough to visit his home. Arriving there, and finding that nothing had been heard for an unwonted time from his brother Waller, who was then a private in the 59th Virginia Infantry, he proceeded at once to their winter-quarters, near Meadow Bluff, in Western Virginia, and, finding him sick, procured leave of absence for him also, and took him home. It was the last time that the whole family were gathered together.

One was absent from the next gathering when the remainder met around the death-bed of him who was now the most active among them.

Returning to his regiment, he participated in the trying march to Yorktown. When the army fell back after the battle of Williamsburg, he was left sick by the roadside, and fell into the hands of the enemy. From this time his friends know little of what befell him. He was taken first to the Old Capitol Prison, where he was kindly treated, and for a time he seemed to get better. From thence he was transferred to Fort Delaware, receiving on his passage through Baltimore evidences of the sympathy and kindness for which the Southern people of that city were so distinguished during the war.

But who can tell what he suffered in the long night of cruel captivity which followed? — wasting away under a treatment which was wearing enough to those who were well, his active spirit fretting under the confinement, and his loving heart yearning unutterably for his mother, who he knew must be suffering at home. Yet we believe that while his body was growing weaker every day, God was building up and establishing the life of the spirit. The following lines, found among the papers which he brought from Fort Delaware, and supposed to have been written while he was there, will serve to show the current of his thoughts in this direction:—

"To satisfy each craving lust,
Begot of earth;
To drink of every sensual stream,
And know its worth;
To drown each higher rising thought
Within the breast,
Lest it condemn a fleshly life
And bring unrest;
To make the mind the body's slave,
That it may give
New pleasures to a carnal taste,—
Is this to live?

"To get estate, to gather wealth
Within stronghold;
To place in bank and iron safe
Great heaps of gold;
To serve the great and crush the poor
For sake of gain;
To shut out God, and spot the soul
With many a stain;
To gain your wish, and win the all
That gold can give,
Without one hope beyond the earth,—
Is this to live?

"To lead the marshalled bands to war
And bloody strife;
To gather fame, estate, and power,
By taking life;
To write your name on history's page
In words of gore;
To fill the heart of wife and child
With bitter store;
To gain the fame, the fear, the hate,
The sword may give,
By spilling seas of human blood,—
Is this to live?

"To gain by years of deep research
A goodly store
In every field and deep recess
Of earthly lore;

To scale the mountain's highest peak,
Fathom the sea,
And know each creature, flower, and stone,
And every tree;
To know, when knowledge knows no more
What name to give,
Without a thought of Nature's God,—
Is this to live?

"To follow with a steadfast heart,
Through light and shade,
A high and holy aim in life,
Though oft delayed;
When dangers lower above your path,
To scorn to fly;
To still press on, although success
Dazzle the eye;
Seeking to honor by your life
The God above;
Living for others, not yourself,
A life of love;

"Keeping the talent of your Lord
With watchful care,
That it may gain as life declines,
And increase bear;
To help the poor, the sick, the weak,
With earthly store,
Nor turn the empty soul in wait
Back from thy door;
This to do, not for the name
That earth may give,
But for the sake of God,—*this is*
Indeed to live."

Exchanged in the summer of 1862, he was landed ten miles below the city of Richmond; and, as he had not been met there by any conveyance, he had to drag himself through the hot August sun, as best he could, to the city. A relative whom he met there sent him to Duncan Lodge, the residence of his uncle, Hon. Alexander R. Holladay, in the suburbs of the city. Here he was found the next day by his brother, who succeeded in procuring an order for him to be sent to his home near Charlottesville. Thus he was at last granted the wish of his heart, that he might meet his mother once again.

On the 23d of August he became very ill, and two of his brothers, who were then in a battery at Gordonsville, were sent for a day or two afterwards. They arrived only to find him delirious, and unable to recognize them. On the evening of Saturday, the 30th day of August, he quietly breathed his last. All the members of his family were with him, except one brother, who arrived too late.

His remains were carried to Prospect Hill, in Spotsylvania county, where they were buried by the side of his father and grandfather.

JOHN MONCURE HULL,

Private, Co. B, 9th Virginia Cavalry.

JOHN MONCURE HULL was born near Falmouth, Stafford county, Virginia, August 5th, 1839. His father, Mr. Paul Hull, was the grandson, paternally, of Colonel Richard Hull, and maternally, of Colonel Thomas Gaskins (formerly written *Gascoigne*). Both of these took an active part and held high positions in the Revolutionary struggle.

His mother, Mrs. Sarah M. Hull, is a grand-daughter of Rev. John Moncure, one of the first rectors of Overwharton Parish, Stafford county, who died in 1764. This gentleman, according to the statement of his daughter, Mrs. Gov. Wood, "was a Scotchman descended from a French ancestor, who fled among the first Protestants who left France in consequence of the persecution that took place soon after the Reformation. He had an excellent education, and had made considerable progress in the study of medicine, when an invitation to seek an establishment in Virginia induced him to cross the Atlantic." Judge P. V. Daniel, of the Supreme Court, says of him:—"My maternal grandfather, John Moncure, a native of Scotland, was the regular minister both of Aquia and Potomac Churches."

Rev. Mr. Moncure married a daughter of Dr. Gustavus Brown, of Port Tobacco, Maryland. He was poor and in delicate health, and the father "did not think him an eligible match for his daughter." But, to quote from Bishop Meade, "the opposition of Dr. Brown to the marriage of his eldest daughter with a poor clergyman, does not seem to have been attended with the evils which he doubtless apprehended, for Mr. Moncure prospered both in temporal and spiritual things. He has numerous descendants, who have also prospered, and many of them are living on the very lands bequeathed to them by their ancestor, who purchased them at a cheap rate during his ministry." These descen-

dants, now peopling to a large extent the section of country referred to, were, before the late war, among Virginia's most honored sons, and served her in some of the most important offices of public trust, both legislative and judicial. Among those who served in the latter capacity, was the brother of Mrs. Hull, Hon. R. C. L. Moncure, Judge of the Court of Appeals.

At an early age MONCURE HULL exhibited a remarkable fondness for books, and his father, though in moderate circumstances, determined to give him every facility for a thorough education. There was no good school nearer than Fredericksburg, a distance of five miles. This, however, was a small difficulty; he cheerfully walked it day by day, and was rarely absent from his classes, even in the most inclement season. At school he *always* bore off the first honors. This was not from any extraordinary mental gift, for he was not a genius in the ordinary acceptation of that word; often what could be acquired by some of his classmates in a few moments, required of him hours of patient study. But every truth thus mastered, he was able to hold with remarkable tenacity. "The patience of a sound intellect" may accomplish grand results. This was *his* true power. He would not turn aside from difficulties which he met in his studies, nor rest until he was able to solve them. Thus he was usually successful, and thus too his advances were permanent. It was to this feature of his mind, this dogged persistence conjoined with a wonderful power of absorption, that Prof. Coleman afterwards referred, when he remarked that he had never been mistaken in his estimate of a young man's abilities as in that of MONCURE HULL'S. His appearance was not such as to impress a casual observer, and the Professor ranked him among the commoner sort when he came into his class; but long before he left college, he regarded him as one of the most substantial and promising.

At the age of seventeen he entered the University. Here he spent two sessions (1856–57 and 1857–58), and though but poorly prepared for an institution of so high grade, he was able to take distinctions in all his classes. For the next two years he was compelled, by want of means to prosecute his studies, to take up the profession of a teacher; accordingly we find him during this time tutor to the family of James Hunter, Esq., of Caroline.

In the fall of 1860, however, he returned to College with the determination to win its highest honors. This was a session

peculiarly unfavorable to successful study; during the winter and spring most of the students, instead of working, were anxiously watching the events of the outside world, and before the close of the academic year more than half of them had left for their homes or entered the military service. But MONCURE HULL kept steadily on; he was not indifferent to the political issues which produced such excitement in the minds of others, nor was he, perhaps, less patriotic than they; but the murmur of approaching war failed to divert his mind from the goal he had in view, and he continued until the very close of the session as faithful a student as he had been at its opening.

As the result of this patient continuance, he graduated on his entire course, embracing the Schools of Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy; which, even if there were no disturbing cause, was considered abundant evidence of diligent application, thorough preparation, and first-rate mental abilities.

At the close of the session he joined a company of students, which, under the name of "The University Volunteers," went into service in Western Virginia, under General Wise. The severity of this campaign has already been alluded to. The grand retreat from the Kanawha, the burning at midnight of Gauley Bridge, the winter encampment on Big Sewell, fitly compared to that at Valley Forge, would form a thrillingly interesting chapter in the history of the war. In the following spring the University Volunteers were disbanded by order of the Secretary of War.

MONCURE HULL, who had been with his company in all of its marches, went immediately to Stafford to raise a company for service; but, finding this impossible from lack of material, he joined the "Caroline Dragoons,"—Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry—then, with several other companies, on outpost duty at Stafford Court-House, under Captain, afterwards General, W. H. F. Lee.

Faithfully he served as a private in this gallant regiment—so well known in East Virginia as the "Bloody Ninth"—participating in all its daring exploits. "Never shall I forget him," says a writer who was his comrade in Stuart's celebrated ride around McClellan, "never shall I forget him as he appeared standing over the body of the gallant Latané, who fell in the first charge." So, always at the post of duty, ready to fight, and quick to succor the fallen, he was a true soldier in the highest sense of

the word. *Duty* with him was everything: his was no brute courage. He was sensible of danger, but disregarded it, because he was influenced by principle, and upheld by a trust in God that it was well with him.

Passing safely through the seven days' fight around Richmond, he set out with his command on its first trip to Maryland. The second battle of Manassas was fought and won, and the cavalry stopped, on the evening of the 31st of August, 1862, near Fairfax Court-House. The night was very dark and rainy; it was presently found that the 1st Michigan Cavalry were just in front, and two men, one of them MONCURE HULL, were ordered ahead as videttes. It was too dark to see anything, but they proceeded some hundred yards and halted on the edge of a small stream. HULL had on at the time a light gray overcoat, which may have rendered his outline visible, even in the darkness. Suddenly there was a flash, followed by the sharp report of a single rifle. The bullet, aimed all too true, struck him full in the breast and passed entirely through his body.

With the single expression, "O my God!" he fell forward with his arms around the neck of his faithful horse, and the noble animal carried him back to the command. His comrades gathered quickly around, but the spirit was gone — the young soldier off duty for ever. The army pressing onward, his body was left in a house by the roadside; but, like the chivalrous Latané, by whom he had stood so nobly, MONCURE HULL found friendly hands to perform for him too the last sad offices. Under a large tree that stood in a quiet spot near the beautiful stream, they buried their unknown soldier and planted flowers on his grave. And thither, from time to time, when the stricken women of the South brought garlands for the graves of their soldier dead, came a mother who mourns a son sleeping in an unmarked spot at Gettysburg, to cover his grave with spring flowers, thus doing for him what she hoped some kind hand would do for her own beloved boy. His remains have since been removed to the beautiful cemetery fitted up by the ladies of the Memorial Association at Fairfax Court-House.

The following extracts from a letter of the Rev. W. R. D. Moncure, a Baptist minister, now resident in the county of Stafford, will, while touching on other points also, give an adequate idea of his religious character:—"MONCURE HULL was my first

cousin, but being only two years my junior, and having associated intimately with me from infancy, we were more like brothers than cousins. I may be thought under these circumstances to be scarcely capable of giving an impartial sketch of his character, but I utter the sentiments of all who knew him, when I say that few young men of greater promise fell victims to the late unhappy war. In person, he was rather above the medium height, but slender; his complexion was dark, yet generally ruddy; his hair black, and straight as an Indian's. His large dark eyes wore generally an expression of thoughtfulness, almost amounting to sadness; but when he smiled, or became earnest in conversation, they sparkled with mirth or flashed with intelligence.

"His chief mental characteristics were perseverance, unwearied application, clear conceptions, sound judgment. He also possessed a fine and discriminating taste in literary compositions, and a great fondness for reading the best English authors.

"His moral character, from a boy, was unspotted. His most conspicuous traits were great sincerity, a high sense of honor, a lofty disdain of anything mean, vulgar or selfish, amounting to impatience, and a determination to do right regardless of consequences. Exceeding diffidence and sensitiveness made him shy among strangers and in general society, but, with the few who knew him well, no one was more genial and confiding, and no one had a truer heart.

"In the fall of '60, while a student at the University, he gave his heart to God, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Charlottesville Baptist Church, by Rev. A. B. Brown. He had always been respectful to religion, and, for two years before his conversion, had been the subject of serious impressions. When he became thoroughly awakened, he sought for salvation with his usual earnestness and sincerity. It was my privilege to converse much with him during this period, and he opened his heart to me very freely. His convictions were deep and pungent; everything was laid aside in the pursuit of the pearl of great price, and after a few days of intense anguish, he was enabled to rejoice in his Saviour. It was not difficult to predict what sort of a Christian MONCURE HULL would make. He was not a man to do anything by halves. His diffidence made it very painful to him to take a conspicuous part in public exercises; yet he never hesitated to do so when duty required. . . Amid all the temptations of the army,

he maintained his Christian character unsullied. . . His death sent a shock to many fondly-attached friends, and, though nearly six years have passed, he is still tenderly remembered and sadly missed."

JAMES EDWARD WINSTON,

2d Sergeant, Company D, 18th Virginia Infantry.

Malvern Hill — now a synonym for *Aceldama* — did not always suggest thoughts of blood. In the joyous past, ere the proud Ship of State was wrecked on the rocks of Radicalism and the cry *sauve qui peut* gave the key-note of the New Idéa, it designated more than one spot within the limits of the Old Dominion which some Virginian family cherishes with pride and tenderness as its ancestral home. But the ruthless hand of war, which spared not the peace of these homes, despoiled them of their name also, to mark the spot on which occurred one of the great conflicts of the Second American Revolution.

James Edward Winston was born at Malvern Hill, in Louisa county, Virginia, July 6th, 1838. He was the son of John Hastings Winston and Demaris Aletha Campbell. His paternal grandfather was Captain James Winston, a man noted as well for his strong qualities of mind as for his high living and liberal hospitality; he was the possessor of large landed property, and at his death he bequeathed his family residence to his eldest son, John Hastings. His maternal grandfather was Captain Francis Lee Campbell, whose estate adjoined Malvern Hill, and who had served with Captain Winston in the war of the Revolution. It is pleasant to contemplate the experience of two such men, toiling and suffering together for a common cause, realizing the blessing for which they struggled, and returning to their homes to live as neighbors and friends in the enjoyment of that peace which their patriotism had contributed to secure, and to be drawn more closely to each other, in their advanced years, by the intermarriage of their children.

John Hastings Winston, the successor of Captain Winston at Malvern Hill, was a man of sterling sense and unbending integ-

rity; and, like his ancestors, was fond of hounds and hunting. He was the father of ten children, seven of whom still survive. Among these are representatives of various learned professions.

The most important event in the childhood of JAMES E. WINSTON was the death of his mother, whose eminent piety, as a member of the Presbyterian Church, commended her profession, and makes her memory especially precious now to her children. Such a loss to a boy of seven years, possessing a quick temper, strong will, and impulsive disposition, can hardly be estimated. He received at home the rudiments of an education, and was sent one year to a day-school in the neighborhood; but not improving under his teacher, he was again taken home and kept at his books. Sometimes, at busy seasons, he worked on the farm, but he was impatient of long restraint at any employment. He delighted in field-sports, became an expert in bird-hunting, and so prided himself upon his skill as a "shot" that he was really mortified when excelled.

In 1852 his father died at the advanced age of seventy, and JAMES, then about fourteen, was sent to the classical school taught by his eldest brother, John Hastings Winston, at "Westwood," near Lynchburg, Virginia. This change of home had a happy effect on him; from a thoughtless, wayward boy he became a diligent student; yet prompted more, perhaps, by emulation than by the simple love of books. He was unequal to the constant application of the most successful student, yet, urged on by pride, he kept always *among* the foremost in his classes.

His temperament at this period of his life was of the most mercurial cast, moving between the extremes of cheerfulness and despondency. His temper was quick, and he was watchful to resent insults, and careless of danger in doing so. But, as is usual with such natures, he was as ready to be reconciled when proper explanation was made. His candor of speech and manner made him open enemies, and in his hatred of hypocrisy he was apt to show his dislike for persons.

After remaining at Westwood four years, he went in 1857 to the University of Virginia. During the two years that he remained there, he took most of the academic schools, desiring, with a view to the profession of law, to become generally informed on these various subjects rather than devote himself especially to any. At the close of the second session he graduated in Moral Philo-

sophy and Political Economy. He then returned to Bedford, and spent a year assisting his brother in his school and prosecuting his legal studies, after which he joined the Law School of Judge Brokenbrough, at Lexington, Virginia. His character had now become less angular, his temperament more serious and uniform.

At the close of the Law School, in March, 1861, he returned to his native county. The country was then drifting into war; and the fact, only too apparent, depressed him. He was proud of the greatness of the country, and opposed to its disruption. War necessitated the abandonment of a profession with which he connected hopes of political preferment. Besides these considerations, he was averse to the hardships of a soldier's life, and especially to its necessary restraints and subordinations. On this point he wrote thus, just before joining the army:—

"MALVERN HILL, *June 5th*, 1861.

"I leave for Harper's Ferry next Saturday, to take my stand in the ranks of the Southern army. If it had been my good fortune to go there in a different capacity, I should be better satisfied, as it is but natural to wish to excel, and to feel that when we die we shall live in the hearts of our countrymen. But as circumstances have ordered it otherwise, I go freely and willingly in the humble capacity of a private, determined to do, and die, if Providence so wills it, in the sacred and righteous cause of the South, Virginia, and freedom. May God so help me!"

On the spot where his boyhood had been spent, and in sight of the graves of his fathers, he devoted his life to his country; right nobly did he perform his vow, right soon came back to be laid with his ancestral dead! About the 10th of June, in company with Winston O. Payne, Christopher Walthall, and F. Pendleton Jones, all highly educated young men, he joined the 13th Virginia Infantry, Colonel A. P. Hill, then at Winchester. It is worthy of remark, that of these four young men, who thus left home together and joined the same Company — Co. D — all fell on the field of battle.

JAMES WINSTON was thus with his regiment when it was ordered to the first field of Manassas, and he continued with it until his death. His brother, Frank V. Winston, was Lieutenant in Company D, and soon after became its Captain; and JAMES, by faithfully doing his duty, rose step by step to be 2d Sergeant in the Company.

In the spring of 1862, after spending the winter at Fairfax Station, the 13th Virginia, then attached to the 4th Brigade of Ewell's Division, fell back with Johnston's army to Rappahannock Station. Here General Ewell remained a short time, and then formed a junction with Jackson at Swift Run Gap in the Valley. JAMES WINSTON was thus engaged in the whole of that arduous campaign which brought Banks and Shields to grief. At the brilliant battle of Cedar Mountain, his clothes were pierced by several balls, and he was slightly wounded. His brother, Lieutenant Wm. A. Winston, was wounded on the same day. He made the celebrated march of two days by which Jackson flanked Pope, seized his stores at Manassas, and compelled him to retreat. And he participated in the series of conflicts known as Second Manassas, which resulted in the complete rout of Pope's army.

After escaping injury in all these fights, JAMES WINSTON fell on Monday, September 1, 1862, in the short but hot contest at Ox Hill, where in order to arrest the pursuit of the Confederates and to conceal his own movements, Pope posted Kearney to resist the advance. Some of the Federal troops were ambushed in the thick woods along the cross-roads, and the ambush was partly successful. The 13th Virginia was marching left in front, with Company D in advance, and was thus brought unexpectedly upon a regiment of the enemy in line, and thus its left bore the brunt of the fire. JAMES WINSTON, as 2d Sergeant and on the left of his company, was brought in the nearest and most exposed position. The regiment was ordered to lie down, and Sergeant WINSTON, kneeling on one knee, was in the act of loading his gun when he was struck behind the right ear, the ball crushing the whole hinder part of the head. He fell speechless and motionless, holding his rifle and the ramrod half way in the barrel as he had been driving down the ball.

It was about an hour before sunset when this occurred. The deep thundre almost deafened the ear to the rattle of musketry, and a heavy drenching rain was falling. Not long after, General Kearney was killed, and the enemy retreated. Presently the clouds, too, stole away, and the light of the sinking sun poured forth from the west. While its last rays were dallying with the rain-drops that fell from the trees, the spirit of this brave man passed away.

His body lay all night on the gloomy battle-field. The next

Your aff son
S Garland -

[illegible]

[illegible] GARLAND.

[illegible]

[illegible] H. [illegible]
[illegible] ner of S. [illegible]
[illegible] law firm in Lynchburg, V[illegible]
[illegible] f Spottswood Garland, wh[illegible]
[illegible] county, Va. The maternal [illegible]
[illegible] was Lucinda, daughter of Dr. R. H[illegible]
[illegible] sister of James Madison, the third [illegible]

[illegible]

morning, Captain Frank Winston, his brother, returned by permission, buried it, with a tent-cloth for a winding-sheet, and built a rude rail-fence around the grave. Two weeks after, a younger brother, accompanied by a faithful servant, carried the remains to Malvern Hill, and deposited them in the family burying-ground.

SAMUEL GARLAND, JR., B. L.,

Brigadier-General, D. H. Hill's Division.

General SAMUEL GARLAND, JR., was born in the city of Lynchburg, Va., on the 16th day of December, 1830. He was the only child of Maurice H. and Caroline M. Garland. The former was the junior partner of S. & M. H. Garland, for many years a leading law firm in Lynchburg, Va.; the latter was the only daughter of Spottswood Garland, who was for many years Clerk of Nelson county, Va. The maternal grandmother of General Garland was Lucinda, daughter of Dr. R. H. Rose and Frances Madison, a sister of James Madison, the third President of the United States.

The Roses were one of the most respectable of the old families of Virginia. The Rev. Robert Rose, the ancestor of the family, was the intimate friend of Governor Spottswood. He was a clergyman of the Established Church, a Scotchman by birth, and not only a man of learning and piety, but a thorough man of business. The confidence of his friend, Governor Spottswood, in him was attested by his making him his executor; and his own sagacity was avouched by the measures he successfully took to establish the fortunes of his family. This he secured by taking up large bodies of land in the counties of Nelson and Amherst, on which his descendants have resided in comfort, and, in some cases, in affluence, to the present day. The oldest son of the Rev. Robert Rose was Colonel Hugh Rose. He married Caroline M. Jordan, of Seven Islands, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters. The eldest son of this marriage was Dr. R. H. Rose, mentioned above, who married Miss Madison. Their eldest daughter, Caroline, married Dr. Turpin, of Chesterfield; the second, Susan Lawson, married Governor Pleasants, and was the mother of the late

John Hampden Pleasants, and of Hugh R. Pleasants, Esqs.: another daughter married her cousin, Landon Cabell, of Nelson; a fourth married Samuel Irvine, of Lynchburg; Lucinda, the fifth, married Spottswood Garland; and Emily, the youngest, married Wm. Corpland, of Cumberland. Dr. Gustavus Rose, a son, married a daughter of David S. Garland, many years ago a Representative of the Amherst District in the Congress of the United States.

The children of Spottswood Garland and Lucinda Rose were Hugh A. Garland, formerly Clerk of the House of Representatives, an accomplished lawyer and scholar, and the biographer of John Randolph; Landon C. Garland, LL. D., formerly President of Randolph Macon College, in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, and for many years President of the University of Alabama, until its destruction by the Federal army during the late war; and Caroline M., the mother of General SAMUEL GARLAND, JR.

From a very early age General GARLAND gave unmistakable evidence of a mind of unusual strength and quickness, and of the industry and taste for literature and science which prevailed among his immediate relatives in an unusual degree. Before his fifth year he read well and had written his first letter; at the age of seven years he was entered in a classical school in the county of Nelson. Young as he was, he kept up at this time a regular correspondence with his mother, in the form of a daily journal, in which were detailed all his studies, amusements, and the simple incidents of child-life. This journal was sent weekly to his home. At fourteen, having in the meantime lost his father at a tender age, he was entered at Randolph Macon College, where he remained one year, at the expiration of which he was removed to the Virginia Military Institute. His course here was eminently successful, and his improvement greater, from his own well-directed efforts at self-culture, than is indicated even by the fact that he graduated second in his class. Largely through his efforts, the first literary society was established among the cadets, and he was its first President. His portrait now adorns their hall, in recognition of his meritorious service as one of the founders of the Society.

Leaving the Military Institute with high honors, he entered the University of Virginia in October, 1849, and continued there

two sessions — those of 1849–50 and of 1850–51,— perfecting himself in several branches of a truly liberal education, and preparing for the practice of the law. He graduated in all the schools he attended, including among his college honors the degree of B. L., and before he had attained his majority, returned to Lynchburg to enter upon the practice of his profession, with a stock of general information, of accurate scholarship and professional learning rarely possessed by so young a man. He had trained himself carefully in the habit of public speaking, by diligent attention to the exercises of the literary societies to which he had belonged at the various institutions which contributed to his education, especially the Washington Society and the Moot court at the University; so that he presented himself at the bar, while still a minor, prepared, by native vigor of intellect and culture, to contest with the oldest and ablest practitioners the palm of forensic victory.

Though an only child, and the heir of considerable wealth, his youth was free from vices. Books and pictures, the creations of intellect and art, as he remarked of himself, were his temptations. Gross pleasures, such as attract the young when the passions are strong and the appetites keen, even among the most gifted, had no allurements for him. As a matter of refinement and taste, not less than of principle, he eschewed all such indulgences. A systematic and laborious student, he still found time to cultivate literature and society. His home was the scene of an elegant and most attractive hospitality, and abounded with the evidences of his taste and cultivation.

In 1856, General GARLAND married Eliza Campbell Meem, youngest daughter of John G. Meem, Esq., of Lynchburg, a lady whose uncommon personal and social attractions were widely known and appreciated. From 1851 to 1859, General GARLAND'S career was that of an active, earnest, and successful lawyer. His unusual powers as a public speaker caused him to be often called upon by the political party to which he belonged, to bear their flag on the hustings in the various canvasses of that decade; and though often pitted against experienced politicians, those whom he represented had never occasion to blush for their young champion. This period was marked, too, by numerous engagements of a literary nature, which he met and filled with success and acceptation. Among them may be mentioned a course

of popular lectures delivered in Lynchburg, in connection with the Lynchburg College, upon the law of nature and nations, and the oration before the Society of Alumni of the Virginia Military Institute.

In October, 1859, John Brown commenced the invasion of the South. The community of Lynchburg shared in the superficial excitement which that daring enterprize against Southern institutions occasioned. But there were some, and among them was General GARLAND, who saw in that event, ignominious as was its failure, a deep significance — that it was the flying rack which swept forward in advance of the storm; that it was but the expression of a popular desire to see Southern institutions overthrown, even at the expense of the destruction of Southern society. The fact that Brown and his supporters and instigators had wholly mistaken the temper of the slaves, was to their view no reason why we should neglect preparation for the bursting of the tempest whose muttering thunders were heard in the shouts with which a Boston audience received Emerson's declaration that "John Brown had made the gallows more glorious than the Cross," and whose first drops were seen in the blood of Turner and the other victims of that piratical experiment. In November, 1859, about one hundred of the young men of Lynchburg united to form a volunteer company, and unanimously invited GARLAND to take the captaincy of it. He accepted the call, and the Lynchburg "Home Guard" was organized. With his usual assiduity, thoroughness, and attention to details, Captain GARLAND, himself a thorough master of the drill, soon made his company one of the finest in the State.

Soon after the reorganization of the Home Guard, three other companies were formed in Lynchburg — the "Rifle Greys," under Captain Maurice S. Langhorne, the Latham Battery, Captain H. Grey Latham, and the "Wise Troop," commanded by Captain, subsequently General, Carleton Radford.

No event of special interest in the life of General GARLAND occurred from this time until the fall of 1860. He then became a communicant of the Episcopal Church, and ever afterward, by the increasing ripeness of his Christian character and the growing earnestness of his aims, showed that the step was one taken upon deep conviction, and a genuine work of grace.

Immediately after the passage by the Virginia Convention of

the Ordinance of Secession (which by the way, though offered by Mr. James C. Bruce, of Halifax, was drawn by Charles R. Slaughter, Esq., of Lynchburg, the first cousin of General GARLAND, and his senior law-partner), orders were sent by Governor Letcher to the captains of the Lynchburg volunteer companies to hold their commands in readiness for orders to the field. In the busy preparation which ensued, Captain GARLAND was unsparing of labor and pains to provide his company with proper equipment for active duty. On the 22d April, 1861, orders were received for the companies to report at Richmond, and on the morning of the 23d they set out. On their arrival at Richmond, Captain GARLAND'S company was quartered for a few days in the Monument Hotel, and then moved to the Camp of Instruction, which had just been established at the Fair Grounds. In a few days Captain GARLAND was promoted to a majority, and put in charge of four companies. On the 9th May he proceeded with these to Manassas Junction, where some companies recently formed in Alexandria, under Captain Thornton Triplett and Dr. Cornelius Boyle, were already stationed. GARLAND being the ranking officer, was the commandant of the post for some two weeks, and formed the first regular encampment upon a spot since become historic. He also erected there the first field-work in a country afterwards furrowed by the lines of opposing armies. As troops arrived at Manassas and army organization progressed, in a few weeks the 11th Virginia Regiment was formed, and GARLAND, who already had a Colonel's commission, was assigned to command it. It was composed of four companies from Lynchburg — the Rifle Greys, Captain Langhorne, Company A; the Beauregards, Captain Winfree, Company E; the Home Guard, Captain Otey, Company G, and the Jeff. Davis Guards, Captain Hutter, Company H; two from Campbell county, Captain Clement, Company C, and Captain Saunders, Company B; two from Botetourt, Captain Houston, Company H, and Captain ————, Company K; and one from Fauquier, Captain Jamison, Company I. The organization of the regiment was completed by the assignment of Lieutenant-Colonel David Funsten, and Major Carter Harrison; J. Lawrence Meem, Adjutant, and Rev. J. C. Granberry, Chaplain.

The 11th was brigaded, shortly after its organization, with the 1st, Colonel Moore; 7th, Colonel Kemper; and 17th, Colonel

Corse, and General James Longstreet assigned as Brigadier-General. This brigade, which retained its organization to the end of the war, has the distinction, either by coincidence or merit, of having furnished, not to say *made*, three Lieutenant-Generals for the Army of Northern Virginia. It was commanded successively by Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill, as Brigadiers.

Colonel GARLAND and the 11th bore a part in the first collision upon the line in Northern Virginia, in the affair of the 18th of July at Bull Run. The whole regiment, however, was not actually engaged, though for some hours under fire. The Federals made at one time a strong effort to force the passage of the ford, at the point held by the 1st Regiment, which requiring some support, General Longstreet directed Colonel GARLAND to detach and send in four of his companies under Major Harrison. They went in handsomely, under the lead of the gallant Harrison, and suffered considerable loss. Major Harrison fell at their head, shot through the body, and with an arm shattered. He died on the next day.

On the 21st of July, Colonel GARLAND'S regiment was not engaged, nor any part of General Longstreet's brigade. They held the line of Bull Run for half a mile below the road from Manassas to Centreville, including the ground contested in the affair of the 18th, and throughout the day were shelled incessantly by a strong detachment of artillery posted on the hills towards Centreville. In the afternoon, when news of the rout of the Federal army at the Stone Bridge was received, the whole brigade was moved forward towards Centreville, to within a mile of the village, and still nearer the Warrenton turnpike, along which the wreck of McDowell's army was hurrying; but the advance, which was general along the whole right, consisting of Bonham's, Longstreet's, Jones's, and Ewell's brigades, was at that point unaccountably arrested, and at sunset these troops were drawn back to their original position behind Bull Run. The next morning at an early hour, Colonel GARLAND received orders to proceed with his regiment to the turnpike between Centreville and the Stone Bridge, and collect the spoil left by the flying enemy. This was done in a heavy rain which lasted all day and the following night. For about two weeks Longstreet's Brigade was encamped at Centreville. Thence it was moved down to Fairfax Court-House, where it remained until October, when

General Johnston moved back his army to the fortified lines about Centreville, where the army went into winter-quarters. About this time Longstreet was made Major-General, and Ewell was commissioned Brigadier-General, and assigned to this brigade. The 11th remained quietly in camp, drilling and taking its turn of picket duty at the point, until the 20th December. On that day General J. E. B. Stuart, with the 1st Kentucky, 10th Alabama, 6th South Carolina, and 11th Virginia regiments, Cutts's Battery, and a squadron of cavalry, made his unfortunate demonstration upon Drainsville, in which the force under his command was roughly handled by a greatly superior force of the enemy. The 11th, which suffered least, and indeed did not fire a musket, lost four men killed and fifteen to twenty wounded. The other regiments suffered much more severely. Stuart withdrew the centre and left of his line and the guns of Cutts's Battery, the horses of which were so disabled as to be unable to move the guns, and he was so occupied with this object that he neglected to send Colonel GARLAND orders to retire. He held his regiment in position until the rest of the detachment were entirely clear of the field, when he sent word to General Stuart that he was still in line, in his original position, and received orders to withdraw and bring up the rear. There was no pursuit. The remainder of the winter was spent in camp.

In October, 1861, General T. J. Jackson, then a Brigadier-General, received orders to proceed at once to the Valley and assume command. The orders were brought to him by Colonel Angus McDonald. Colonel GARLAND went to take leave of his old teacher and friend, who with characteristic promptness was preparing for an immediate departure to his new post of duty. Colonel McDonald was very solicitous about the defence of the Valley, and was at General Jackson's tent. He inquired, "General, what force do you take with you?" "No *physical* force, sir, except my staff," was the quiet reply — an answer which without ostentation implied to those who knew him, as the world did not learn to do until the following spring, the quiet consciousness of moral power and military genius. Colonel GARLAND, in narrating this incident at the time and afterwards, declared that the reply of Jackson was manifestly without the least consciousness of the interpretation to which the emphasis of his language pointed.

Late in March, General Johnston broke up his camp at Centreville, and moved by Gordonsville and Richmond to the peninsula to confront McClellan there. At this time GARLAND'S regiment was one of the finest in the army. It was over nine hundred strong, having been greatly recruited under the operation of Governor Letcher's call for the State militia. The anxious care with which their Colonel attended to everything which tended to promote the health, well-being, and discipline of his command, bore its just fruit. The march from Manassas to Yorktown was toilsome, and the troops reached General Magruder's lines weary, but in good spirits. The sudden determination of General Johnston to evacuate the peninsula in a few days placed the army again upon the road, and Longstreet's Division brought up the rear. In the battle of Williamsburg, in which Hooker* was punished for his temerity, the 11th bore its share and suffered considerable loss. Colonel GARLAND received a painful wound by a ball through the elbow, but kept his place on the field until the fighting was over. About this time General G. W. Randolph, Secretary of War, recommended General GARLAND for promotion, and he was commissioned Brigadier-General, being nominated and confirmed along with Generals Kemper, Armistead, and Pryor. After the retreat of General J. E. Johnston to the neighborhood of Richmond, General GARLAND for a time was relieved from duty on account of his wound. But his absence from the field was brief. A brigade was assigned to him, consisting of four North Carolina regiments.

This brigade he commanded until his death. It formed a part of the Division of General D. H. Hill, and participated under the lead of General GARLAND in the battle of Seven Pines, the battles around Richmond, especially that of Gaines' Mill, on the 26th day of June, 1862, and in the second battle of Manassas, August 30th of the same year. In the invasion of Maryland, which followed the defeat of General Pope, GARLAND'S Brigade was the van of Lee's army and the first to cross the Potomac. To narrate the part taken by General GARLAND and his command in these operations would exceed the limits assigned by the plan of this work. It was such as to win the unqualified approbation of his

*Dr. Cullen, the chief medical officer of Longstreet's Division, remained with the wounded when the Division continued the retreat. General McClellan said to him, "Tell 'Pete'" (Longstreet's sobriquet at West Point, when he and General McClellan were fellow-students) "that this was Hooker's fight, not mine."

superiors, and would undoubtedly have secured his early promotion to the command of a Division.

While General Jackson was reducing Harper's Ferry, the other half of Lee's army was falling back before McClellan in the direction of Sharpsburg, Hill's Division bringing up the rear. On the night of Sept. 13th, they bivouacked on the western side of the mountain near Boonsboro', GARLAND'S Brigade holding the pass. Early in the morning of the 14th, the Federals attacked General GARLAND in great force. During the night they had gained position upon the heights which overlooked the road, by paths which had been reported to General Hill as impracticable, and GARLAND'S Brigade, attacked by overwhelming numbers in front and on the flank, gave way. Their gallant commander rallied them, and well knowing the importance of holding the enemy in check, advanced at their head to endeavor to effect that result, when he fell shot through the body. "Thus," says a comrade writing of his fall, "in his twelfth battle the young hero fell, only thirty-one years of age, but full of honors, and with higher promotion just within his grasp. His last words were characteristic; with that cool self-possession which never forsook him, as he closed his eyes forever he said, 'I am killed — send for the senior colonel and tell him to take command.'" His remains were taken at once to Lynchburg, where, on the afternoon of the 19th of September, they were carried to the tomb attended by the greater part of the population. The citizens, in compliance with a resolution of the Common Council, closed their places of business, and that body, of which he had been for years an active and useful member, attended his funeral, and placed upon their journal resolutions expressing their sense of his merit and their loss.

Thus perished, in the flower of his age, one of the ablest, most accomplished, and amiable of the many sons Virginia laid upon the altar of Southern independence.

THOMAS J. RANDOLPH, JR.,

Sergeant, Co. A, 19th Virginia Infantry.

Of the many gallant soldiers enrolled in Pickett's immortal Division, there is not one who deserves a more honorable mention

than THOMAS J. RANDOLPH, JR. He was born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, June 22d, 1840. His parents, Thomas J. Randolph, Sr., and Mary A. Pettway, are natives of Sussex county, Virginia, where they were married December 22d, 1822. In the year 1829, they removed to Vicksburg, where they still reside. For many years anterior to the war, Mr. Randolph, Sr., held the office of Assessor and Collector of Taxes, and since the war that of Mayor.

The boyhood of young RANDOLPH was spent in Vicksburg, and there he received his early education. In 1857 he entered the University of Virginia, where he was still a student when hostilities commenced. He had graduated in the school of Moral Philosophy and in Junior Law, and by his genial and kind disposition, his intelligence, and his high sense of honor, he had made for himself a name that is still remembered by his preceptors and a large circle of college friends.

Before it was publicly known that the State of Virginia had passed her Ordinance of Secession, volunteer troops were hurried forward to Harper's Ferry to secure that place and the valuable arsenal located there. Among those troops were two companies from the University of Virginia, and two from the town of Charlottesville, which, moving together, and being composed of men and officers well acquainted with each other, were subsequently organized into a battalion under Colonel G. W. Carr, an old army officer, and became fast friends during that short campaign. Young RANDOLPH went as a private in one of the University companies, and remained with his command until it returned and was disbanded. Very soon after this, troops began to move forward to Manassas. The young men who had composed the University companies returned to their respective homes to assume, in volunteer companies, the commissions to which they were so well entitled by their intelligence and proficiency in military tactics. RANDOLPH might have followed their example by returning to his home in Mississippi, and there securing, as he could easily have done, a commission in some of the regiments of that State. The idea no doubt frequently occurred to him, but it received not the sanction of his ardent patriotism. It was a long way from Virginia to Mississippi; the trip thither and back, with the delay attending the organization of new regiments, would probably delay his entering service until the coming fall or winter. He was already in Virginia; her soil was reverberating to the tramp of

armed legions of Northern soldiers who were hurrying across her borders; here in Virginia, and that at an early hour, was the first great battle to be waged between the contending armies. RANDOLPH did not hesitate a moment. He at once shouldered his musket, slung his knapsack, and started for Culpeper Court House, to enlist as a private in Captain Mallory's Company from Charlottesville, afterwards well known and distinguished as Company A of the 19th Virginia Infantry, in which he had many friends amongst the officers and men.

From Culpeper his regiment moved to Manassas; and while encamped there, preceding the battle, it was brigaded with the 18th and 28th Virginia regiments, under the command of Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cocke. General Cocke requiring an aide, Private RANDOLPH was suggested for the place, to which he was appointed, and upon the duties of which he immediately entered. While acting as aide to General Cocke, the battle of Manassas was fought, and it was during the height and uncertain issue of that battle that Lieutenant RANDOLPH rendered such valuable assistance to General Beauregard that the General made honorable mention of him in his official report.

The position of Lieutenant RANDOLPH on General Cocke's staff was in some respects an unpleasant one. Being simply detailed as aide, and holding no commission, the other members of the staff were inclined to put such services upon him as he did not think consistent with the position he was occupying. Something of the kind happening one morning, RANDOLPH'S spirit was aroused, and he asked to be permitted to return to his regiment rather than submit to such indignities. No apology or remonstrance could avail; RANDOLPH quitted "headquarters," and became again a private in Company A, and remained with his command until he was killed.

The writer was with RANDOLPH during the early part of the war, and had every opportunity of forming an estimate of his services in the field and his deportment in camp. There was no member of that regiment who more faithfully discharged his duties, none more beloved of all than he. In the very hottest of battle he was cool and determined. At Williamsburg, in the midst of a terrible musketry fire, Private Jarman, of Captain Winn's Company, from Albemarle (whose position was next in line on the right of Company A), found that his musket had become unser-

viceable from the heat resulting from its repeated discharges. RANDOLPH and Jarman attempted to remedy the evil, and in the effort both their muskets were disabled. Captain Carter, than whom a better officer never lived, told the writer that in passing along his Company line he came across Jarman and RANDOLPH lying behind a small log, laughing immoderately at their disabled condition, as though utterly indifferent to the hail of balls that was falling around them. Very soon the line was ordered to charge the enemy (Sickles's Excelsior Brigade) and take a battery that had annoyed our troops. The brigade charged and carried the battery. Alexander Hoffman and RANDOLPH, both of Company A, were the first to reach it; and passing around the guns, one on the left and the other on the right side, they met, shook hands, and gave a rousing cheer for the 19th Regiment. At that moment Hoffman was shot, and while being carried by RANDOLPH to the rear, he died before he had been moved a dozen paces.

At the battle of Seven Pines Captain Culin was very badly wounded, and RANDOLPH carried him from the field under a hot fire, and saw him safely in the Richmond hospital. Wearied out and sick, he was himself then sent to Charlottesville to recover his health. His absence prevented his participating in the Seven Days' fight around Richmond. He rejoined his command at Gordonsville in June, while it was on the march to Maryland, and was actively engaged in all the battles of that campaign. While the army was lying at Hagerstown, RANDOLPH, who had then been made Sergeant of his Company, was very frequently at the quarters of the writer; and though always unwavering in his devotion to the cause for which we were struggling, he had begun justly to complain of the disappointments he had suffered in not receiving a commission, to which he thought himself so fully entitled, while young and inexperienced men were being put on commission through the influence of friends in high quarters. He very properly thought that if he had gone to Mississippi instead of joining a Virginia regiment as only a private, he would long before have received his commission. The very morning of the battle of Boonsboro' Gap, in which he was killed, he had prepared a letter of application to the Secretary of War, asking for promotion. That letter was never sent, and was probably buried with him on the field of battle.

The army moved forward towards South Mountain, on a rapid march from Hagerstown, to seize the gaps and prevent McClellan from crossing his troops. The march was a long and fatiguing one: our troops were badly shod, and suffered much from the gravelled roads they traversed: RANDOLPH was nearly destitute of shoes, and as a last resort he had put on a pair of thin low-quarter shoes (the remaining vestige of better times at College). He became so lame from the march that the Surgeon ordered him into an ambulance. Just before the battle, Sergeant Perley, who had completely broken down and was sick, was brought to the ambulance in which RANDOLPH lay, and a place sought for him. The ambulance was too crowded to admit him, but, with a spirit of self-sacrifice that ever characterized him, Sergeant RANDOLPH gave Perley his place, took Perley's musket, and fell into the ranks with his comrades. In less than an hour he lay dead on the field of battle.

The brigade had reached the summit of the mountain, and was hurrying by the right flank to the support of Kemper's Brigade. As it moved across an open field the enemy's batteries heavily shelled it; a fragment of shell struck Sergeant RANDOLPH in the mouth, and he fell dead. His comrades had not a moment to stop to look to him, but many a one, as he passed him lying dead there, exclaimed in feelings of tenderest sympathy, "Poor TOM RANDOLPH, the best and bravest of our regiment, is gone at last!"

His remains were never recovered. Our troops were too hotly engaged to the very moment of retreat to be able to look after the dead and wounded. And TOM RANDOLPH, and many others of the bravest and truest men of the 19th Virginia Infantry, were left dead and wounded, to be cared for and buried by the Federal army.

NIMROD BRANHAM HAMNER,

Private, Company B, 19th Virginia Infantry.

Dr. Wyatt W. Hamner was born in Appomattox county, Virginia, October 16th, 1818. In 1841 he graduated in Medicine at

the University of Virginia, and soon after was married to Jane M., daughter of Nimrod Branham, Esq., whose residence was in sight of the University. NIMROD BRANHAM HAMNER, the second son of this marriage, was born at his grandfather's on the 16th of August, 1844.

He showed when a child an analytical turn of mind, and always destroyed his playthings, pulling them to pieces to see how they were made. In his fifth year he was put under the charge of his uncle, Rev. John C. Hamner, then a teacher in Appomattox county, and before he was twelve he began the study of Latin. In 1858 Dr. Hamner removed to the University and took charge of one of the college hotels; and "B." (as he was familiarly called) was allowed to matriculate as a student when he was only fourteen, that he might remain with his parents. Of course he could take nothing but the junior classes; yet in his second session he was distinguished at both examinations of the senior Latin class, and the year after he received diplomas in Latin and French, and distinctions on the intermediate course of Mathematics.

In the spring of 1861 — just at the time when he was beginning to study most profitably — he joined the "University Volunteers," under Captain Crane, and set out for the Kanawha Valley to do service with the Wise Legion.

It was not the sheer recklessness of youth, nor the simple fire of his age, that led him from the quiet shades of college and from the home of his parents. It was the sense of duty that changed the student into a soldier. From Gauley Bridge he wrote to his mother:—"Do not think I have forgotten you. Often at night, when I pace to and fro my lonely sentinel's path, my thoughts irresistibly wander to my dear home, and dwell at last on those I love best. And when I lie down at night, it is to think of them. But however pleasant it might be to return home, or stay there, no true Virginian, whatever his age, would consent to be inactive when the soil of his native State is invaded."

On the eve of starting off with his company, he went to Charlottesville to get his uniform, which had been previously ordered. A package marked "B. Hamner" was handed him, and he proceeded at once to invest himself with the army dress. But he had no sooner done so than he discovered something was wrong. He was tall and spare, while the uniform was evidently for a person of low and stout build. A pleasant conversation followed, dis-

closing the fact, scarce noticed by the tailor until then, that two suits had been prepared and laid aside with the same label, the initial standing in one case for "Branham," in the other for "Benjamin;" and the owners, unknown to each other, were members of the same company. The next day the two Hamners met and became acquainted, found that they were distantly related, and formed an attachment for each other which, moulding the life of each, was terminated only in death.

On the 4th of July the University Volunteers started for Western Virginia. There "B." remained, enduring the hard service of that campaign until the following November, when he was discharged on account of ill-health, and returned home. Re-entering the University during the same month, he betook himself to his studies again, and graduated at the intermediate examination on Senior Mathematics.

But the heart of the young man was not at ease; the sound of hostile feet, lately familiar to him, were reproduced in his ear, and in the quiet of his student life he seemed to hear still the voices of his comrades in their distant camps. He was longing for the field again, and chafing under the restraint, he became silent and dejected. Extracts from his diary indicate clearly his state of mind:—

"*April 20th*, 1862. Had a long talk with Pa to-day about going into service again. He made no positive objection, but advised me not to go; which advice, however, I think I must disregard. I may be killed, I may be wounded, I may die in the hospital, I may go through the war alive, yet I must go into the service. True, I am not eighteen; true, I am not perfectly healthy, and true, a good many things. But I see no pleasure at home now, when my country is invaded. I cannot study, and all my acquaintances are in the army."

His old company had some time since been disbanded, after being reduced to eleven; and Ben Hamner, now become his bosom friend, had joined Company B, 19th Virginia Regiment, Colonel John B. Strange, while the Army of Northern Virginia was in camp at Orange C. H., in the month of March, just previous to its march to Yorktown. In the battle of Williamsburg, on the 5th of May, he was shot in the head and killed instantly while charging the enemy. The following impassioned words, taken from the private diary of "B.," are a fitting tribute now to both the dead:—

"In the death of Ben Hamner the Church has lost one of its greatest ornaments, the South one of her bravest soldiers, Mrs. Hamner one of the best of sons, and I the best friend on earth. Ben, my dear Ben, my best friend, is gone — gone forever; no more shall I meet him here. But we shall meet in heaven; yes, we shall meet there."

The close of Ben's life was the turning point of "B.s" Going to his father, he said, "Pa, *I must go into the service.* Ben has fallen and his place is vacant. I will take his place and avenge his fall." On the 2d of June he went to Richmond and joined Company B, 19th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, and was in time for the battles that were to be fought so soon afterwards around that city. From this time until his death he participated in all the engagements of his regiment. Writing of one of those around Richmond, he says:—"When Colonel Strange brought us off, there were only six men in the regiment with him. He took down our names. I rode off the battle-field that night behind the color-sergeant." But the soldier, flushed with victory and telling of the triumphs in which he had borne an honorable part, had not forgotten the student; and the student who sits at the feet of a Professor and learns to reverence him as such, will ever after be proud to do him honor. And so, as though his heart rebuked his delay to speak of that old Roman, his teacher of Latin — nobler than they whose tongue he taught —"B" adds:—"I forgot to state that on Monday I was with Professor Coleman in the thickest of the fight. *He acted nobly.*" Many eulogies have been pronounced upon Colonel Lewis M. Coleman, but not many would have been valued more by him than those simple words of the Christian boy who had learned at his feet in times of peace, and who was now coming first to the altar of his country to lay down his life.

The writer has called young HAMNER a Christian; and this he has done not without reason and purpose. In a conversation with his father several years since, many interesting facts in connection with his searching for and finding the pearl of great price, were brought out in detail. But the recollection of these is now confused, and Dr. HAMNER himself, stricken with paralysis soon after the war closed, has passed away since the preparation of this work was begun. The evidences of his conversion were clear, and his life was in keeping with his profession. Among the last words in his diary, which he sealed up and gave to his mother

when he left for Richmond, with the request it should not be opened unless he was killed, are these:—"I know I will be subject to many and very trying temptations in camp, but with God's assistance I hope to withstand them. I must, I will . . . . for my Saviour's sake I will never desert the banner I have chosen."

From Richmond to Boonsboro' he shared the fortunes of the 19th Virginia. With it he made the severe march from Hagerstown to Boonsboro', or Turner's Gap, in the South Mountain. When the battle was over, and the troops withdrew during the night, he was not found among them. A letter written home shortly afterwards by his brother, William P. Hamner, said:—"I have not been able to hear anything definite from 'B.' He was very much complaining when we started on the march that morning, and did not keep up with us. But before we went into the fight, he got out of the ambulance and overtook us as we were going in; got a musket from some of the wounded who were coming out, borrowed cartridges from different members of the company, and would go with us. Lieutenant Shepherd and myself tried our best to get him to remain, but all in vain."

Nothing more was heard for a considerable time, and the anxious parents continued to hope for their boy, until one of his classmates, a son of Colonel J. Lucius Davis, of Richmond, sent them the following message—"He had met 'B.' in the thickest of the fight at Boonsboro'. He seemed very glad to see him, but said he had no time to talk then. Just as they separated, he was struck by a shell and killed instantly."

He had not, perhaps, a soldier's burial, but he is enshrined in the hearts of *his* countrymen. No martial cloak was thrown about him, but—*he was wrapped in the "robe of righteousness."*

Dr. THOMAS NEWTON,

Private, Company E, 6th Virginia Infantry.

Dr. Thomas Newton belonged to one of the oldest families of Virginia. He was the eldest son of George and Courtenaye T. Newton, and was born in Norfolk, February 2, 1816. After the usual preliminary education, he entered the University of Vir-

ginia in the fall of 1834, and during that session pursued the study of Ancient and Modern Languages, and Mathematics. Gessner Harrison, the successor of George Long as Professor of Ancient Languages, had then but fairly started on his great career as a philologian; and George Blaettermann and Charles Bonnycastle occupied, respectively, the chairs of Modern Languages and Mathematics. The following year Mr. NEWTON returned and took up the study of Medicine, under Professors Emmet, Magill, and Warner. From the University he went to the Pennsylvania Medical College at Philadelphia, where in 1837 he was graduated Doctor of Medicine.

He then made a visit to Europe, and spent two years there in prosecuting the study of his profession at Paris and in visiting places of interest on the Continent. Returning to America, he located in Philadelphia, where he had made many friends, and commenced the practice of medicine. He did not, however, continue his residence in that city long; impelled by the love of home, which probably distinguishes Virginians from other Americans, he returned after three years to Norfolk, where, in the possession of an ample fortune, he lived quietly, practicing only among the poor.

Dr. NEWTON was a warm advocate of the old Union, and he, in common with the majority of the gentlemen of Virginia, earnestly desired to preserve it, if it could be done consistently with the honor and welfare of the State. But when all efforts in that direction failed, he gave his whole heart to the cause of Virginia and approved of the act of secession.

He entered the military service in April, 1861, as volunteer A. D. C. to General Gwynn, who was then in command of the city of Norfolk, and in that capacity he was present at the bombardment of Sewell's Point. Upon the removal of General Gwynn he retired from the service. Soon afterwards, however, he was appointed Surgeon to the 6th Virginia Infantry, then stationed at the "Entrenched Camp," near Norfolk. After serving in that position for some time, and gaining the confidence of both officers and men in the regiment, a general order was issued which he considered unjust, and in consequence of which he resigned his commission and returned home.

In March, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the regiment which he had served as Surgeon. Few men have given higher proof of

their patriotism than did Dr. NEWTON by this single act:—he was beyond the age which renders one liable to military duty; his tastes had led him to retire, long ago, from public life; he owned a palatial residence and a handsome patrimonial estate, which, in case of necessity, he could have used the influence of Northern men to protect; moved by the simple love of country, under whose power he forgot the unjust discrimination of the Government against him as an officer, he left his home and his family and volunteered as a common soldier for the defence of his native land.

Upon the evacuation of Norfolk in the following May, the 6th Virginia moved to Petersburg, and thence to the neighborhood of Richmond, about the time of the first great battles around that city. At Malvern Hill the regiment was engaged and suffered severely. A few days after this battle it was stationed on James River to support the batteries of Drury's Bluff, and remained there until about the middle of August. During this period there was much sickness in the regiment; the Assistant-Surgeon died, the Surgeon left from disease, and the men were without medical attention. At the solicitation of the Colonel, Dr. NEWTON consented to act as Surgeon, but with the condition that he should resume his musket when the regiment went into the field. Many efforts were made to induce him to apply for the office which he had resigned; he was told it should be offered to him without his asking for it, if he would consent to accept it; but he persistently declined, saying that he had come to fight and not to practice medicine.

When Mahone's Brigade moved to Northern Virginia to aid in repelling Pope's advance, he took his place in the ranks again, and fought with his company at the second battle of Manassas. He shared the fatigues and dangers of the campaign into Maryland which followed after that great Confederate victory, and in the double battle of South Mountain — Turner's Gap or Boonsboro', and Crampton's Gap — his regiment being engaged at the latter place, he received a wound which ultimately proved fatal.

Along with several hundred others he fell into the hands of the enemy; but, being recognized by a General Officer of the Federal army as a valued friend of former days, he was at once paroled and removed to a neighboring farm-house, whither his family was summoned from Norfolk to attend him. Under their tender min-

istry, and with every want supplied by kind Maryland friends, he passed six months — months of terrible suffering, notwithstanding the kindness lavished upon him — which ended on the 13th of March in a death of peace and hope.

His remains were taken immediately to Norfolk for burial. That city was then under Federal authority, and, *in obedience to the request of the General Commanding*, no notice of his funeral was given by his friends. But the citizens were subjugated in person only; astonished and indignant at the evacuation of Norfolk, they had not ceased to deprecate the seeming necessity which dictated their surrender. Their hearts were with the Confederacy and the noble men who fought for it. Alone they prayed for it, together they communed about its successes and reverses. And so, without public notification, they knew of Dr. NEWTON'S funeral, and unbidden, they went to it *by thousands*, thus quietly testifying their respect for him as a citizen and their admiration of his unassuming heroism as a soldier.

CHARLES OGILVIE YOUNG, JR.,

Private, Company B, 30th Virginia Infantry.

The county of Spottsylvania — always noted for the intelligence and hospitality of its citizens — was rendered historic by the events of the war. Four times did the surging hostile hosts gather to battle within its limits: to Fredericksburg, with his proud legions Burnside came; to Chancellorsville, Hooker; and to the Wilderness and the Court-House, Grant, to wrestle with Lee and to turn back the dial of the ages. Four times did victory perch upon the standards of the South, but the shouts of triumph scarce anticipated the quickly following wails for the heroic men whom the country could ill afford to lose. There fell Cobb, Coleman, and Gregg; Jackson, Paxton, and Davidson; Jones, Jenkins, and Brown, Watson and Biscoe, and a thousand others, noble all, for whom a thousand hearts are broken still.

Its name, reminding no longer of its woodland slopes and tangled jungles, speaks eloquently, but sadly, of the shades of those who, having yielded up their lives on those fiery fields, now

sleep, shrouded in glory, upon the soil which their blood made sacred. It will be sung in story, it will be perpetuated in history, it will be invested in the purple colors of romance; but until the present generation shall have passed away, and their sorrows rest with them in the grave, that name will fall upon many an ear with a sad, funereal sound, summoning their thoughts away to the place

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

But the good old county is not worthy of mention merely because it is historic ground. It is indeed something to have been the scene of four great acts in this great drama, and to have borne the sacrifices necessitated by this fact; to have had its shattered forests cut away until the native did not know his familiar path, its growing fields ravaged and the garnered grain consumed by friend and foe until almost literally nothing remained; its hills and valleys studded thickly here and there with graves, until the whole might be fitly compared to one vast burying-ground. But if, in sacrifices like these, this section of the Commonwealth was distinguished above almost any other, it had also its full share in that loss which the country now feels most keenly — *the loss of its educated young men.*

Taking up at random a catalogue of the University showing the number of students of a single session, the writer found the names of twelve from Spottsylvania. The average yearly attendance, thus suggested, is probably a fair one, and justifies the reader in inferring — what was strictly true — that in the county there was no paucity of intellectual and cultivated men. It need not be said that these were not indifferent to the great question which the country referred to the arbitrament of the sword. "Noble in their ire," they espoused at once the cause of Virginia and the South, and went forth into the struggle.

It was not expected they would all return; and among those who came not back was the subject of this poor tribute.

CHARLES OGILVIE YOUNG, JR., was born in the county of Spottsylvania, November 8th, 1836. His family belongs to that class which Inspiration and Philosophy alike declare the happiest, and which, as a rule, supplies the world with efficient brain-power. His father, Charles O. Young, Sr., was of immediate Scotch descent, and illustrated in his life many of the finest traits of the

best type of Scotchmen. With a certain *brusquerie* of mann and curtness of expression which lent emphasis to his words ai kept his hearers always in a state of expectancy, he combined the sterling qualities of mind and heart that give force of characte He was a man whose integrity the people never questioned, ai in whose excellent judgment his neighbors had the utmost con dence. His views on most subjects were sharply defined and sharply expressed; and yet there was probably no one in tl community whose opinion carried more weight or whose approv gave more satisfaction. With ample means to carry out his liber views of education, he sent his sons, as they grew up, first to hig schools and then to the University.

His mother, Mrs. Lucinda Young, was a daughter of the Re John A. Billingsley, whose biography may be found in the *Vi ginia Baptist Ministers*, and whose memory is still beloved ai revered by the generation now passing away. Inheriting fro him much of his strength of character, she followed him also the constancy and beauty of her Christian life, the power of whic it is believed, was felt by her husband; for in his advanced yeai but not until her life was rounded with sleep, he publicly co fessed the truth of Christianity and submitted to the ordinanc of the Gospel.

CHARLES YOUNG, JR., was the third child of his parent Under their directing care he passed the years of his childhoc and youth, going to school on the week-days, as soon as he w old enough, and fishing or skating at his father's mill, or roamir over his plantation in quest of game, on Saturdays and holiday Going to school was no cross to him; for while he was in fu sympathy with nature, and enjoyed the freshness and buoyanc of country life, he was still more in love with books. When h was about thirteen years of age he was sent to Mr. John Hart, wh having then just taken the Master's Degree at the University established a classical school for boys in Mr. Young's neighbo hood. Mr. Hart, now Principal of the *Albemarle Female Insti tute*, has been engaged in teaching for twenty years. The follow ing from his pen will show how high an estimate he put upon hi pupil's abilities, and how lasting an impression his characte made upon him:—

"Of the forms and faces that rise to view when I recall th early years of my career as a teacher, none are more distinct tha

CHARLES YOUNG'S. A slender, pale-faced, blue-eyed, white-haired lad of thirteen, he entered the school with much of that mixture of modesty and confidence which often characterizes the mind of more than common power and refinement of sensibility. Diligence, in the true sense of the word, marked his entire four years' course with me. He worked not merely because his tasks were set him and he was ashamed to show deficiency, but he worked because he loved the work. Thus while he enjoyed the sports of a holiday with as keen a relish as any, he never availed himself of the slight pretexts for neglect of school-work that easily satisfy so many. His teacher always felt sure that, whatever might be true of others, CHARLES YOUNG'S exercises would be handed in at the appointed time, and his lessons would be ready when his class was called. This diligence, united with his talents, secured for him a steady progress in his studies equal to that of any other boy I have taught. Other boys I have known to learn more rapidly, more brilliantly perhaps, and more fitfully. The leading characteristics of YOUNG'S mind were steadiness and accuracy, with a general neatness of action, reminding me much of the mental habits of the lamented Willoughby Tebbs. He could be relied on. If his teacher did not always get from him a fully satisfactory answer to a question, on the other hand he never got a wild one. It could be seen that he was working around the matter, and in such a way as to raise the expectation that soon he would work through it.

"I do not think it can be said that he had peculiar abilities in one direction rather than another, at least within the range of the subjects studied with me. I believe he might have achieved distinction in any of the callings of life, scientific, professional, or practical.

"On the moral side of his character, YOUNG was a boy to be admired and imitated. In truthfulness, manliness, regard for the rights of others, and a quiet dignity of bearing, I have not known his superior. Regardful of the rights of others, he was jealous of his own; never allowing himself to bully a smaller boy, neither did he allow himself to be bullied by a larger one. He carried into the service of his country the same calm and self-poised spirit, the same steady and unflinching courage, that had been conspicuous in his boyhood. A truthful, modest, manly boyhood never expanded into a truer, braver, nobler manhood."

It was at this school that the writer first knew CHARLES YOUNG, and he can truly say that his teacher did not hold him in higher esteem than did his associates in the class-room. His character, which is most difficult to portray, won alike and at once upon all. His ability and industry as a student commanded their respect; his manly bearing, free from pretentiousness or affectation, provoked their admiration; while his good fellowship in play-hours made him a general favorite. His popularity was increased by his blunt, caustic wit, which, however, carried no malice with it. It is not remembered that he ever had a quarrel of his own provoking, but if one were pressed upon him he did not shrink from it. He possessed in a wonderful degree what may be called *irony of manner*, but this he kept as a sort of reserve force. If a boy misbehaved, he would *ignore him*, sometimes for days; and he who had once undergone such a punishment, silent but sharp and severe, was usually careful not to provoke its repetition.

From this school YOUNG went in October, 1854, to the University of Virginia, whither several of his school-fellows had preceded him. It was his father's wish that he should pursue leisurely and thoroughly the full academic course. In pursuance of this plan he spent four years there, taking always a good ticket, and always maintaining the reputation of a talented student. His room-mates during these successive years were all brothers; first, Wilson S. Newman, who gave up his life at Winchester, in 1864; then Richard H. Newman, who died soon after leaving college; and lastly, J. Stanley Newman, at present engaged in teaching in the South.

For several sessions the writer was again intimately associated with YOUNG at college. Belonging as we did to families closely connected, though not akin, coming from the same school and county, knowing the same home-people, pursuing the same studies, and above all, entertaining for each other a mutual regard and affection, our intercourse, as was natural, was as free and our conversation as unguarded as that of brothers. Almost no day passed that one of us was not in the other's room. We often studied together, in several classes we sat side by side throughout the session; we walked together, and together went frequently to chapel and church. In all the relations of student-life we were closely drawn together: and of the large acquaintance I then had at the

University, there was no one whose character grew more upon me, no one whose respect I would have more gladly possessed, no one by whose friendship I would have felt myself more honored.

At the session of 1858–59 CHARLES YOUNG was a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, having already graduated on all the schools requisite for it except Chemistry and Moral Philosophy. These, it is well known, present little difficulty to a good student who is not pressed with other work. At the intermediate examinations he passed satisfactorily on these two subjects, and would without doubt have received diplomas on them if he had continued in his classes until the end of the session. But in the review-examinations, which as a candidate for the highest degree he was required to stand, he believed himself to be unjustly treated either by the Faculty or by some member of it, and consequently he withdrew at once from the University and went to his home in Spottsylvania.

Mention has been made of his room-mates. These were the sons of James Newman, Esq., of Orange county. It would be difficult to say which one of the three had the highest appreciation of YOUNG'S character and abilities. They concurred in recommending him to their father, and that gentleman engaged him to prepare his younger sons for college. For nearly two years he lived in Mr. Newman's family, and won upon the father as he had done upon the sons. In a letter now before me, and dated "Hilton, January 20th, 1870," Mr. Newman thus speaks of him:— "During his residence with me, I found Mr. YOUNG eminently worthy of the high encomiums bestowed by his old school-fellows. High-toned, modest, and unassuming, with a high order of talent and a mind vigorous and cultivated, energetic and conscientious, he entirely won my confidence, and I became attached to him as a friend and as an admirer of his frankness and nobleness of character. I have ever regarded him as a young gentleman of high promise, destined to attain a high position in society and in the confidence of his countrymen. His brief career of usefulness has been permanently arrested, along with many of his noblest friends; but he and they are spared the pain of witnessing the oppression and humiliation of their country, in whose defence they gallantly offered up their youthful lives."

On the 15th of November, 1860, while still teaching at Mr. Newman's, he was married to Mary Champe, daughter of Henry

Willis, Esq., of Orange county. Before, however, the acad session expired, war was upon us, and CHARLES YOUNG at entered the service.

On the 11th of July, 1861, he volunteered as a private in C pany B, Captain R. S. Chew, of the 30th Virginia Infa Colonel R. Milton Carey commanding. The regiment was tioned at Acquia Creek, on the Potomac, until February 1 When the first battle of Manassas was fought, it made a fo march to that place on Sunday, but arrived too late to take in the action.

From Acquia Creek the 30th Virginia moved with Holt brigade to Goldsboro', N. C., and soon afterwards General Ho was appointed to the command of the department of North C lina. CHARLES YOUNG was then detailed as clerk at headq ters. When Holmes was transferred to the Trans-Missis department, and D. H. Hill succeeded him, YOUNG conti with General Hill in the same capacity.

When, however, his regiment went to battle, he took up musket and went with it. On the way to Maryland, after Richmond battles, he marched by the home of his childhood spent one night with his parents. He had not seen them for s months: he never saw them again! Thence he went on to A marle, whither his wife had fled from the threats of Pope, spent a single night with her and the little girl, whom, in h of both parents, they had named Mary Ogilvie. It was the ond and last time he saw his child. His wife urged hin remain, if only a single day, with her, but he said, "No: it his duty to go on, and he was willing to endure separation and l ship if he might only return and enjoy the blessings of peace

No man, perhaps, during all the war, exhibited a nobler pat ism than did he in this instance. The life of a soldier was ut distasteful to him: he was devoted to his little family; men taking advantage constantly of the movement of the troops to al themselves from their commands, and he might have done so the utmost impunity. But it would have been out of char for him to do this, and he could not entertain the thought.

After the battle of Sharpsburg he was stricken with di which terminated in typhoid fever. He started home, but reached Winchester, where for nearly three weeks he was delir and without a friend who knew him. His wife and bro

finally found him, and every appliance was used for his recovery, but in vain. He lived two weeks longer, and in his last days was perfectly rational. He died on the 2d of November, 1862, and, as is said, with a peaceful trust in the Son of God. He had never lacked but this *one thing*—*Christianity*.

Thus, in an humble sphere, which his own worth was sufficient to dignify, passed away one of the flower of the Southern race. It was many weeks, perhaps months, ere the tidings of his death reached me. Even then the news came too soon, with its heavy grief, the weight of which is not yet gone. Thinking to keep his name a household word and to put honor on my little daughter, I called her Alice Ogilvie; but she, bright cherub, bright and beautiful as "my gentle peer" whose name she bore, snatched away like him ere half enough of her was seen, left our home desolate indeed. Henceforth that name, like a two-edged sword, pierces the heart with a double sorrow:—a Christian ought rather to say, with a two-fold cord it draws the soul to God.

DAVID R. BARTON.

Lieutenant, Cutshaw's Battery.

The blood of one of the greatest of American jurists and of one of the profoundest of American philosophers meets in the veins of the soldier whose life it is the purpose of the present writing to commemorate; a life which many of the best virtues too of John Marshall and David Rittenhouse combined to illustrate.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE BARTON was born in Winchester, Virginia, on the 27th September, 1837. His father, David Walker Barton, who died in July, 1863, was for thirty-five years senior partner of the well-known law firm of Barton & Williams. He was the youngest and last surviving child of Richard P. Barton of Frederick County, and grandson of the Rev. Thomas Barton, a clergyman of the English Church, who settled in Pennsylvania and married a sister of the celebrated David Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia. The Rev. Thomas Barton was a native of Monaghan County, Ireland, whither his ancestors had removed from England

during the persecution of the Royalists in Cromwell's time. He was a graduate of the University of Dublin. The mother of the subject of this notice, who still survives, was the second child of Wm. Strother Jones, Senior, of Vaucluse, in the County of Frederick. Her mother was a daughter of Charles Marshall, of Fauquier, brother to the Chief Justice. Her paternal grandfather was a captain in the Revolution of 1776, and son to Gabriel Jones, an eminent lawyer of Rockingham.*

DAVID'S earlier school days were spent at the time-honored Winchester Academy. At the age of seventeen he was thence transferred for two sessions to the Episcopal High School of Virginia, near Alexandria, then under the rectorship of the Rev. John P. McGuire. During his second session here he became a communicant of the Church.

In October, 1856, he entered the University of Virginia. After pursuing his studies there without interruption for two years he spent a session teaching near Baltimore, in the family of J. T. B. Dorsey, Esq., a son-in-law of Senator Mason, of Virginia. Returning to the University in 1859, the opening of the war found him in the midst of his fourth session. Though prevented from standing the final examinations of 1861, the degrees he had previously attained in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy and Latin satisfactorily attest his fidelity as a student. The sterling qualities that had marked him at school were equally conspicuous at college. As a Christian he was devout and consistent, and, as a zealous member of the Christian Association, was ever disposed as best he could to advance the cause of religion. He was also a member of the Washington Literary Society — at one time Magazine Editor in its behalf,— of the Epsilon Alpha Fraternity, and of the "Southern Guard" (Captain E. S. Hutter, of Lynchburg), a military company of students. With the Southern Guard he went a few days after the Secession of Virginia to Harper's Ferry, where he remained throughout the short period of service required of that organization.

In June, 1861, he became a member of the Rockbridge Artillery, then commanded by Captain (afterwards Brigadier-General) Wm. N. Pendleton, D. D., and attached to the Stonewall (Jackson's)

* The bereavements sustained by this lady since the beginning of the war are grievous indeed, and well deserve the sympathy which has been so widely felt for her. Three sons, a brother (Major Frank B. Jones, 2d Virginia Infantry) and a son-in-law (Colonel Thomas Marshall, 7th Virginia Cavalry) have fallen in battle; while her husband, three grown daughters, an adopted daughter and another son-in-law have died of disease.

Brigade. Its subsequent commanders were Captain (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) Wm. McLaughlin, Captain (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) Wm. T. Poague and Captain Archibald Graham. There was not probably in the service any company more justly celebrated than the Rockbridge Artillery. Nearly every quarter of Virginia as of the South, and all of the learned professions were represented on its rolls. At one time, shortly after Barton joined it, nearly if not quite half its members had been at college, and no small proportion were graduates, four University Masters of Arts among others. Its services on many a hard-fought field, added to the esteem in which it is known to have been held by Jackson and other eminent commanding officers, sufficiently attest its fighting qualities. Of the hundreds that first and last composed it scores received commissions, and scarcely any branch of the service was without representatives from its ranks. No company in the army possessed for BARTON so many attractive associations, a consideration which always materially diminished his great natural distaste for the service. He was ever one of its most valued members.

At the time he enlisted his command formed part of the army of General Jos. E. Johnston, then near Martinsburg. On the 2d July he was for the first time in action, and shared the honor of manning the only piece of artillery employed in Jackson's brilliant repulse of Patterson at Falling Waters — the first ever fired in defence of his native Valley. At Manassas, on the 21st of the same month, he was again engaged, his battery bearing no mean part in that memorable victory. The rest of his military career sorted well with this beginning. For fourteen months in the ranks, through all the varied experience of a constant follower of Jackson, in almost his every battle, through many hundred miles of marching in mountain snows and lowland sands, "in journeyings often . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst," he served the cause and country he loved so well.

In August, 1862, the advancement he well deserved was tendered him in the shape of a lieutenancy in Cutshaw's Battery (subsequently merged into Carpenter's) from his own county. The vacancy he was elected to fill had been occasioned by the death of his eldest brother (Lieutenant Charles Marshall Barton) in the battle of Winchester on the 25th of the previous May. The office

was gratefully accepted. In the steadfast discharge of the duties thus assumed he continued to the end. After an active participation in the work of the bloody week at Manassas, and of the Maryland campaign, he found himself again a member of the army about Winchester, and during the few weeks that elapsed before the march to Fredericksburg, was once more allowed occasional intercourse with his beloved family circle.

After harmlessly facing each other for months on either side of the upper Potomac the opposing armies of Lee and the enemy removed to like relative positions on the banks of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. Here early in December it became manifest a great conflict was imminent. In a letter written on the 10th the subject of this notice expressed a conviction to that effect, together with the most confident anticipation of Confederate success. Two days later, while intimating a like opinion to a brother officer, he expressed a further conviction that he should not survive the impending engagement.

The day which was to achieve such glory for his country's arms and to live forever in her annals at last arrived, and, under the direction of his superior officer, he placed his section in position. At an early period of the battle and while aiding his brave cannoneers in rolling up one of the guns after the recoil of firing — itself a fitting type of his uniform zeal and efficiency in action — he fell unconscious, mortally wounded in the head. His brother, Lieutenant W. Strother Barton, of the 2d Virginia Infantry, whose command was near, assisted in bearing his bleeding form to the rear. Death ensued in fifteen minutes. The breath had scarcely left his body when an unexpected advance of the enemy making further removal impracticable, it was committed to the earth by the weeping brother, who, from the loss of a leg at Mine Run, himself now fills a soldier's grave. The place of this hasty interment was subsequently marked and inclosed, but, after a protracted occupation of the locality by Federal troops during the following year, no trace of it could be discovered. The sole earthly memorial of him that lay there is now in the hearts of those that loved and survive him. Among such the present writer — an intimate friend before and an immediate comrade during the war — is to be classed.

As these limits forbid a fuller delineation of the character which is thus its own sole monument, a few leading traits only will

be noticed. Of these there was from his earliest years none more marked than his deep hatred of injustice and oppression, a feeling which created in him a peculiar devotion to the cause of his country, and made out of one whose previous pursuits least fitted him for it a brave and enthusiastic soldier. That he was thus in earnest the world will ask no better evidence than the seal he has set to his devotion; those who knew him are not thereby better convinced of it than before. His ardent and generous impulses, cheerful temper and affectionate disposition, added to a singular uprightness and integrity of character, secured for him in no ordinary degree the love and confidence of his friends and the respect of all. His piety was earnest and unaffected, and it had been for years his purpose to seek holy orders. A faithful soldier of the Cross as of the Confederacy, his life while exposed to the trials and dangers of war was "the path of the just," which "is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The full fruition of that perfect day and the higher ministry of heaven are now his exceeding great reward.

RANDOLPH FAIRFAX,

Private, Rockbridge Artillery.

Few of those who fell in the Confederate War can claim so long a descent as he whose name heads this page. For eight centuries the family of Fairfax has been known in Great Britain and America; a family, as an English writer has fitly said, "whose members distinguished themselves in so many different paths and served their country in so many different capacities — in the council, in the camp, on the bench and in the Church" as to enjoy an honourable eminence. However deservedly prominent some of his ancestors may have been it is believed none of them would have blushed to own the youthful scion of their race — the subject of the present sketch — for whom it was reserved in an obscure yet noble sphere to illustrate in our day and country the hereditary virtues of his house.*

*The following outline of the history of the family is compiled from the *Fairfax Correspondence*, edited by Geo. W. Johnson, Esq., Barrister at Law. London. 1848. [4 vols. 8vo.]

The name is Saxon, *Fairfax* meaning "fair hair." At or before the Conquest the family was seated in Northumberland, though subsequently established in York-

RANDOLPH FAIRFAX, born in Alexandria, Virginia, on the 23d of November, 1842, was the second son of Doctor Orlando Fairfax, who is the third son of Thomas Fairfax, the ninth inheritor of the title of Lord Fairfax. His mother is a daughter of Jefferson Cary and Virginia Randolph, and niece to Thomas Mann Randolph, sometime Governor of Virginia.

The personal beauty which distinguished him in later years was observable from the first, though perhaps never so conspicuous as after he became a soldier. There seems to have been at least as close a resemblance between his moral traits as child and man. He was gentle in temper and manners and conscientious in conduct, yet then, as afterwards, free from all cant. His playmates loved him because he "never got angry and always played fair," nor was any among them fonder of play or more excellent in athletic feats. All agree that he was peculiarly characterized by a regard for what he believed his duty. The following incident, which occurred when he was about twelve years old, well illustrates this. He belonged to a boating club, the members of which one summer afternoon proposed a sail on the river. His mother forbade his joining them in sailing, but had no objection to his being of a rowing party. On his account the proposed use of can-

shire. The first of the house whose name is of record is Richard Fairfax, who, in 1204, owned "the manor of Askham and other lands in the neighbourhood of York." During the three following centuries not a few of the family occupied honourable positions under the crown. RANDOLPH FAIRFAX is the lineal descendant of Thomas Fairfax, son and rightful heir to Sir William Fairfax, high Sheriff of York in the time of Henry VIII, but disinherited by his father, a rigid Papist, for having assisted at the sacking of Rome in the beginning of the Reformation. The eldest son of this Thomas Fairfax, who bore his father's name, was a man of parts and character. He was distinguished as a diplomatist under Elizabeth and was knighted, as his father had been at the hands of his sovereign in 1576, by the celebrated Earl of Essex, then Captain General of the Queen's forces before Rouen. His public services were subsequently further acknowledged by his elevation to the peerage as *Lord Fairfax of Cameron*. He died in 1640, at the age of eighty. His son Ferdinand enjoyed the title but eight years. The third lord was Ferdinand's eldest son, Thomas, the celebrated Lord General of the Parliamentary forces, a man "whose military exploits have attached a lasting historical importance to the name he bore, and may be said to comprise the annals of the Civil War." In default of his direct male issue the title went at the death of the General to Henry, the eldest son of the Rev. Henry Fairfax, Rector of Bolton Percy, who was second son of the first Lord Fairfax, and he in 1671 became the fourth lord. He and his son Thomas, afterwards the fifth lord, were both prominent as officers in the Revolution of 1688. The fifth lord married a daughter of Lord Culpeper. Their eldest son, Thomas, the sixth Lord, through his mother the richest that ever bore the name, had various estates in England and owned 5,700,000 acres in Virginia, where during many years of his life, at Greenway Court, in the present county of Clarke, he resided. He was the early friend and patron of Washington, and is mentioned at some length in Irving's biography. He was never married, and died in 1782 at 92. Both he and his brother Robert, of Leeds Castle, (the seventh lord,) dying childless, the title reverted to the Rev. Bryan Fairfax, Rector of Fairfax Parish in the County of Fairfax, son of William Fairfax of Belvoir on the Potomac, who was first cousin to the lord of Greenway Court and grandson of the fourth lord. Thomas, the eldest son of Bryan, succeeded him as ninth lord. He had four sons, Albert, Henry, Orlando and Reginald. Albert, the eldest, died before his father, so, upon the death of the latter in 1846, the title went to Albert's eldest son, Charles Snowden Fairfax, the tenth lord, who died without issue within the present year (1869.) The eleventh and present lord, a younger brother of Charles, is *John Contee Fairfax, M.D.*, of Maryland. It is proper to add that the title, though still duly recognized in the British peerage books, has not been assumed by its American representatives since the death of the eighth lord.

vas was given up and they rowed together four miles up the river. The wind then being particularly favourable, the raising of a sail was suggested. Randolph insisted on their doing it, made them put him ashore and walked home. "It was hard to do," he said, "and I have had a very hot walk, but I could not disobey you, mother."

From his first male teacher, Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, he was, in the autumn of 1857, transferred to the Episcopal High School at Howard, near Alexandria, then under the rectorship of the Rev. John P. McGuire. Thence, after two sessions, he went for a time to the school of Mr. Wm. Dinwiddie, in Albemarle, and in October, 1860, became a student of the University of Virginia. From the beginning of his academic life his success in his studies was marked and uniform. Previous to leaving the High School, in 1859, he won its highest honours, and was pronounced by Mr. McGuire the most gifted of his pupils.

During his stay at Howard, when scarcely fifteen years of age, he became a communicant of the Church. While this was his first public profession of religion, the uniform testimony of his family and friends would indicate that from the earliest years of accountability his outward life at least had been that of a devout Christian. A Diary commenced about this time, as well as other private papers, of the existence of which even his parents were unaware until after his death, exhibit a fervour of religious feeling and a strength of religious principle, which, corroborated as they are by his holy life, manifest maturity of piety rarely seen in the faithful of any age.

His conduct as a student of the University of Virginia accorded well with the promise of his previous life. Without excessive effort, and amid the unprecedented interruptions of the time, he achieved during his only year in college honourable distinction, and gained degrees in the Schools of Mathematics, Latin and French. He was a faithful student, but allowed nothing to interfere with religious duties. The Bible-class, the mission-station and the students' prayer-meeting were all cherished as means of grace and usefulness. He was a member of the students' Christian Association; also of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. A few weeks after the opening of the session two military companies were organized among the students. Of one of these — the "Southern Guard," Captain E. S. Hutter of Lynchburg — RAN-

DOLPH was a zealous member. When the company volunteered, two days after the Fall of Sumter, to march to Harper's Ferry, he, like many others anxious to go, refrained, in deference to his parents' wishes, from doing so, and during the few remaining weeks of the session confined himself to his studies.

The events of the Spring of 1861 in Virginia are too fresh in the minds of the reader to need recapitulation, and the sentiments of the best and bravest of her sons too well remembered to need recall here. Suffice it to say that the opinions and feelings of him of whom we write were thoroughly and devotedly patriotic; indeed, had not the virtue of that glorious time been so generally striking, it might be added peculiarly so. He said little but thought and felt much. With such character, disposition and tastes as his, it may readily be supposed the life of a soldier was the very last he would have chosen for himself, and some hesitation at first about entering it might have been pardoned. So far from manifesting any, however, as has been already intimated, he made up his mind from the first that it was his duty to go and calmly determined to do so. At the close of the session he was induced for a time to postpone going to the field, and spent six weeks in a camp of instruction that had been established at the University. Finally, on the 12th August, he repaired to Centreville and enlisted in the Rockbridge Artillery, at that time commanded by Captain (afterwards General) Wm. N. Pendleton, D. D., and attached to the brigade of General T. J. Jackson, to whose command it continued ever afterward, through his several promotions, to belong.

In this company, to which reference was made in the preceding memoir, it is not remarkable that FAIRFAX found congenial associations. In his earliest letters home cordial mention is made of his messmates and friends, D. R. Barton, of Winchester; K. Nelson, of Clarke; J. M. Garnett and Berkeley Minor, of Hanover; L. S. Macon, of Albemarle; L. M. Blackford, of Lynchburg; Joseph Packard, of Fairfax; and others. In the same connection he mentions his impressions of camp life as most pleasant, and declares he has no wish to be an officer. "My situation," he writes, "is the more desirable of the two. I have none of an officer's cares and responsibilities, I have as agreeable companions as I ever had at school or college, I have as many privileges as I desire, and I live as well as most officers and better than many. The additional

honour is very little in my opinion. . . . . The attractions of office would not induce me to give up the agreeable companionship and light duty of my present situation."

The career of the subject of this memoir is from this time so closely identified with that of his command, and consequently with what has now become history, that it is needless to follow it in detail. Still it is regretted that the present limits forbid further extracts from his correspondence, containing as it does a continuous and most lively description of Jackson's celebrated campaigns as they appeared to a private of eighteen. In the language of another, his letters, "hastily as they have been penned, are characterized by a vein of strong common sense unusual in one so young, and by uncommon sagacity." They are marked too, as the same writer has observed, by a healthy religious tone, a glowing patriotism and a manly spirit.

Early in November, 1861, Major General Jackson assumed command at Winchester, and the Rockbridge Artillery, with the rest of the Stonewall Brigade, was ordered to join him. Here they were for some time engaged in skirmishing along the border, and, upon receiving reinforcements, were employed during nearly the whole of January in the Bath and Romney expedition, one which will long be remembered for its peculiar trials, involving as it did a march of twelve days through a barren country and the chilling blasts and snows of a Northern Virginia winter. Returning to winter-quarters at Winchester the attentior of the army was for the first time drawn to the question of voluntary re-enlistment then strongly encouraged by Congress, no conscription having yet been enacted. FAIRFAX was among the first to respond to the appeal, and, being granted the stipulated furlough, spent a month with his friends at home, the last and only time, with the exception of two days in the following summer, he was ever with them. Before his return to the army the first evacuation of the lower Valley had been consummated, and the campaign in that quarter which was to render the name of Jackson immortal had begun.

From this time until his death he was never absent from his company and very rarely off duty in it for a single day. From March to December, through more than twelve hundred miles of weary marching, whether amid the mountains of Highland in Spring, the swamps of the Chickahominy at midsummer, or the

exhausting service of the Second Manassas and Maryland campaign, through trials and privations seldom equalled and through numerous and bloody battles, he passed, the same patient hero. Scrupulously exact in the discharge of every duty; uncomplaining in his endurance of hardship; brave, self-possessed and efficient in action; he was appropriately styled by his comrades the MODEL SOLDIER. Nor was he less exemplary as a Christian. It was the privilege of the writer to enjoy with him a daily intercourse and close intimacy, and, with the excellent opportunity of observation thus afforded, he bears explicit testimony to the devotion, earnestness and symmetry of his religious character, the purity of his life and the power of his godly example.

Autumn, with its unexpected inactivity, was gone, and winter found the army of Gen. Lee calmly awaiting at Fredericksburg the advance of the invader. For several days previous to the great battle the Rockbridge Battery had been on duty near Port Royal, but it was hastily ordered back and, after marching all Friday night, was posted on Saturday morning, 13th December, 1862, for action on the right near the Hamilton house. Here they fought and here, with five of his comrades, RANDOLPH FAIRFAX fell. The sun, which had shone so brightly upon that glorious and hard-fought field, had just gone down, but still the battle raged and still he nobly stood to his gun So was it his last summons came. A blow on the head from a fragment of shell,* and without a struggle he passed away — a painless translation to a blessed eternity.

With a view to corroborating the writer's estimate of the subject of this notice the following extracts from some of the numerous letters received by his friends after his death are appended.

The late Rev. John P. McGuire, his teacher for two years, remarks:

"His character was throughout of the highest order, and perhaps more remarkable for its exquisite finish than for anything else. As a pupil in the High School, as a student, a Christian, there was a uniform consistency, making one day of singular excellence but the representative of the rest, and giving to the whole a completeness rarely equalled in its strength and loveliness. Intellectually he was undoubtedly one of the first young men of his

* Pieces of the same shell mortally wounded Lt. Col. Lewis M. Coleman, M. A., late Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia, and young Arthur Robinson, son of an eminent citizen of Baltimore, and grandson of William Wirt.

day. . . . . Morally I have not known his superior. God endowed him with a strange purity of mind and heart, and to this added the grace of true religion. . . . . However retiring and unassuming in his general bearing, he was constitutionally brave, richly gifted with that moral courage the want of which is often the great defect of men of genius and even of gallant soldiers. Not the slightest timidity was there, no hesitancy or avoiding of responsibility where duty was concerned. Brave as Cæsar in the field of battle, he was not less so for truth and right in public and private, in the most retired walks of life or amid a crowd of gay and thoughtless school-boys, or the tempting fascinations of the social circle."

Littleton S. Macon, Esq., late Sheriff of the County of Albemarle, a friend and messmate, says:

"He was ever the noble, self-sacrificing boy who commanded the admiration of all around him. As a soldier he was surpassed by none. He never swerved from the path of duty, and he met danger even at the cannon's mouth with unfaltering courage. As a Christian he was sincere and consistent, conscientious in the discharge of the duties of every post: from his daily life was reflected a light which always makes an unmistakable impress, but especially in the bloody strife of the battle-field and in the daily intercourse of camp. In many situations I have seen him severely tested, and in all he evinced the same heroism. In cold, hunger or fatigue I never heard him murmur. He was ever ready to share his comfort and partake of others' hardships."

The Rev. Kinloch Nelson, now of Fauquier, says:

"My acquaintance with him commenced in 1857 at the Episcopal High School, where his modest manners and unselfish disposition endeared him to all. . . . . In the next summer he became a communicant of the Church, and during the five following years I can truly say I never saw him guilty of a single act inconsistent with his profession. At the University we were constantly together, and in the army we were intimately associated as messmates, and he continued a faithful soldier alike of his country and of his GOD."

Berkeley Minor, Esq., of Hanover, says:

"I knew FAIRFAX at the University quite well but not so intimately as afterwards in the Rockbridge Battery. For several months before his death I was his messmate and bedfellow, and

was able to note more fully the tone of earnest piety that pervaded his words and actions. He was unselfish, modest and uniformly kind and considerate to all. If there was one trait in him more striking than others it was his calm, earnest, trustful demeanour in time of battle, resulting I believe, from his abiding trust in the providence and love of GOD."

Joseph Packard, Esq., now of Baltimore, a friend and comrade, says:

"His cheerful courage, his coolness and steadiness made him conspicuous on every battle-field. At Malvern Hill, where he received a wound which nine out of ten would have considered an excuse for retiring from the awful scene, he persisted in remaining at his post, and did the work of two until the Battery left the field. But it was in the bearing more than in the daring of the soldier's life that his lovely character displayed itself. He never avoided the most irksome and trying duties. If he had selfishness, those who knew him long and well as schoolmate and comrade never discerned it."

Captain (afterwards Lt. Col.) Wm. T. Poague, commanding the Rockbridge Artillery, writes to his father:

"In simple justice to your son I desire to express my high appreciation of his noble character as a soldier, a Christian and a gentleman. Modest and courteous in his deportment, charitable and unselfish in his disposition, cheerful and conscientious in his performance of duty, upright and consistent in his walk and conversation, he was a universal favourite in the company and greatly beloved by his friends. I do not think I have ever known a young man whose life was so free from the frailties of human nature and whose character, in all its aspects, formed so faultless a model for the imitation of others. Had his influence been restricted to the silent power and beauty of his example his life on earth, short as it was, would not have been in vain."

The following letter from the Commander of the army forms a fit conclusion:

CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, *Dec. 28th*, 1862.

My Dear Doctor:

I have grieved most deeply at the death of your noble son. I have watched his conduct from the commencement of the war, and have pointed with pride to the patriotism, self-denial and manliness of character he has exhibited. I had hoped that an

opportunity would occur for the promotion he deserved; not that it would have elevated him, but have shewn that his devotion to duty was appreciated by his country. Such an opportunity would undoubtedly have occurred; but he has been translated to a better world for which his purity and piety eminently fitted him. You do not require to be told how great is his gain. It is the living for whom I sorrow. I beg you will offer to Mrs. Fairfax and your daughters my heartfelt sympathy, for I know the depth of their grief. That GOD may give you and them strength to bear this great affliction is the earnest prayer of your early friend,

R. E. LEE.

Dr. Orlando Fairfax, Richmond.

LEWIS MINOR COLEMAN, M. A.,

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,

Lieutenant-Colonel, First Regiment of Virginia Artillery.

LEWIS MINOR COLEMAN, the founder of Hanover Academy, Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Virginia Artillery, C. S. A., was born in Hanover county, Virginia, on the 3d of February, 1827. He was the eldest son of Thomas B. Coleman, Esq., of Caroline county, Va. His father, a gentleman of fine talents, and great popularity among his fellow-citizens (whom he represented for many years in the General Assembly of Virginia), died while yet a young man, in the midst of an active and honorable career, leaving his son LEWIS, together with a younger brother and a sister, to the care of the mother. She was a woman in all respects worthy of the trust; and the death of the father, which would seem so great a calamity, was in the providence of God turned to advantage, since the boy was, from this early period of his life, under the control of a noble and true woman, and his character moulded to purity and symmetry by her single guiding hand. She was indeed a type of the excellences of the class of landed proprietors and country residents from which she sprang, and a noble specimen of the Virginia matron. Remarkable for her strong com-

mon-sense and excellent judgment, with an intellect singularly broad in its scope and marked by masculine vigor, she had received an excellent education, and improved it by extensive reading. To those qualities of the head she united qualities of heart of the purest and most elevated character: an innate and unswerving love of truth and right, resolute will and energy, strong affections, and large-hearted sympathy and charity. These strong lines of her character were shaded by all the softness and grace of womanhood, and by deep and abiding conviction of religious truth.*

To such control was her son LEWIS exclusively subjected during his infancy, and for a large portion of his boyhood. Nature had mingled the elements of good so largely in his character, that but little guidance was needed to direct and mould it aright, but it was his singular good fortune, at this early age, to be guided by one with head so clear and hand so strong and steady.

At the death of the father, Mrs. Coleman removed with her young family to the house of her father, Mr. Robert Coleman, of Hanover, which from that time became her and their home. Relieved from household duties, she at once gave her whole time and attention to her children. From an early age LEWIS gave evidence of a quick and enquiring mind; he learned his early tasks with ease and rapidity. His mother often said that she had never any trouble in teaching LEWIS. His excellent opportunities, his quickness and application, placed him far before most boys of his age. At an early age he began to exhibit those traits which eminently marked the future man. He had a wonderful degree of perseverance and application, a gentle and cheerful disposition, strong affections, a winning and affectionate behavior towards his companions, a deep veneration for his mother, firmness and a love of truth not to be shaken. His mother often related an anecdote of his childhood, which shows in a marked manner his firmness and truth, as well as the magnanimity of the boy at this early age. The two brothers, much alike as to size and dress, were engaged in some light task in the yard. Upon some sudden boyish quarrel, the younger struck LEWIS a blow, under which he fell to the ground. Passing the window at the moment, the mother caught a glimpse of the fray, and hastening towards them found the

* This lady was married a second time to Dr. George Fleming. By this marriage there was a large family, most of them now surviving, and several of them were closely associated with Colonel COLEMAN in his military career. She died in 1868.

younger prostrate on the ground, upon which he had cast himself in his excitement, and in order to deceive his mother into the belief that he was the injured party, and LEWIS standing over him in a threatening attitude. Taking it for granted that the blow had been given by LEWIS, she took him by the arm, and breaking a convenient switch, punished him. He simply said, "Mother, I did not strike him." Thinking she could trust her own eyes, she whipped him again for the supposed falsehood, and yet again for persisting in it. He brought no accusation against his brother — never reproached him for the blow, nor for his silence in permitting him to receive an unmerited chastisement, and without further allusion to the circumstance resumed his ordinary intercourse. Years passed and both boys were grown. One day, in speaking of LEWIS, who was absent, the mother observed, "I never knew him to tell a falsehood but once, and for that I never could account." "Mother," said the younger, "that matter has troubled my conscience for a long time. Your eyes deceived you. I struck the blow you saw given, and LEWIS told the truth." "Big as you are," replied the mother, "I have a great mind to whip you for it now."

LEWIS'S education was continued by his mother till he was of the age of thirteen or fourteen, by which time she had imparted to him a very thorough training in English, the rudiments of Latin, and in addition a degree of historical and literary culture very unusual for a boy of his age. But what was of more worth than mere book knowledge, she had taught him how to apply his powers, how to study, and, above all, had so shaped his principles by her standard of moral and religious excellence, that the bent so given was never changed, and the outgrowth of his moral nature kept pace with his intellectual progress.

From under his mother's tuition, LEWIS was sent to a private school at Beaver Dam, the residence of Colonel E. Fontaine, of Hanover. At this school his thorough grounding by his mother gained him a high stand, which his own diligence and powers of application maintained, while he won the affectionate regard of his schoolmates by his amiable disposition and pleasing manners. When about fifteen years of age, LEWIS was transferred to Concord Academy, a large public school then taught by his uncle, Frederick W. Coleman, near Bowling Green, in Caroline county.

The schools of Virginia since that period (1841-2) have im-

proved both in number and character, but at that time the academy at Concord deservedly enjoyed the reputation of being the best school in the State. It was a preparatory school for the University of Virginia, whose course of instruction was adopted, and of which the Principal, Mr. Coleman, was a graduate. From the nature of the instruction given, the organization of the school, and the character of the Principal, the school was not well adapted for small boys and beginners; but it had no superior in the advantages it afforded to more advanced students, and those whose habits of study were fixed. It numbered, at this time, from forty to fifty boys of various ages, from all parts of Virginia and the Southern States. The boys were generally from the best class of society, and numbered many who were talented and well advanced. Among these youths, young COLEMAN in the course of two sessions became readily the first boy. In the classics, to which the greatest attention was paid, he was confessedly first, and in mathematics, for which he never exhibited so great a fondness, among the first. With the young men he was a great favorite, not simply because of his talents and rank in the school, but on account of his lively and genial temperament, his frank and manly deportment, and his perfect truth and honor. He had no enemies: I don't think he ever had a quarrel even with any of his companions. He never went by his surname of COLEMAN, but was always called "Lewis," or "Old Lewis," a term of endearment among schoolboys. His habits of study were regular and constant. From the time of his admission to this school, his aim had been to prepare himself to take the highest honors at the University. From this object he was turned aside by no obstacle. In the intervals of his regular school duties he found time to read alone a vast deal of Greek and Latin, which he ascertained would be required of the student at the University; completing by this means a course of classical reading more than usually extensive. To Mathematics too he devoted a large share of his spare time, going carefully over the whole ground in order to perfect himself in that in which he considered himself most deficient. But while he took all this extra work upon himself, he was not shy nor retiring in his manners, nor did he seclude himself from his young companions. No one was more ready for fun and frolic than he, provided always that they kept within the bounds of the school laws, and above all within the rules of propriety and morality.

Among these school-fellows and associates, in the midst of happy scenes and pleasant employment, he formed many ties of friendship which lasted through life and were his greatest sources of happiness.

In 1844 young COLEMAN left Concord and entered the University. He met here many of his old friends from Concord, who had preceded him a year or two, and who had already spread his reputation as a scholar among the students. It was soon found both by students and professors to be not undeserved. His habits of application, his previous good preparation and his natural powers of mind soon placed him among the first in his classes. Keeping steadily before him the objects he had in view through a University education, he permitted none of the allurements of student life to wile him from his persevering pursuit of learning. All the beautiful traits of his boyhood seemed deepened and intensified. The same charm of manner, his genial cheerful temper, and more than all, his powers of conversation, which began now to be developed, made him equally a favorite among his fellows of the University as among his companions at school, while his strong and inborn sense of right and honor, and the ever-remembered admonitions of his mother, held him aloof from all the dissipations and vices of college life. While it was known that he was studious, and scrupulous in the discharge of every duty and in the observance of college discipline, yet it was equally well known that he felt a zest in every innocent and social enjoyment. Hence no one was more sought for by the quiet and studious members of the University at their social gatherings, where his gaiety, brilliancy and wit were the life of the party. Even among the idle and wild students, he had his friends and admirers.

At the close of the term in July, 1845, he was graduated in all his tickets, about half the number required for his degree. This established his reputation as a student, and on his return to the University the next fall, he was looked upon not only as one of the first students in the University, but as one of the first young men of his State. At this term he took the remaining classes necessary to obtain his Degree. Although from his position in the College, his extensive acquaintance among the students, and the greater amount of leisure which the diminished duties of this year placed at his disposal, every inducement was held out for relaxation of habits, for idleness, and even for dissipation, yet

LEWIS'S course was just the same. Only so much time as could be spared from the full and perfect discharge of his duties was given to relaxation, none to dissipation; yet that was sufficient to assure to him a large number of associates and friends, and as great popularity and consideration as ever. The writer spent a few days at the University during this last session of LEWIS, and he recollects with pleasure the unbounded affection which his friends manifested towards LEWIS, and the almost universal respect in which he was held by the mass of the students. The friends who were then around him, who loved him and whom he loved, continued bound to him all through his life. The affection with which he regarded them, and the charming associations with which their names were connected, drew the bonds of affection even closer when the duties of life had separated him from them. He always spoke of them as his dearest friends, and of the college days as among the happiest of his life.

At the end of this term he was graduated Master of Arts, having completed the entire course of study for that degree in two years.

In the interval of leisure which he spent at his home, young COLEMAN'S mind took a more serious turn. To this condition the success which had hitherto marked his progress, and the near prospect of active life and its responsibilities, doubtless tended. He had also, as a boy, been to a greater or less degree actuated in his conduct by religious motives, and without having ever expressed the desire or intention of becoming a member of Christ, it was evident that the early impressions derived from his mother had never been eradicated, but on the contrary had rather grown and intensified with his advancing years. The good seed so sown now brought forth its fruit. To a mind so well balanced as LEWIS'S, to a heart so open to the influences of goodness and truth, there was needed no long nor laborious study, no serious vacillations of doubt, for deep and lasting conviction of the truth and value of Christianity. With him to be convinced was to act. He was baptized by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D., of the First Baptist Church in Richmond, in November, 1846, and received into full membership with that denomination. From this time forward his character, as it expanded and matured, was moulded and fashioned by a faith which never faltered nor wavered. His religion became a part of his daily life, was his guide amid all the dangers

and troubles of his life, his sure trust in prosperity, and his consolation in every adversity.

At the close of his vacation, LEWIS became the assistant of his uncle, Frederick Coleman, in Concord Academy. I am not aware that he had any settled plan, at this time, of becoming a teacher by profession. The immediate reason of his taking this position with his uncle was, doubtless, the fact that his long course at school and college had somewhat exhausted his patrimony, and his grandfather was anxious he should at once turn his acquirements to account, and earn a living. But it is certain that soon after entering upon his duties as Assistant at Concord, he resolved to make teaching his profession. His acquirements as well as his tastes eminently fitted him for the profession. His own consciousness must have made him aware of his aptitude in governing boys and his facility at imparting information. His judgment pointed out the faults of the system at Concord; he saw how these might be remedied, and how the cause of education in general might he advanced.

His position at Concord as assistant teacher was one of considerable embarrassment. He was a very young man thrown in contact with a large number of boys, many nearly grown, some of whom had been his schoolmates at the same place, and all of whom were ready with the acuteness of boys to draw unfavorable comparisons between him in his manner of teaching, the amount of his information, and the well-established Principal. Moreover, he had to contend with the spirit of insubordination and disrespect invariably exhibited towards assistants and underlings by the governed class, nowhere manifested in such perfection perhaps as in a large school. But the new assistant not only stood the ordeal successfully, but soon became as great a favorite among the boys as his uncle. In this subordinate capacity young COLEMAN began to display that wonderful knack in controlling and managing youths which was so strikingly exemplified throughout his whole subsequent career. Perhaps the fact of his commencing his profession at so early an age, before he had laid aside himself all the promptings of boy-nature, made him more capable of sympathizing with them and entering into their peculiar views; but it is very certain, whatever the reason, that he possessed a facility for controlling boys and attaching them to himself that amounted almost to a gift. The amount of practical experience gained by him at this time was of great advantage to him in his profession.

Concord Academy closed a few years after this time by the retirement of Mr. F. W. Coleman from the business. LEWIS resolved then to open a school himself. He purchased a small piece of land, with a good house upon it, near Taylorsville, in the county of Hanover, and here in the fall of 1849 he opened the school then and now known as Hanover Academy. The association with his uncle had given him some reputation, his own scholarship and skill as a teacher had added to it, and his popularity among his contemporaries, as well as with the students of Concord, had made him extensively and favorably known. The consequence was that his school was a success from the beginning. The first year he had forty boys. It needed only that he should have a fair opportunity to show his real merits; the next session not only brought a large increase of numbers but placed the school upon a basis from which it never declined. The success of his plan of teaching, his admirable management of young men, the progress made under his tuition, the high stand which the students from his Academy took in their classes at the University, and as much or more than all, perhaps, the admiration and love with which he inspired his students, tended from year to year to raise the reputation of the school and the teacher, till in the latter years of his stay at Hanover Academy, the numbers had reached eighty boys, the largest school, perhaps, in the State. I shall not here discuss the direction and impulse which COLEMAN gave to the education of youth in his State: that will be commented on hereafter. But it may be mentioned now, that the success of his method gave birth to new enterprizes of the like kind, some of them under the conduct of his pupils; so that in a few years the number of good High Schools in Virginia was much increased, to the manifest advantage of education. The improvement which Mr. COLEMAN made upon the plan of Concord, consisted in a greater attention to the lower classes, a more thorough grounding in the rudiments, a more perfect organization and system, with unfailing regularity. The course of instruction was also greatly extended. While he had several assistants, all matters of discipline in the last resort were decided by him. He had few so-called rules. He attempted in all things to arouse a proper emulation and cultivate a fondness for study. The sense of honor was appealed to in all cases, and a freer and more open intercourse between teacher and pupil fostered and encouraged. Hence a high

tone was given to the character of the student, and his own weight of character brought into more immediate and potent influence.

While usefully and successfully engaged in prosecuting his profession, Mr. COLEMAN was married to Miss Mary Ambler Marshall, daughter of James K. Marshall, Esq., of Fauquier, a member of a family revered and honored by all Virginians. This lady, who yet survives, crowned his useful life with domestic happiness.

While in the full tide of success at Hanover Academy, the resignation of Dr. Gessner Harrison, Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia, opened a new path of honor and distinction for Mr. COLEMAN. As soon as the vacancy occurred, Mr. COLEMAN'S name was most prominently presented to the Visitors. His early success as a student and graduate of the institution, his reputation for scholarship, his greater reputation as an instructor, his popularity, not only in his own State, but among the rising generation of many of the Southern States, and his well-known high character, gave him a commanding position among the candidates for the vacancy. He was accordingly chosen without hesitation by the Visitors in July, 1859. He was now thirty-two years of age, and it is perhaps no small evidence of his worth as a man, of his excellence as a scholar, and of the high appreciation in which he was held by his countrymen, thas at so early an age he should have reached the highest position held out to him by his profession, and have been considered worthy to fill the position of his learned predecessor, Dr. Harrison.

The field now opened to Prof. COLEMAN, as it was wider in its scope, more important in its bearings, more extensive in its influences, would doubtless have developed all the latent capabilities of the man. In his brief career as professor, cut short by the intervention of civil war and by his own death in the field, he manifested the same excellent traits, the same faithful and earnest labor, the same zeal in the advancement of his profession. In the two years during which he filled the chair of Latin at the University, he gave perfect satisfaction, and acquired the esteem and regard of his colleagues and of the Visitors. So much so, indeed, that when in 1861 he took the field in command of a company of artillery and offered his resignation of the chair, the Visitors refused to accept it, and kept the place open for him. With such an earnest the assurance was felt that in his new and

more important sphere of action, Prof. COLEMAN would have acquired in a few years a celebrity equal to that which he had already gained in the humbler walks of his profession. But the high hopes of his friends and his own earnest desires for success were doomed to early disappointment.

The close of the session in July, 1861, found the North and South arrayed in hostility. Prof. COLEMAN was no politician, no partizan, yet he entertained firm political opinions, adopted by him upon full and fair examination. He was a strong believer in States' Rights, which was sufficient to convince him of the rectitude of the Southern cause, apart from any other considerations. But such convictions would not have been sufficient to cause him to abandon his peaceful pursuits, so congenial to his tastes and so useful to his country: the condition of Virginia immediately before and after the First Battle of Manassas, the fact that her soil was invaded, the general agitation and uneasiness of the minds of her people in regard to her position, were the operative causes which determined him. In the full comprehension of the danger and the necessities of his native State, under the promptings of patriotic duty, he became convinced that the place of the true citizen was now in the army. When his mind was made up as to his *duty*, nothing could turn him from performing it. All considerations of self were thrown aside; fixing his eye on the goal, he pursued his way unfalteringly to the end.

In the summer of 1861 he returned to his native county, and in conjunction with one or two friends, commenced the task of enlisting an artillery company for the service. The attempt seemed almost hopeless, as already three companies of infantry, one of cavalry and one of artillery, had swept off the most enthusiastic portion of the population of the county. But his energy was untiring. He visited every part of the county, spoke at every public gathering of the people, used his private influence among his friends and dependents, and in a few weeks was successful. He enlisted a large company, of which he was elected captain, and in August, 1861, mustered it into the service as the "Morris Artillery."

Captain COLEMAN was no military man, either by inclination or education. His disposition as well as his chosen profession were in every respect of an entirely different tendency; but he had undertaken this service, and with his usual fidelity to duty

he applied all his energies and faculties to the acquisition of the necessary knowledge of his military duties. To a mind trained like his in severe and continuous study, it was no great task to acquire all the usual technical knowledge, but he did not stop here. Not only did he make himself master of the matter of drill and discipline, but he extended his inquiries into the scientific department of his arm of the service; and thus, though in no respect a man of war, he became in a short time one of the most efficient as well as one of the best informed officers in the artillery service. Captain Dance, of Powhatan, who was preparing a company for the field, at the same time and place, says of him :—

"I was struck upon my first acquaintance with him, with his genial temperament and fine social qualities, rendering him at all times a most agreeable companion; but I soon learned to admire still more his untiring energy, perseverance, and industry, as exhibited in his endeavors to equip and drill his company, and perfect himself and them in the necessary knowledge of tactics and military science. The first attempts at drilling his company excited a smile among those who had longer experience; but in a very short time his company was well drilled. His was a spirit never satisfied with mediocrity. Whatever he undertook he desired to do well, and he always succeeded. Although his company was mustered in after mine, yet he succeeded in getting all ready and starting before me."

His skill in controlling men now again stood him in good stead. He not only controlled the men of his command, but he gained their affections by his kindness and impartiality. He used such influence to arouse their emulation to excel, and appealed successfully to their patriotism. Hence it happened that when, in the fall of 1861, his company was ordered to join the Army of Northern Virginia at Manassas, it was pronounced by the Chief of Artillery, on inspection and review, one of the best in the service.

His company was attached to General Pendleton's Reserve Corps of Artillery. In the tedium of winter-quarters Captain COLEMAN did not relax his attention to his company or to his duties. Indeed, it was taxed more than ever, in the slow melting away of the army in that camp at Manassas by sickness, desertion, and other causes. I might quote from many letters of his brother officers and associates at this time to show how highly he

was appreciated, and that his affability, his agreeable qualities as a companion, his well-stored mind, and his fine conversational powers had marked him here as everywhere else.

When the army of McClellan moved down to the Peninsula, Captain COLEMAN moved with Johnston's army, to face it on the lines at Yorktown. The season was most inclement, and the march a terrible one. The writer met him in Williamsburg, on his march: I had not seen him since he entered on active service. The hardships of the winter service and the hard march had already told greatly upon him. But while his figure exhibited emaciation, and his gait reduced strength, his spirit was still the same. His uncomfortable quarters in the mud and cold of the inclement season, showed that his mind, in the midst of his daily distractions, still indulged in its wonted pursuits: his small store of baggage was composed in large part of books, chief among them the Bible, and all of a serious and solid character. It was touching to see how his heart went back to these more congenial objects, while his stern resolution held him to the performance of the present task. He could not be induced, for one night even, to leave his company or his uncomfortable encampment by the prospect of the society of friends, or the enticements of a comfortable night's rest.

The expectation of the army, as well as of the country, was that a great battle would be fought as soon as the forces were assembled. It was with this anticipation that Captain COLEMAN left Williamsburg the next day. Besides, his wife and family by this movement of the army had been left within the lines of the enemy. With so much care and anxiety pressing upon him, amid so much public gloom and with so solemn an anticipation, he moved forward with the calmness and resolution of one whose heart was fixed, whose determination to fulfil his duty was immutable, yet ever cheerful under the hallowing influence of a faith that gilded the darkest hours of his life. I quote a letter from him at this time to his mother, to show the spirit that wrought within him:—

"*Dearest Mother*:—I have a little time this Sabbath afternoon, and will write a few lines to tell you how strongly at this last moment, when no one knows what an hour may bring forth, the thought of all the love and tenderness and fostering care bestowed in my childhood, comes over your loving son. All that I am,

all the happiness I have ever enjoyed, is, I believe, due to you, and from you in a great measure, under Providence, comes my hope of immortal life. I thank God that I can and do love from my heart of hearts, all who are near to me — father, mother, grandma (God bless her), brothers, sisters, wife, children, all."

In writing of his wife, separated from him and from her children by a visit to her sick father, and detained now within the enemy's lines, he says:—"But it was right for her to go and see her dying father, notwithstanding the suffering it involves. Suffering encountered in the path of duty can never do harm."

The result of this military movement is known. The army fell back to the line of the Chickahominy. In the midst of the confusion of this retreat, the reorganization of the army was proceeding. The election of officers was made in nearly every Virginia regiment and company. In this election Captain COLEMAN was not again chosen by his old company; a result by no means unusual, since scarcely an officer who had the rank of captain was reëlected, no matter what his merit or capacity. Small jealousies and intrigues controlled the choice in most instances. As soon as the fact of his non-election was known, and his successor could take the command, Captain COLEMAN reported to the Adjutant General's office. Here it was reasonable to suppose his career as a soldier might end. For many whose positions were not so important, whose health was not so much impaired, whose professions did not so imperatively call them back to civil pursuits, military life did end; but not for him whose firm soul had fixed its resolution to let nothing prevent the discharge of duty. Captain COLEMAN could not resolve to give up the service when the fate of his native State seemed so doubtful.

With such views he again offered his services to the Government. His well known character, and his merit as an officer, at once gained him not only position, but promotion. He was commissioned Major of Artillery, and placed in command of one of the heavy batteries constructed on the hills around Richmond. Here, while organizing his command, improving and strengthening the fort, and bringing order out of the chaos of the retreat and reorganization, he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, a position which he promptly accepted as it offered a more immediate prospect of active service.

His command was assigned to no particular division of the

the army, when the battles around Richmond, in June, 1862, commenced. His regiment was held in reserve, and from it companies were ordered as occasion required. Colonel COLEMAN himself, however, as a volunteer, was present at and participated in the battle of Cold Harbor. This was his first battle, and a severe schooling for a young soldier, as it was one of the bloodiest of the series of engagements. He often spoke of the awful grandeur of the battle, of the powerful emotions which it produced, but more than all of the comfort and sustaining power of a firm faith in Christ, amid the horrors of that day. During the engagement, by a change in the lines, Colonel COLEMAN was for a time in the hands of the enemy, but managed by coolness and intrepidity to extricate himself and rejoin his troops. He was held in reserve again at the terrible battle of Malvern Hill.

In the period of inaction which occurred after these battles, owing to the unwholesome condition of the whole country, covered with the unburied dead of both armies, Colonel COLEMAN was taken down, as were a great many officers, with typhoid fever, which completely disabled him for several months. On the advance of the army into Maryland, he was only prevented from accompanying it by the earnest solicitations of friends, and the positive prohibition of his surgeon. As soon as that invasion ended, and the army recrossed the Potomac, he again joined his command, and along with the army confronted Hooker at Fredericksburg. Here at length, in the midst of scenes familiar to his youth, in the neighborhood of that academy where he commenced his career of usefulness and honor, he was to fight his last battle and find his crown of martyrdom.

A short time before the battle of Fredericksburg, while riding with a friend towards Port Royal, his friend remarked, "In the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, I fought literally over my father's grave; my gun being but a few yards from it. If I should fall in this war, I should prefer to fall upon such, to me, sacred ground." Colonel COLEMAN replied, "If I am killed in this war, I should prefer to fall here; for hard by my father lies buried." Three days after, not far distant, he received his mortal wound.

In the battle of the 13th of December at Fredericksburg, a part of Colonel COLEMAN'S command was ordered up to fill a vacancy in the line; with his usual ardor he begged to be allowed to com-

mand it; ne went forward into the thick of that deadly contest. In the evening of that memorable day, after performing his whole duty, he was struck by a small bullet just below the knee, when in the act of pointing one of his guns. He considered the wound so slight that he refused to quit the field; he remained until the close of the battle, and then submitted to be carried to a field hospital. Here he was found by his brother, Dr. Coleman, and his uncle, forgetful as usual of self, and as far as in his power administering comfort and sympathy to the wounded and dying around him. He regarded his wound as so slight that when asked about it, he spoke of it as only a *good furlough;* but to the surgeon's eye it seemed more serious, and there was a momentary resolution to amputate the limb. This would doubtless have been done but for his own conviction of the insignificance of his wound, and the hurry and confusion and overwhelming engagements of the surgeons on what seemed more pressing cases.

From the battle-field Colonel COLEMAN was removed to Edge Hill, the residence of his brother-in-law, Samuel Schooler, Esq., near Guinney's Depot, in Caroline county, almost within sight of his old home, Concord Academy. Here he was speedily joined by his wife and other members of his family. In a short time his case began to exhibit unfavorable symptoms. The hardships of the service, his recent recovery from a long and wasting disease, and the reaction from the intense excitement of the battle, all tended to lower his vitality and to retard the process of healing. The wound took on inflammation, virulent erysipelas ensued, accompanied with sufferings too terrible almost for endurance. His condition soon became hopeless; but he lingered on from week to week, tenderly nursed by his sorrowing friends and family, bearing with patience and fortitude for ninety-eight weary days, unexampled pain, till in his Master's good time he crowned an honored life with a Christian death.

Thus passed away in the flower of his age, in the midst of his useful career, one of the brightest and truest of Virginia's sons. Few men who fell in those dark and bloody days, were more widely or sincerely bemoaned. In that time of affliction, when there was scarce a house or cottage in the limits of the State but had its empty chair at the fireside, there was a universal expression of sorrow at the death of this good man. He had friends in every rank of life: his profession had made him

widely known in his own State and throughout the South. His death was deplored by them as a personal and a public calamity. The notices of his death which appeared in the public prints at the time, express the appreciation of his worth by his countrymen, the grief of friends, and the general admiration for his many noble and generous qualities. He died on the 21st of March, 1863, in the 37th year of his age. His remains were removed for interment to his old home in Hanover county; and there, in the opening spring, amid the whispering pines, with tears of family and friends, followed by the regrets of all, high and low, who ever knew him, they committed him to the hallowed ground where he sleeps with his fathers.

Not every life worthy of record is so filled with dramatic situations and stirring incidents as to render it interesting to the mass of mankind; but to a thoughtful and philosophic mind, it is not in these external circumstances that exists the interest or the influence of a life well spent. Were the greater physical phenomena of nature, the rarer instances of human greatness, the sole means afforded by God for impressing us with the forces of nature or humanity, we should be poor indeed. As in nature, the deeper we dive into her secrets the more thoroughly we explore the effects of causes apparently insignificant, the more truly are we enabled to appreciate them and to admire their wonderful results; so too, when we descend from the higher examples of human action and contemplate the true influences of the quiet workers of society, the more thoroughly do we comprehend the value of those lives and characters whose actions and course seem most unobtrusive. This man's lot was cast in a time of great events, among men whose acts will be the theme of the historian, whose sphere was conspicuous, and for the many the blaze of these more striking contemporary events and characters will quite eclipse his humbler path and achievements; but when we contemplate his life, and his influence for good not only upon those who were brought within his immediate sphere, but upon society, much will be found that we should not willingly let die. In his character, his actions, his life, and his death, he is alike entitled to our admiration and gratitude. His character, adorned with noble qualities and lofty virtues, his actions productive of good for his State and age, his life affording a shining example of patriotism and heroic self-devotion, his death illustrious by the glorious

triumph of Christian faith, were surely not devoid of instruction to every reflecting mind. I cannot close this short memoir without devoting some space to the illustration of this thought, as well as to a general estimate of Prof. COLEMAN'S character.

Prof. COLEMAN was endowed by nature with superior intellectual faculties, a memory retentive and accurate, an imagination vivid and suggestive, a judgment sound and discriminating, and reason clear and logical. These had been carefully trained and developed by an education as thorough as the best institutions of learning in this country, and efforts earnest and unremitting on his part, could give. Of this his success as a scholar is sufficient proof. The training and acquisitions of severer studies were supplemented by an extensive course of reading in classic and modern literature, which gave to his culture elegance and breadth, while it exercised and improved his taste, naturally refined and delicate. His powers were completely under his control. That flexibility of mind and power of concentrated application, which, as a youth, had made him a successful student, placing him in the front of his classes, were not less effective in the undertakings of his manhood. To whatever work he was called he was found equal, because he gave his undivided energies to its complete accomplishment. So that if it may not be said that he had *genius*, yet at least he was not only free from its eccentricities but possessed in an eminent degree those superior powers of application, perseverance and energy, that complete control of vigorous and well-developed faculties, which in effect make the nearest approach to it.

In his own peculiar professional province — the Latin language and literature — he was probably as advanced and as ripe a scholar as any man of his age in this country. He had devoted much time to it as a youth, had taught it for many years daily, had applied himself to the careful study of its philosophy and structure, its philology and literature, so that his knowledge of the subject was thorough as well as extensive, and he was found no unworthy successor of that profound scholar whose seat he was called to occupy. His tastes, too, led him rather toward the pursuit of literature than of science; as a student, he had always preferred the languages; so that inclination as well as peculiar study combined to render him excellent in his speciality. It often happens that exclusive attention to any one study developes the mind too much in a given direction, and gives rise to views

contracted or disproportioned. But such was not the case with him. His mind was well balanced, his culture well proportioned. He was no one-sided man, or man of one idea, but he had a general and scholarly acquaintance with other branches of learning which gave breadth and catholicity to his views: this general culture was the setting to his specialty which made it the more shining and useful.

As an instructor Prof. COLEMAN was eminently successful both with boys and with more advanced students. In his exposition of a subject he was clear and luminous, with singular powers of illustration. His well-stored mind furnished him with a store of analogies which he used with such peculiar aptitude as to supply the place, in many respects, of the most cogent and logical statement. His manner was earnest, even vehement, claiming the fullest attention; so that while he wrought with his whole soul, and poured out the stores of his mind, his hearers were in a condition more readily to apprehend him and appropriate his teaching.

Prof. COLEMAN has left no evidence in the form of literary production of his fine endowments and culture. This would seem singular as well as contradictory were there not a good reason for it. In his short and busy life there was no time for him to devote to composition. Up to the time of his election to the professorship in the University, his whole time was necessarily given to his large school. No man without trial can appreciate properly the amount of actual labor which such a school as his imposed. On his shoulders as Principal all the responsibility and a large portion of the labor rested. He directed and controlled the conduct and studies of eighty boys, provided for their daily wants, taught an equal amount with any of his assistants, corrected exercises, kept the boys' accounts, corresponded with parents and guardians, managed their finances and his own. Under such harassing engagements, but little time could be found for literary production. One chief reason for his accepting the position of Professor, was that it would relieve him of a part of this burden. In a pecuniary point of view, his professorship was not comparable to his position as Principal of Hanover Academy, and scarcely superior in point of honor and distinction. He himself assigned as a reason for the move, the fact that his mind seemed almost petrifying under the perpetual, monotonous round of his school duties, and that for the sake of more leisure and better

opportunities for intellectual and spiritual culture, he was willing to sacrifice pecuniary advantages in assuming his new position. His course at the University was too brief for the realization of his own hopes and those of his friends, since he occupied the position only long enough to become familiar with its requirements. But even in this short time, and with the attention required for a class of more than a hundred students, he had commenced the work; in his moments of leisure he prosecuted the study of German, and entered upon a course of reading in general literature.

The mention of his work at Hanover Academy brings me to consider what may justly be in a great measure attributed to Mr. COLEMAN, namely, the improvement of the general tone of education in his State.

The Academy established by him in Hanover county, though a private enterprise, produced a marked influence upon the character of the schools in Virginia, and upon school education. Previously to that time, good high schools were few in number, and were not taught upon any general plan or system. This school was established exclusively with a view to prepare students for the University of Virginia, whose text-books were adopted and plan of instruction pursued. The student was prepared for any class he proposed to take in the University, and in many cases the course at the school embraced the entire course at the University. In consequence, the students from this school were not only found to be best prepared for the University, but many of them took high positions in their classes and were graduated with distinction. Many of these students on leaving college, seeing that Mr. COLEMAN had not only made teaching profitable, but honorable, abandoning the beaten track of the learned professions, adopted that of teaching instead. Hence, by the time that Mr. COLEMAN was promoted to the University, there was already quite a number of high schools in different parts of the State established on his plan. This not only produced a higher order of training in the schools, but a higher grade of preparation in students for the University. Moreover, as these schools were all on the University plan, there was a greater concentration towards that institution from year to year, and in a period of ten years or more its attendance rose from two hundred and fifty to more than six hundred students. From the superior preparation of the students

another important result flowed, that the University was ena
to advance the grade of its scholarship and to extend its alr
expanded course. The minor colleges felt the same influe
since in order to maintain themselves it was necessary to rise al
the high schools. Again, the increased advantages afforde
the University, and the higher grade of scholarship required
its honors, reflected in turn upon the schools, so that it may be sa
affirmed that the advancement in the type of education in
ginia in the space of ten years while COLEMAN was teacher,
equal to that of any double period preceding The concentra
of attention upon the University of Virginia, caused to a
siderable degree by the establishment of such schools in diffe
parts of the State by its graduates, the number of the alumn
the University disseminated throughout the State and the S
in all ranks and professions, has made that institution and
advantages conspicuous, given it a commanding position an
the collegiate institutions of the South and placed it on a pern
ent basis. The State appropriation, once grudgingly bestowe
now eagerly extended by the loving hands of her foster-child
and they are to-day a band of brothers united in advancing
interests and illustrating the benefits of her establishment.
were saying too much to attribute all these happy results to
efforts of Mr. COLEMAN, or to say that he saw them or an
pated them in his early labors; much is due to the general adva
ment of the country, to the well-known and well-deserved rep
tion of the officers of the University; but good work well
will bring forth good fruit; the events spoken of above are in
sequence of cause and effect; and there can be no reasonable d
that the fortunate impulse which, happily seconded, has resu
so advantageously, was given by this quiet worker.

In estimating the character of this man, it is hard for one
knew him and who loved him, not to deal in seeming hyperb
for to know him was to love him. His clay, so kindly temp
by nature's hand, had been wrought by culture into deligh
harmony. His sympathies were so large, his affections so t
his disposition so genial, his manners so gentle, his virtues so
spicuous, yet so unobtrusive that no one could escape the spel
his influence. Qualities of head and heart combined to n
him a most charming companion either for men of intellect o
feeling. These good qualities were irradiated by a deep relig

faith that moulded every thought and shaped every action of his life. Few men were so firm in religious convictions as he, yet so free from all bigotry. While he belonged to a denomination of Christians somewhat exclusive in their tenets, this caused no narrow sectarianism and did not limit the broad catholicity of his views. At Hanover Academy he employed ministers of several denominations to hold the regular services for his students, in the choice of whom he was guided rather by Christian principle and practice than by denomination or sect. If prominence should be given to one feature of his character more than another, it would be his high sense of duty. When the proper path of duty was made plain, when his reason was convinced, his sense of right satisfied, he took his resolve and pursued his course without one thought of self. Says Major Venable, one of his earliest and latest friends, "His conceptions of duty were as true and direct as his performance of it was thorough and exact." This sense of duty would never allow him as a boy to neglect a lesson, as a man and a teacher it would never allow him to shirk his full share of work. He was fond of society, and particularly of that of friends whom he had known his life long; yet how often has he risen from such a circle of which he was the charm, and marched off to his treadmill, as he called it, the correcting of students' exercises, or some other equally imperative but unattractive task. He was fond of books, of lettered ease, of literary pursuits, of cultivated society; he was eminently domestic, devoted to his fireside and its sacred delights; he had been nurtured tenderly, had never suffered hardship or sickness untended, hunger, cold or want unsatisfied; he had troops of friends and devoted kindred in whose society he delighted to live and whose love kindled his very soul; yet when his country called him in her hour of need, when he saw her bleeding under the heel of the invader, when the duty of patriotic self-devotion set itself plainly before him, at its sacred bidding he laid all these things aside — books, fireside, kindred, friends, and with a full consciousness of the sacrifice, without compulsion or persuasion, embraced a life of hardship, toil, want and danger, alike uncongenial with his habits and unsuited to his tastes. No ardor for military glory urged him to this course, no desire to win the applause of men, but simply that sense of duty which actuated him throughout his life. He doubtless thought there was a chance of his surviving the hardship and the battle, but his

own good sense must have told him that his chances were as one to a thousand. Yet neither the solicitations of friends nor the sorrow of separation from his loved home and family, nor hardship, nor sickness, nor wounds, nor death had power to shake the settled purpose of his soul. On his death-bed he still said if he recovered he must see the end of the war. In such noble self-devotion he has left an example which should place his name among the worthies of ancient story and inspire the youth of Virginia to the latest generations.

Mr. COLEMAN was ever ready to assist with heart and hand every praiseworthy enterprise. He gave of his means abundantly to all charitable and religious objects. He educated many young men at his school free of charge, and assisted others at the University. He was one who did not willingly let his charities be known, and many of his good deeds go unremembered among men, as they are unrecorded.

In his domestic relations no man was more charming: the idol of his little children, the kind and loving husband. There was a feminine gentleness in his disposition that eminently fitted him for all fireside enjoyments. His culture and refinement found the highest exercise and sweetest gratification in adorning the family altar. In all the relations of son, brother, kinsman, he was a model of excellence: his heart was ever open to all the kindly influences of clanship. In the days of his trial, when disease had subdued the man, these deeper feelings of his nature assumed a higher tone: in the sacred communings of mother and son, husband or wife, he found a consolation unspeakable, and reaped the rich harvest of these treasures of the soul.

In his wider associations he was courteous and affable. He was remarkable for his conversational ability, which made his society attractive, even to strangers. Hence it happened that few men had a more extensive acquaintance or were more favorably known.

But as a friend, no man was more true, more sympathizing, more congenial. With him friendship was no weak affection, to be faded by separation or severed by time. When he once gave his affections, he was not easily changed by conduct even unseemly. His sympathy was so large, that even in the midst of faults he could discern the remains of good, and fixing his attention on that, he threw the mantle of charity over the failings. Men may have fallen away from him, but he was always constant and the

same. While the affability of his manner and the charm of his society attracted many, it was only to a few that he delivered up his true affection. These he grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. To such as knew him in this fine phase of his character, it were needless to recall the charm of his society,—his cheerful temper, genial humor, the beaming eye, the glowing countenance, the ready sympathy which made reunions with friends so delightful to them and to him, as he said, the green spots in his life.

The following tribute to his memory from the pen of John R. Thompson, Esq., one who knew him well, is added to fill up this sketch, so imperfect:—

"It was my happy fortune to know LEWIS MINOR COLEMAN well during a period of years which commenced with his University life and ended only with his martyrdom in the cause of his country; and this intimacy but tended to strengthen the affection I felt for him at college, and to enhance the admiration which was there excited by his intellectual endowments. Few, very few men, redeem in later years the promise they may have given in the curriculum of the University. But it was a characteristic of COLEMAN that he made every acquisition the stepping-stone to something yet higher and nobler beyond, and his undergraduate honors had no value in his eyes other than as associated with those instructions which enabled him to reach forward to a still more thorough and exhaustive knowledge.

"His gifts were rich and varied. He had a keen perception of the ludicrous and a lively enjoyment of mirthful sallies, and his conversation was at times lighted up by flashes of wit; but the laughter he excited was always chaste, and he never sacrificed the feelings of others to a *bon-mot*. There was too much charity and kindness in his disposition for this, and his ambition soared far above the reputation of a brilliant conversationalist; so much heart had he indeed, that humor predominated largely over wit—a quiet, gentle humor, like that of Charles Lamb, that broke out in sunny gleams over the barrenest topics. He had also a delicate sense of the beautiful in art, in literature, and in the natural world. He was an industrious reader, and his mind drew to itself all that was true and elevated and wholesome in whatever he read, rejecting the false and the noxious, as the bee draws honey even from poisonous flowers; and a memory singularly retentive, coming just here to his aid, he kept in his mental warehouse, as

weapons are kept in an armory, all the treasures of poetry and philosophy ready for instant use. All wild and romantic scenery he greatly enjoyed. I recollect to have met him once, just after his return from a trip up the Saguenay in East Canada, and his descriptions of what he had seen were full of an unstudied grace and eloquence such as is rarely found in books of travel.

"In the line of usefulness he had marked out for himself, he reached the highest possible eminence, and deserves as a teacher to be ranked with Dr. Arnold of Rugby, whom, it was said, he had made his model. I have been with him at Hanover Academy, both in his hours of teaching and his hours of play, and seen him among his pupils, beloved, never feared, always respected, the master of their confidence and their affections. His sympathies were with them in the play-ground and in the recitation-room. His temper was the sweetest, and his discipline at once the most kindly and unbending of any Dominie that ever sat in magisterial authority over a school-room. The fruits of his system had already manifested themselves before his death, in a higher standard of academical training throughout Virginia.

"As a private gentleman, as the warmly attached friend, the delightful companion, the sincere, humble Christian, carrying his life in his hand when his country called for it, I need not speak of him. I cannot think of his early death, a sacrifice to this war, without recalling the remarkable words of Lord Clarendon, in concluding his lofty eulogy on Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, wherein the historian speaks of that lamented nobleman as 'having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attained to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency;' and we may add, slightly varying the language of the sentence, that 'whoso leads such a life, need not care in what manner or at what age it be taken from him.'"

What more than all else gave to his character beauty and symmetry, was his religion, his deep, abiding faith. While, as has been remarked, no bigotry, no sectarianism, no austerity of manner was visible in him, this lofty feeling, like a subtle aroma, plainly pervaded his life; his actions and conduct were ever shapen by religious precepts. His sympathy was alive to every exertion in the cause of Christ; he gave freely of his time and his means. He delighted in the service of God. While at the University

of Virginia, though his duties were very onerous, as he had no assistant, he never failed to attend the prayer-meetings of the students, not only taking part but sometimes leading in their devotional exercises. At the risk of interfering with more congenial services, he consented to become the superintendent of the Sabbath School for colored children and adults, and not even his higher and more pleasing duties were more faithfully performed. As God had blessed him, he was abundant in his private charities; he was a benefactor to the poor all around his home in Hanover, and was remembered by them reverently and affectionately. But above all was he abundant in that higher and holier charity which placed him in harmony with all that is lowliest, while it raised him to all that is purest and holiest. No man's faith was firmer or more consoling, and no one ever gave an example more shining of that beautiful influence of Christianity which, while withdrawing us from the world, leaves no trace of asceticism or austerity, but expands the heart with a larger, purer and higher sympathy for our kind; while weaning us from frivolities and absorbing earthly pursuits, fixes our affections upon objects more serious, more useful and more virtuous, without narrowing our sympathies with the pursuits of men; which, amid the cares and troubles of life, gives cheerful contentment, and in sorrow and adversity, hopeful patience. Such faith, such example was his.

No day and no undertaking was commenced by him without invoking God's blessing. It has been the writer's privilege to hear his earnest appeals to the Father in the family circle, to witness his reverent attention in public worship, to see him morning and evening with head uncovered and uplifted hands, invoke the blessing of God on his company and the cause, and His protection in the hour of danger. In speaking of these religious exercises at the head of his company, a brother officer, Captain Kirkpatrick, characterizes them as "direct, earnest, deep and fervent." "I shall never forget," says he, "the prayer he offered on the sad and memorable Sabbath morning when we commenced our retreat from Centreville. His heart was very tender and very full, and it seemed to unburden itself into the sympathizing ear of that Saviour who is God over all, blessed forever, and who yearns over all his troubled children with such unspeakable tenderness." In the day of battle, he often said, there was nothing so full of assurance to him amid its terrors and

its dangers, as the thought of Christ, his promises and his mercies. One of his brother officers remarked that the earnestness and sincerity of his ejaculatory prayers upon the battle-field convinced him that "the soul of Colonel COLEMAN was always fixed upon the one sure hope and source of strength."

"We were drawn up in line of battle," says Captain Kirkpatrick, "on the eastern bank of the Chickahominy, with the enemy advancing in front, on a Sabbath morning in April or May, 1862. Captain COLEMAN approached where I was lying, took from my hands the Bible I had been reading, and turning to the 84th Psalm, read it and commented upon its beautiful verses. I can now recall the earnest, longing tones in which he repeated 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God!' He drew a parallel between David's condition when he composed that Psalm, and ours as we had been driven by our enemies, and spoke of the wonderful adaptedness of God's word, when even such circumstances as those around us only the more forcibly impressed its truths and beauties upon the soul. He then went on to speak in glowing terms of the sweet privileges of God's House, the solemn assemblies of His saints, their blissful communion with Him in all the ordinances of His worship. The impression made upon me by that reading and those running comments will never be effaced from my memory, and while my soul retains its powers, the 84th Psalm will be associated in my mind with LEWIS MINOR COLEMAN and that beautiful but anxious Sabbath morning."

Most of all did this fervent Christian spirit manifest itself in his last period of suffering. It was the writer's fortune to visit him during this time. In the wasted and emaciated frame, the sharpened features on which suffering had traced its deep lines, none but the eye of an intimate acquaintance could have recognized the man. All was changed except the spirit that still looked from his eyes. In the intervals of pain he was still cheerful, still hopeful in spite of the knowledge of his almost hopeless condition. His heart was still loving to all; with his friends he still expanded into something of the old genial warmth that flashed into his eye and face the old kindly glance. In the agony of suffering which held him in torture and sleepless wakefulness, his patience and fortitude, his grateful thanks to his attendants,

the upturned eye in silent supplication, the earnest spoken appeal to Heaven for support, touched every beholder to the heart. In his troubled sleep, his mind ever wandered among the friends and occupations of the peaceful past, or the sterner and sadder scenes of his later life. At one time loved names trembled on his lips, again he recited as if from his tribune, and then the short, sharp word of command would burst from his lips, as if in the midst of sweeter dreams the dread realities of his later life mingled like a troubled current.

As time passed on and the faint hope of even the most sanguine faded away, the darkened chamber in which that pure and saintly existence was waning away seemed illuminated by rays from the very gate of Heaven. When told that his end approached, the intelligence wrought no change, infused no terror in one whose faith was anchored so deep. He spoke of death not only with calmness and resignation, but with cheerfulness and the fulness of Christian hope. Said he to his weeping friends, "It is but a short trip; it is only taking a little journey, then safe and happy forever." "I had hoped to do good while living; but I may do more good by dying than by living." He repeated those noble and consoling words from Cor. xv., "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality," and rejoiced that he should soon realize that glory. He sent messages to his absent friends by name. He arranged his worldly affairs with clearness and exactness. Calling his wife to his bedside, he committed his children to her care, and them all to the protection of Almighty God, and with eloquent words pronounced a eulogy upon her who had so blessed his life with love and joy, and fervently thanked her for all her love and the domestic happiness with which she had crowned his life on earth. He did not forget his commanders. "Tell General Lee and General Jackson," said he, in almost the words of another soldier Christian, "they know how Christian soldiers can fight: I wish they could see now how a Christian soldier can die."*

*In communicating this message to General Jackson, Dr. Coleman wrote:—"I doubt not, General, that the intimate acquaintance with yourself which my brother desired on earth will be vouchsafed to him in Heaven, and that when your career of usefulness here is ended, in the green pastures and by the still waters of a brighter sphere you and he will meet in sweet communion and fellowship, and that your earthly acquaintance will be purified and perfected into an eternal friendship."

General Jackson responded:—"Had your brother lived, it was my purpose to become better acquainted with him. I saw much less of him than I desired. I look beyond this life to an existence where I hope to know him better.

"Very truly, your friend, "T. J. JACKSON."

Within five or six weeks these anticipations were realized, when the hero "passed over the river."

In those last hours his prayer was for release from pain and suffering. "Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Writhing in pain, he expressed the fear that God's face was hid from him, but shortly after he recalled the doubt. "Doctor, you remember I said I did not feel God's presence with me. Now I know that He is near me, and I feel the breath of the angels' wings." Waking from a troubled sleep and turning to his brother, in semi-unconsciousness he said: "Malcolm, did I die as a Christian soldier ought to die?" Then recovering his consciousness he said, "I thought I had died on the battle-field."

In his last moments of consciousness he requested his friends to sing the hymn "Jesus, I love thy charming name." As the last verse—

> "I'll speak the honors of Thy name
> With my last laboring breath;
> And dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
> The antidote of death"—

was sung by the tearful voices of his friends, with faltering, dying tones he joined in them. Some said to him, "You will soon be in Heaven; are you willing to go?" "Perfectly willing; certainly I am." These were his last words, and so he passed to his rest.

To his friends and contemporaries, the contemplation of the early death of one to them so dear, to his country so useful, so full of promise, should not be all of sorrow and pain; they should thank God and take courage that an example of character so tender and gracious, of life so true and good, of a death so triumphant and glorious, had been consecrated in their recollection for imitation. From such a life, from such a death, a thousand glories rise to ennoble human nature and to point mankind to virtue. In time to come his name will be coupled in letters with that of Arnold, and in arms with those of his fellow-soldiers in Christ and on earth, Gardiner, Havelock, and saintly Vicars; and when his loved State shall gather up her jewels, among the names of those who, in a wider theatre and in more conspicuous positions, have acted well their parts, she will write high on the roll of fame and encircle with an unfading wreath the name of LEWIS MINOR COLEMAN, the scholar, the soldier, and the Christian.

END OF VOLUME II.

THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL.

VOLUME III—1863.

HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER,

Lieutenant-Colonel, 15th Virginia Infantry.

The subject of this brief sketch, HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, the son of that eminent Virginian who served his State so long and well as Judge, and as Professor of Law in her University, Judge Henry St. George Tucker, was born in Winchester, Virginia, January 5th, 1828. He entered Washington College (Lexington, Va.) at the age of fifteen, and after spending one year in that institution, came to the University in 1844. He here pursued successfully for two years the studies of the literary and scientific departments, and graduated in several of the leading schools. In 1845–6 he was one of three graduates in the school of Mathematics. At the close of that session he delivered the Valedictory Oration before the Jefferson Society. He exhibited in his course fine powers of acquisition, and, for his early age, remarkable literary talent and culture. In his University career ST. TUCKER (the name by which his friends best knew him) was without an enemy. His wit, his genial temperament, gentle disposition, and high social qualities made him the beloved companion and friend of Harrison, Coleman, Thornton, and of many other noble spirits on whom, as on him, our Alma Mater seemed to bestow her richest gifts, that their sacrifice in the prime of glorious manhood might be the more costly.

Having completed his academic course in the University, he studied Law in William and Mary College, under the tuition of his uncle, Judge N. Beverly Tucker, Professor of Law in that institution, and in 1848 came to the bar in Charlottesville. Here he married Miss Lizzie Gilmer, eldest daughter of Governor Thomas Walker Gilmer. In the session of 1850–51, ST. GEORGE TUCKER was elected Clerk of the Senate of Virginia, which position he

filled with credit and efficiency. In the session of 1852–3 he was elected Clerk of the House of Delegates, and served with great acceptance for four or five years. His talents and popularity gave him remarkable power in the legislative body. In 1857 he gave up this post and undertook the duties of instructor in Mathematics (for which his mathematical education, under the lamented Courtenay, had well qualified him), in an academy at Ashland, in Hanover county. After teaching for two years, TUCKER went back to the profession of law, beginning the practice again in Hanover county. The war found him occupied with his profession, living in his quiet home near Ashland.

It was eminently fitting that a son of the noble stock which had given so many distinguished patriots to the service of Virginia in times past, should go promptly at her bidding to do and die for our old Mother in the hour of her peril and her need. Captain ST. GEORGE TUCKER entered the field with the first breaking out of hostilities in command of the "Ashland Grays," a company composed of his neighbors and friends. This company was attached to the 15th Virginia regiment under Colonel Thomas P. August. In this command Captain TUCKER did honorable service in the Peninsula in '61 and '62, under General Magruder, the 15th Virginia regiment forming a part of Semmes' brigade. In the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, in 1862, the 15th Virginia was engaged in the attack on the rear-guard of McClellan's army on the 29th June, at Savage Station, by McLaw's division, under the orders of General Magruder. Again Captain TUCKER commanded his company in the charge made by Magruder's division at Malvern Hill in the battle of July 1st, where our brave men went forward under the most destructive artillery fire of the war, and notwithstanding the havoc made in their ranks by the storm of shot and shell, kept up the unequal contest until night closed over the battle-field, and slept on their arms within one hundred yards of the enemy's guns. In this battle Major Walker, of the 15th Virginia regiment, was killed, and Captain TUCKER was promoted to majority and subsequently to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment. But the hardships and exposure of a Confederate soldier's life had done their fatal work on a constitution not naturally very strong. In the summer of 1862, Colonel TUCKER left the field a dying man. He lingered for a season, and died January 24th, 1863, in Charlottesville, where his family then resided.

In early life Colonel TUCKER had strong religious convictions, but these became apparently clouded as he grew up to manhood, but never lost their entire power over his mind. For more than a year before his death he had been turning his mind to religion, and died in the membership of the Presbyterian Church at Charlottesville, in the faith of a sincere and humble Christian.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER inherited in a high degree the brilliant talents of his family. He had strong poetic gifts, great humor, deep sensibility, and an ardent love of the beautiful in nature, art, and literature. As a writer, he displayed much taste and ability. All that he wrote was characterized by purity, simplicity, and elegance of diction. In 1857, he published a novel, under the title of "Hansford, a Tale of Bacon's Rebellion,"* a charming picture of the domestic life of the Cavaliers of the Old Dominion, interwoven with many passages of power and pathos. From its pages flash out the true Virginian love of liberty, and scorn and hatred for the minions of unscrupulous power. In one of its chapters the author makes his hero, Hansford, in an hour of disaster and peril, give utterance to sentiments which, a few short years afterwards, served well, alas! to tell the faith and fate of the author —

"Though tyranny, with bloody laws,
  May dig my early grave,
Yet death, when met in freedom's cause,
  Is sweetest to the brave.
Wedded to her,
Without a fear,
  I'll mount her funeral pile,
Welcome the death
Which seals my faith,
  And meet it with a smile."

The friends of Colonel TUCKER's college life and early manhood, loved him well. He was ever confiding, kind and affectionate, and those who were attracted to him by his genial wit and humor, and his bright, cheerful disposition, became bound to him through his sterling qualities in the ties of true and lasting friendship. By them will his memory be cherished, as a friend and comrade, as a brave and unselfish patriot, who loved Virginia, and gave his life for her; a costly sacrifice of talents and attainments upon the altar of her liberties.

*This novel was republished in 1864, by Peterson, of Philadelphia, under the title of "The Devoted Bride."

JOHN HERNDON MAURY,

Lieutenant and A. D. C. to General D. H. Maury.

Of all the precious jewels that we lost in the war, there w none more comely than JOHN H. MAURY. Perhaps there w not a single sacrifice, in that dreadful struggle, made under suc a veil of sadness and impenetrable mystery as that which su rounds his death.

He was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, October 21st, 184 His mother was the daughter of the late Dabney Herndon, c that place, and his father was Lieutenant M. F. Maury, who wa about that time, ordered to the post at Washington, in whic those services were rendered to commerce and navigation, and the cause of science, that won for the National Observatory i former renown. He was the fourth of eight children, two siste and a brother being his elders.

The Observatory continued to be the home of the family fro July, 1842, until April, 1861, when Virginia withdrew from tl Union, and called upon her sons in the Army and Navy of tl United States, to quit it, and rally around her own standar The subject of this memoir was then in his nineteenth year, a a student at the University of Virginia, for which he had bee chiefly prepared at the school of that excellent teacher and accon plished gentleman, Mr. Bowen, of Georgetown.

Adhering to the principles which had been instilled into him home, never to *seek* employment in the public service, he decid at an early period, notwithstanding a slight impediment of speec which, however, he hoped to overcome, to adopt the professic of the law.

To strengthen his constitution—for, like all the family, h suffered much from the miasmatic pestilence which enveloped tl Observatory,—and to give him a closer insight into the practic workings of the profession he was about to adopt, he was sent i the summer of 1859, to Newburgh, on the Hudson, where he b came an inmate of the family of the early friend and precept of his father, William C. Hasbrouck, then, and now, the leadi lawyer of that place. He left the Observatory for New Yor July 21st, 1859, and on that day, commenced a diary, in whic

he wrote daily. It is now before us, with the entry in large letters on the title-page:

"STRICTLY PRIVATE."

Most of the family papers and correspondence were lost during the war, and it is upon a few stray letters and the first volume of this diary, that we have to rely for incidents tending to show the character of this amiable youth. Comely in person, and gentle in disposition, he possessed all those noble and ennobling traits which dignify manhood, and which seemed to be so blended in him that nothing more was left for his parents to desire.

Arriving in New York alone, his first adventure was the loss of his trunk through the negligence of the Express, and it was several weeks before he recovered it. Mr. Hasbrouck asked him for an inventory of its contents so that he might make reclamation upon the company, and we find this entry in his faithful diary:—"*July 27th.* No news of my trunk. I have made out an inventory of all the articles, with the prices as far as I can recollect. I was so afraid of cheating, I cheated myself."

"*August* 1, 1859. Had a long visit from young ——— to-day (a new acquaintance); he wants me to make him a visit. At the door he renewed his invitation, but in such a way that I will not accept it. 'Mother,' said he, 'is going away the latter part of this week; then you can come and stay Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and then you can do as you please.' I wonder if that's the way of Yankee invitations."

He had not been at Newburgh more than a week or two before he was recalled to the Observatory, one of his sisters being dangerously ill. "*At home, Aug.* 8. They say Nannie is quite bright this morning, but still I am not permitted to see her. I go and peep at her through the door, but that is all. I have been passing the day reading 'Ivanhoe.' Getting too fond of novel-reading; must stop it."

"*Sunday, Aug.* 21. Saw my old school-fellows, John and T. N., at Church to-day. I was in hopes that John would not go to the University of Virginia until next session, so that I could measure myself against him. But these hopes are all knocked in the head."

"*Aug.* 22. Mr. Watt brought in 199 ripe pears this morning. All the morning taken up in sending presents of them to our

various neighbors. Pa received this morning an offer from Leopold, King of Belgium, of an order of knighthood, which he was obliged to decline. Why didn't he do like the King of Portugal and send it without asking him anything about it."

"*Aug.* 30. Pa went with Bishop Otey to-day to see the President, Mr. Cass and others. The Bishop is greatly *enthused* on the subject of a University of the South, to be erected in the Cumberland Mts., Tenn., under Episcopal auspices."

He got back to his good friends in Newburgh, Friday, Sept. 2d.; Monday Mr. Hasbrouck had not set him to work. He could not bear to lose even one day, so on Monday, the 5th, this interesting diary says:—"No mention made of study, and Mr. H. has gone to the office, leaving me at home. But about 8 I started to work at Spanish, Latin and French, and stuck at them steadily till dinner-time. Pitched into 'Blackstone' at night. I want Mr. H. to see me. I hope it will bring him to say something to me about it. My plan succeeded admirably, and I have now some half dozen books on hand to read."

"*Wednesday* 7. I have gone to work in earnest. Waded into 'Blackstone' directly after breakfast. After dinner took a little more of 'Blackstone' until some one came in to see Mr. H., when I slipt out. After they had gone, came back for half an hour. After supper finished the question on section 2d. Mr. H. commenced to examine me on them. Bungled at two, though I was not quite prepared for any examination yet."

"*Thursday, Oct.* 6. I don't work so well now as I did a couple of weeks ago. My mind is wandering from the book all the time, and I have to read some parts over three or four times before I can get the sense of it; but that is partly owing to the many law terms I meet with and its being too in the old style of spelling. Didn't get back into the office until after tea. I worked about an hour, or tried to do so, but could'nt keep from nodding, so I thought it best to go to bed."

"*Thursday, Oct.* 20. Finished 'Littleton' to-day, the second time, and commenced the second volume of 'Blackstone.' I want to finish all the four books before Christmas."

He went home for his Christmas holidays. Much of his time was spent at the capitol, hearing the debates in Congress; but Monday, January 9th, found him fresh and bright as usual, on his way back to Newburgh and the law, where he arrived on the 10th, after crossing the river on the ice.

"*Tuesday, Jan.* 11. Went to a book-keeping class this evening. Read first chapter in 'Kent.' No prospect of my being put down in the business-office. The vacant desk has been sent away.

"*Thursday, Jan.* 26. Spoke to Mr. H., about moving me down in the office. Said I might go in the morning. Good."

"*Jan.* 27. Moved to-day, greatly to my delight. Stand some chance now of learning something about the practical part of business."

"*Monday, Mar.* 5. Busy reading up for my maiden law-suit."

"*Mar.* 6. One suit came off to-day. Got judgment and costs. Got another suit."

"*Thursday, Mar.* 15. Very busy in office, foreclosing mortgages. Everybody writing as hard as they can drive."

"*Wednesday, June* 20. Left Newburgh for good at 9, P. M. Now for home."

The family had now broken up at the Observatory, and gone to Virginia, as usual, for their summer recreation. He joined them in Fredericksburg. He was now looking forward anxiously to the University of Virginia, which was to commence its annual session the first of October.

His rule was to do with all his might whatever he undertook. So we soon find him at the law again in Fredericksburg.

"*Friday, 6th July.* Commenced the law again this morning with Uncle Charles Herndon. Reading 'Warren's Legal Studies.'"

"*Tuesday, July* 10. Am studying French with Cousin John Minor, of evenings."

Wednesday, July 25. Got a letter from Pa, saying for some reason which he would not tell, there is very little prospect of my going to the University the coming session of 1860-61. What can it mean?"

"*July* 26. Nothing more about college; am anxious. Don't want to go anywhere but to the U. of Va."

"*July* 28. Wrote to Pa to-day on the University subject."

"*Aug.* 28. Had a long talk with Pa on the subject of Lexington and the University of Virginia. Lexington was knocked on the head. Hurra for the U. of Va!"

"*Tuesday, Sept.* 11. Uncle Brodie went to Warrenton Springs this evening; left a note asking me to go and see some of his patients."

"*Sept.* 12. Went around to see Uncle Brodie's patients t morning; felt their pulses, looked at their tongues, &c., then l the medicines."

"*Sept.* 28. Pa has allowed me for the coming year $500. very liberal allowance."

"*Sept.* 29. Started for College this morning."

"*University of Virginia, Oct.* 1. No lectures for me to-d Got my carpet put down."

"*Oct.* 2. Attended my first lecture to-day. Frank Smith, P fessor of Natural Philosophy."

He now set in regularly to work; and one of his chief ple ures was meeting with his old Georgetown school-fellow, J. whom he admired so much and with whom he was so anxious measure himself. The entries in his diary became, now, less a less full, but they showed he was working hard — setting up l at his studies, until the small hours, and rising again sometin at five, for his course was very full.

"*Sunday, Oct.* 14. Went to the University Chapel both tin to-day" — his rule was to attend church regularly — "'twas rai ing too hard to go to town. Joined Dr. Davis' Bible Class t evening."

"*Monday, Oct.* 15. Up until 2 o'clock to-night, studyi Math."

"*Wednesday, Oct.* 17. Rose this morning at half-past Rather later than usual. Joe did not wake me up."

"*Thursday, Oct.* 18. Late at breakfast again; must 'turn o a new leaf.'"

This is the end of the journal and the last entry; and it was ' new leaf," indeed, which he was about to "turn," for the count was fast drifting into war and he had the blank volume of the futu before him to fill up with its horrors. He was the first of t foremost to take the field in that memorable war. A call w made upon the students for volunteers for a secret expeditic It was to take possession of Harper's Ferry. They went li minute men, and he among them.

True, as yet no hostile foot had crossed the borders of Virgir and no blood had stained her soil; but she was drifting rapid into war; developments were swift, stirring and portentous; t public mind was wild with excitement, and all was martial pr paration. After a week or so, calmer counsels prevailed for t

moment, and young MAURY and others were remanded back to their studies. He was under age and could not then join the army.

But with the first excitement the time for study passed away; and then the students who remained, organized themselves into military companies, and the University put on the aspect more of a training school than of a temple dedicated to the arts, literature and the peaceful walks of philosophy.

The father well knew his son's power of abstraction and mental application, and urged him to push on with his studies. But, one after another, his fellow-students left, some for the field, some for home and some to raise companies and join the army. He entreated, plead duty to the State, and got leave to go. His first essay was to raise an artillery company. He set out alone and upon his own responsibility to beat up recruits, but there were no guns, so that enterprise had to be abandoned.

By this time Roanoke was hard pushed, and he went down upon his own "hook" to join Commodore Lynch, who had command of our little flotilla there. The only written record left of his adventures on this expedition, is a note — on a scrap of paper — to his father, dated

"'SEA BIRD,' ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.,
Feb. 9th, 1862. (*Sunday.*)

"*Dear Pa:* I reached here yesterday evening, too late for the fight. Found Lynch and fleet here. It had returned here after his ammunition had given out. One of his vessels sunk, three men wounded. We are going down towards the Island immediately. No time to write more. Love to all.

J. H. MAURY."

They went. The Sea Bird was nothing more than a cockle-shell. She was met by the stout, strong and well-equipped vessels of the enemy, fired and sunk. His trunk with all his worldly possessions, went down in her. He escaped to the shore and came back unscathed, with nothing but the clothes in which he went into the fight.

He was now appointed Master in the navy, and went to work in the woods, getting out timber for gunboats. Here, as ever, he won the admiration and elicited the praise of all the officers for his devotion to duty, singleness of purpose, and the thoroughness with which he executed orders.

Times, however, were too stirring for a spirit like his to b felling trees in the forest and building vessels that, as events de veloped themselves, he soon foresaw never would be launched He resigned his appointment in the navy, with the view of goin into the army. He was soon invited on the staff of General D H. Maury, in Mississippi. His fortunes were now cast with th Army of the West; and the same noble traits and gentle disposi tion which so endeared him to hearts at home, made him universal favorite with his companions in arms.

He had not, however, been with them long, before his mothe and sisters, whom it had been his duty and pleasure to see com fortably established in their new home in Fredericksburg, wer broken and scattered like many others. His father had been sen abroad; his brother was only waiting for his wound (received i the well-fought field of 'Seven Pines') to heal, to take the fiel again; and his mother, with the rest of the family had bee driven out of Fredericksburg. It was now a scattered family never again to be united in this world.

In November, 1862, he was taken prisoner at Holly Spring Miss., but on the 8th of December, he was again at his post an thus wrote to his mother:

"HEAD QUARTERS, MAURY'S DIVISION,
CAMP NEW GRENADA, *Dec.* 8, 1862.

"*My dearest Mother:*

Congratulate me, my dearest mother, on my speedy return t 'Dixie.' I was very fortunate — was only a prisoner 21 days . . . . . I came back feeling very bitter against the Yankees They brag and boast and lie so. Every officer I saw, almost, ha his pocket full of counterfeit Confederate money, to pass off o the negroes and poor ignorant people in the South, and thinks i a good joke. . . . . I have just been engaged in the delight ful occupation of reading a budget of sweet letters from home that had accumulated during my absence. Thank you all a thou sand times over for so many sweet tokens, that I am still fresh an warm in the hearts of all I love and hold most dear. Give m dearest love and kisses to all of them."

His last letter is dated Vicksburg, January 8th, 1863, givin a spirited account of things there. A few days after and he wa no more; the last that was seen, by friendly eye, of this gallan

and noble spirit, was at 1 P. M., on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1863. Grant was at work opposite to Vicksburg, trying to turn the course of the river. His gunboats and other vessels were there, and young MAURY, with some of his comrades, was planning an expedition to cut out one of them by night. After going his rounds, and making a reconnoissance that had been assigned him that day, he parted with his companion, Colonel Burnett of Texas, who returned to headquarters for dinner, while "Johnny," as everybody endearingly called him, said he wanted to see how the enemy got on with their canal. He went alone; swam a crevasse, and intending to gain a point on our side of the river opposite the canal, from which the best view was to be had, rode down the levee. His route was down the Warrenton road. He was full of life, daring and adventure, and his not returning before dark caused no uneasiness. But when, next morning, he had not returned, solicitude grew into anxiety, inquiries were set on foot and active search commenced. The General and staff, accompanied by couriers, rode down to the crevasse and there learned that a horse, answering in description to "Johnny's" had been seen, with saddle empty, on the opposite side of the crevasse about 3 P. M., the day before.

The first impression was that he had been thrown; and the crevasse was searched and dragged. But Colonel Burnett, an experienced Texan ranger, after examining the trail of the mare, reported that the crevasse had been safely swum, and that she had been ridden at a trot for two or three miles down the Warrenton road along the bank of the river; that here she had turned off at a gallop and dashed riderless into the overflow; that at this point there were foot-prints of the men, signs of a scuffle, some cartridges and a bit of india-rubber cloth such as the Yankees used for covering the cone of their rifles, and neither cartridges nor cloth such as those belonged to us. The rubber cloth had on it the letters "I. V.," which may have stood for Indiana, Illinois or Iowa Volunteers. About one hundred yards down the road, there were traces where a skiff had been run up to the bank, and where five or six men had landed and embarked again. Our pickets had been withdrawn from this side of the crevasse only the day before.

No doubt was now felt that the party in the skiff was a scouting party from the other side, and that young MAURY was their prisoner.

A flag of truce was sent over to General Grant's headq to inquire. Neither he nor Admiral Porter had heard an of him. Porter knew him well; had been associated wi father on duty at the Observatory; and the two Generals, and Maury, knew each other at West Point, and had together in the Mexican War. They both sent kindly m back, and said if the young Lieutenant was brought in would let General Maury know. They kept their promise, about two weeks, sent word that they had heard nothing o

In the meantime various reports, some the most cruel, as capture and death, others the most tantalizing as to his began to be circulated. Every exertion was made, both and since the war, to trace them up, but in vain. Finall some time after the war had terminated, and in answer appeal for information, made by General Maury through the papers, a young man stepped into the editor's office and could tell what had become of Lieutenant JOHN H. MAURY he had the story from one of our own men, who had sinc but was witness of the murder.

The story ran thus:—"A party of renegades, or a party l by a Southern renegade, had come over in the skiff and wer cealed in the bushes. Young MAURY stopped directly op where they lay in ambush, dismounted, and, with his back towards them, was looking across the river through his glasses. They rushed upon him. He attempted to re-mou horse started, he missed the stirrup, the mare escaped, and l seized, carried across the river, and shot. Six balls passed th his body, one taking off two of the fingers of the right han

However this story may be, it seems certain that the fire noble spirit was quenched in foul murder, and that he wa tally done to cruel and sudden death, a few hours at most capture; for he was too well known to be held a prisoner w the knowledge of the proper authorities, or without his nam ing upon ears to which it was familiar.

TOWLES BROTHERS.

JOHN T. TOWLES, Private 21st Mississippi Infantry, and
WILLIAM E. TOWLES, M. A., B. L., Private, Washington Artillery.

Among the very first acquaintances the writer formed when he became a student at the University of Virginia, was WILLIAM ESKRIDGE TOWLES. For four years we worked together, often in the same classes, and inspired by the same hopes. During this time there existed between us the most cordial relations of esteem and affection. He hailed from Louisiana, but his blood was at least half Virginian; and for thirteen years he was a resident of the Old Dominion.

He was the oldest son of Major John T. and Mrs. Frances Peyton Towles, of Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and was born on the 15th of March, 1837, in Staunton, Virginia, where resided at that time his maternal grandfather, William S. Eskridge, for a long while Clerk of the Chancery Court of that town. Mrs. Towles' mother was a daughter of Judge John Brown, for many years Chancellor of the old Staunton district.

When WILLIAM was a few months old his parents returned to Louisiana; but at the age of nine he was sent back to Virginia, and placed in the family of his grandfather, Mr. Eskridge, whose residence was then in Lexington. Two years afterwards he was transferred to the school of his uncle, R. T. W. Duke, at Lewisburg. When Mr. Duke removed to Albemarle county, WILLIAM was sent to Mr. Pike Powers, at Staunton, and remained there until October 1854, when he matriculated at the University. In this Institution he continued for six consecutive sessions, during which he attained most of its honors: in 1857 he was graduated Bachelor of Arts; in 1858 he received the degree of Master of Arts; and in 1860, that of Bachelor of Law.

In 1857 WILLIAM was joined at the University by his brother, JOHN TURNBULL. He, too, was born at Staunton, the date of that event being December 25th, 1838. Although nearly two years younger than WILLIAM, still, when the latter went to Lexington at the age of nine, he was sent with him. Hence the two brothers went together to Lewisburg, and afterwards to Staunton. But when WILLIAM entered college, JOHN was sent to Hanover

Academy, then under the conduct of Lewis Minor Coleman. H took a high stand there as a student, and indeed was rather note for the rapidity with which he acquired. Mr. Coleman frequent spoke of him in the most gratifying terms. At the Universit too, he was counted among the best in his classes; and during h first two sessions there he graduated in the schools of Greek, Lati Modern Languages, and Chemistry. The third session he was candidate for the Master's degree, but failed to graduate in th school of Mathematics.

WILLIAM TOWLES was a member of the Washington Societ It does not appear that JOHN belonged to any literary society.

In 1860 the two brothers returned to Louisiana, and before lon both went to New Orleans — the elder to enter upon the study c the State law, the younger to attend medical lectures, with a vie to the profession of a physician. While they were thus engage the war came on, and they at once laid down their books and toc up their muskets. Their military life is best described in the wor of Brigadier-General W. L. Brandon, under whom, as Captai they both served. General Brandon writes from "Arcote Pla tation, near Fort Adams, Miss.," under date May 15th, 1870, a says:—

"JOHN T. TOWLES joined the company which I organized May, 1861, called "The Jeff. Davis Guards." WILLIAM Towles had previously joined "The Crescent Rifles," of Colon Hays' 7th Louisiana Regiment, and was transferred to my compa by consent of Colonel Hays, and at the request of Major Towl I reported the company so organized, and tendered it to Govern Pettus, of Mississippi, to form a part of the 8,000 voluntee required as the State's quota. This was done a few days after t call was made, and so great was the zeal to respond, that we we too late by several thousand. We then tendered our services the Confederate Government for the war, and were accepted a ordered to report at once at Richmond. We marched on the 24 of May and reported early in June, and were grouped with fo other companies from Mississippi into the 1st Battalion Mississip Volunteers, and I was assigned to the command, with the rank Major. The battalion was camped near the reservoir, and the the drill was commenced with energy and zeal. These two you soldiers showed great aptitude in acquiring a thorough knowled of tactics, both of the drill and of camp duty. With their ta

stalwart, and finely-proportioned figures, they soon acquired the high and gallant bearing of veterans.

"A few days after, two other companies from the same State were added; I was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and John G. Taylor was appointed Major. On the 19th July we were ordered to be ready to set out for Manassas. We reported at the depôt, but could not go forward for want of transportation, preference being given to Hampton's Legion, in consequence of their having artillery. We went forward on the 21st, and had the mortification of reaching Manassas on Monday night, one day too late to participate in the glorious triumph of the 21st. A few days after, four other companies from Mississippi were added, and we were organized into the 21st Mississippi Infantry, Colonel G. B. Humphreys being assigned to the command.

"Soon after we reached Manassas, typhoid or camp fever made its appearance in the regiment, and JOHN T. TOWLES was among the first to contract the disease. His attack was apparently light and he was thought to be convalescent, when he obtained a furlough to visit his friends at Charlottesville, and recruit his strength. Soon after his arrival at the residence of his uncle, Colonel R. T. W. Duke, he relapsed, and, after a painful and protracted illness, succumbed to this terrible disease on the 5th of September, 1861.

"His death was lamented by all; and his companions in arms, in company meeting, passed highly complimentary resolutions, expressive of their regard for him as a brave and gallant soldier, a patriot and a gentleman. From his great assiduity and application to the drill, he soon became a perfect martinet; and as an evidence of the impression that his military studies and duties made upon his mind, in his delirium he frequently called out, 'Corporal of the guard, Post No. 14!'

"Before closing, I cannot resist the desire to add my own testimony to his merits as a brave and gallant soldier, and to express the regret that he should have been cut short in the beginning of his career, which promised so fair, and before he had the opportunity of meeting the enemy, as he so ardently desired.

"In December, 1861, WILLIAM TOWLES was at his own request transferred to the Washington Artillery, which was composed of young men from New Orleans. This was desirable for him, as he proposed to practise law in that city. After serving with the artillery a short time, he was assigned to duty on the

staff of General J. E. B. Stuart, (who was a relation,) and was with him in his celebrated raid around McClellan's army, in all the battles before Richmond in 1862, in the second battle at Manassas, and at Sharpsburg. For his gallantry he was several times mentioned in the reports of his distinguished commander. At the battle of Williamsburg he volunteered to undertake and successfully accomplished a most daring enterprise, which was acknowledged by General Stuart as entitling him to the highest praise.

"He had the promise, either expressed or implied, of being commissioned, and assigned permanently to duty with General Stuart; but being disappointed in this, he was at his own request re-assigned to the Washington Artillery.

"Here, too, he served with great credit to himself. On one occasion he was the last man at his piece, all the rest being killed; but he maintained his position and fought his gun alone until he was reinforced.

"He continued in this service until February, 1863, when he received a furlough to make a visit to his parents in Louisiana. On the night of the 19th of that month, when within half a day's journey of his home, he was plunged with the train into the swollen waters of the Chunky river, between Meridian and Jackson, Mississippi. The river was greatly flooded, and one of the abutments of the bridge had been washed away. A guard was stationed there to notify the train then due; but faithless to his charge, he was absent, and the cars rushing headlong to ruin, more than a hundred officers and soldiers perished in consequence of his neglect.

"WILLIAM TOWLES was highly distinguished for all the qualities and attributes that constitute an accomplished gentleman and a gallant soldier. His death, and the circumstances attending it, cast a gloom over the whole command. If he had fallen on the field of fame, his back to the earth, his face to the heavens, his feet to the foe, we would have felt some consolation in knowing that he had succumbed to the fortunes of war. But to be drowned in a miserable little stream, by the gross neglect of a brute too stolid even to feel regret for the loss he had occasioned, was heart-rending indeed."

Apart from its circumstances, the death of such a man as WILLIAM TOWLES was a stunning blow to his friends. It would

have been something to them if the waters had dealt as gently with him as with the drowned soldier so touchingly described in the *Atheist's Tragedy*:—

> "He lay on his armor, as if that had been
> His coffin; and the weeping sea (like one
> Whose milder temper doth lament the death
> Of him whom in his rage he slew) runs up
> The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek;
> Goes back again, and forces up the sands
> To bury him; and every time it parts,
> Sheds tears upon him; till at last (as if
> It could no longer endure to see the man
> Whom it had slain, yet loth to leave him), with
> A kind of unresolv'd, unwilling pace,
> Winding her waves one in another (like
> A man that folds his arms or wrings his hands
> For grief), ebb'd from the body, and descends
> As if it would sink down into the earth,
> And hide itself for shame of such a deed."

But the swollen Chunky, like a little man suddenly grown into power, held its victim with unrelaxing grasp. Finally, the body was recovered from the stream and carried to Bayou Sara by a faithful servant who had been brought up in the family and was greatly attached to his young master. For two or three days he was in the water searching for it, and would not be persuaded to give over his search until it was found.

Mr. and Mrs. Towles were expecting their son, but not thus. Only once before, since the beginning of the war, had he visited them, and then he went sadly, with the remains of his brother. Not sadly now, but joyfully he was going to greet his friends, and to arrange for his nuptials with one of the fairest of Virginia's daughters. Perhaps he meant to carry back to Staunton the orange blossoms for her bridal chaplet, little thinking that before they were to be used, the cypress would be twined among the laurels that shaded his own brow!

> Ah me! such is our life;
> Just so the shadows chase the light,
> And sorrows take the place of joys
> Before the joys are ripe;
> Just so, without herald of gloom,
> Our brightest hopes sink into night,
> And we into the tomb.

ELISHA FRANKLIN PAXTON, B. L.,

Brigadier-General, Stonewall Brigade.

A modest tombstone in the quiet graveyard at Lexington, Virginia, bears the inscription:—

GENERAL E. F. PAXTON,
Died at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863,
AGED 35 YEARS.
"It is well with thee."

Such is the brief but suggestive record which surviving affection has made of a life well spent and nobly ended. A civilian become General in the first eighteen months of our great struggle; stricken down on the same field with his great commander, and upborne at the last on the strong pinions of an assured Christian faith — nothing more is needed to show that here was a life and character worth noting, worth commemorating, and holding up as an exemplar and model.

ELISHA FRANKLIN PAXTON was a native of Rockbridge, and descended on both sides of the house from the oldest families of settlers in the great valley. His mother, a sister of Governor McNutt, of Mississippi, was noted for unusual intelligence and high moral qualities, and no doubt contributed greatly to the formation of the character of her son, who returned her love and care almost with idolatry. Passing his early years in the good old-fashioned way of boys trained to industry on the paternal farm, and in attendance on country schools within reach of home, he entered Washington College when still quite young, and was there graduated in 1845. He next became a graduate of Yale College in 1847; and finally took the degree of Bachelor of Law at the University of Virginia in 1849. For a few years his prinpal employment was the active prosecution of land claims under the military bounty acts of the United States. But just before and after his marriage with Miss E. H. White, of Lexington, in November, 1854, he settled down to the regular practice of his profession, in which he soon achieved a marked success. With none of the natural gifts of the orator, he could yet upon fit occasion express vigorous thought in terse and nervous language; and

whilst really one of the most kind and generous of men, yet when strongly moved by a sense of wrong done to a client, his invective was withering. Thoroughly grounded in the principles of the law, with habits of faithful industry and strong powers of application, he unquestionably had the capacity to make, and under favorable circumstances would have made a jurist of a very high order. His active mind was not content, however, with the pursuit of the law alone, and upon the organization of the Bank of Rockbridge in 1856, he was at once elected president; a position which he filled with zeal and great efficiency, until its duties became incompatible with his service in the army.

In the fall of 1860, failing eye-sight induced him to visit the Northern cities in search of the best medical assistance; and under the advice of his physicians he relinquished his profession, and exchanged his town residence for one in the country. The sectional troubles of 1861 found him living in retirement with his wife and three sons, to whom he was devotedly attached, on the fine estate of Thorn Hill near Lexington. His ardent temperament did not permit him to remain an indifferent spectator of the exciting political occurrences of the day, and he had not a moment's hesitation in assuming his position in regard to them. A steadfast and uncompromising Democrat of the extreme States Rights School, he advocated the immediate secession of Virginia. Nor, whatever men may have thought or now think of his political opinions, can the merit of sincerity and consistency at least be denied him; for what he put into speech he more than carried out in action. At the first tap of the drum, on the 18th of April, 1861, he marched as Lieutenant of the "Rockbridge Rifles" for Harper's Ferry, and thenceforward, till its close, his life was devoted to the cause which he religiously believed was the noblest and most exalted that could enlist human effort — the defence of his native State and of her liberties.

The limits of this sketch will not admit any detailed account of his military career. He soon won the thorough confidence of his commander, General Jackson; and this was all the more creditable to both of them, since their relations just previous to the war had been cold, if not unfriendly. It is sufficient to say of the cause of this estrangement, that it arose from an excited discussion in the Franklin Society, in which the then President of Washington College, the father of General Jackson's first wife, bore a prom-

inent part; and the subject of our sketch was the principal debater on the other side. From that time FRANK PAXTON and Major Jackson held no intercourse, until they met as Colonel and Lieutenant, respectively, in the military service of Virginia. It happened soon that Lieutenant PAXTON was sent upon detached service, and was required to report in person to the commanding officer. His duty had been so efficiently performed, that Jackson was accustomed afterwards to employ him upon expeditions of the greatest difficulty and importance, and their original friendly relations were restored with greater warmth than ever before.

It was at the first battle of Manassas, though, that Lieutenant PAXTON firmly and finally riveted the confidence, the regard and the affection of General Jackson. Towards the close of that hard fought day, when the first brigade (thenceforth to be known as "the Stonewall,") were ordered to charge the enemy, in the confusion of the bloody fight Lieutenant PAXTON was near the lamented Bartow, when he fell with the colors of a Georgia regiment in his hand. PAXTON seized the flag, and requested permission to bear it. Three balls passed through it and the flag-staff was shot off whilst he carried it, but at the head of the Georgians and a portion of his own 4th Virginia Regiment, he finally planted, in triumph upon a battery of artillery captured from the enemy. The courage and conduct which he displayed on this occasion met emphatic recognition and reward by a special order on the 7th of August, about two weeks after the battle, "announcing Lieutenant E. F. PAXTON to the command as Aide-de-Camp to the General." On the 14th day of October following, upon the occurrence of the first vacancy, he was promoted to the rank of Major. In January, 1862, imperious private considerations impelled him to offer his resignation, as he had been, unfairly he thought, deprived of a furlough. General Jackson disapproved the application, and remonstrated with him to such effect that he wrote to Governor Letcher (by whom he had been commissioned), stating that he had "come to the conclusion that it was his duty as a citizen and a soldier to bear any private grievance in patience," and requesting that his resignation should be treated as withdrawn.

In the Spring of 1862, under the *disorganization* act of the Confederate Congress, making officers elective, in common with many whose strict and wholesome discipline was not relished by

ıe men, he failed to retain his rank, and was for a short time nemployed at home. Soon recalled by General Jackson, however, e served as Aide-de-Camp with his accustomed gallantry and aring through the perilous combat at Cedar Run, and afterwards ; Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff; until upon the special ıd earnest recommendation of his illustrious leader, he was ppointed Brigadier-General by President Davis, on November 1st, 862, and assigned by General Lee to the command of the Stone- all Brigade. This appointment gave at first much dissatisfaction ı the command, as he had been promoted over the head of senior ficers.

But the judgment of Jackson was soon so fully justified as not ıly to silence murmuring, but to conciliate respect and regard om all, and warm affection from those who came to know him ell. His brigade, without a General since the death of Winder : Cedar Run, was in great need of organization, discipline, and roper equipment. He threw himself into this work with ardor ıd untiring devotion, and by a discipline strict even to sternness, ıt accompanied by a kindly sympathy and an unceasing atten- on to the comfort and welfare, physical, moral, and religious, of is brave soldiers, he prepared them faithfully for the glorious ırt they were called on to fill upon the memorable field of Chan- llorsville. There his career ended. After the fall of Jackson, ı Saturday evening, great confusion ensued, and the Stonewall rigade was up all night, marching and countermarching under ifferent orders. At about 7 o'clock, A. M., of the 3d of May, as our ıen were on the eve of charging the enemy, General PAXTON rode ı the left of his line to give final instructions to Colonel Edmond- ın, of the 27th, and returning to the right, was almost instantly ıot down with a ball through the body. He lived but a short me, and his last words were, "My dear wife and children." Yes, ır them he had fought —"*pro aris et focis*"— and with thoughts ' them his soul passed to the God whom he had learned reverently ı worship. His last letters written home expressed the strongest eligious convictions, shadowed by an evident presentiment of his pproaching fate; and one of them concluded by saying, "I feel ıat I can say, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me, but 'hy will be done.'" When Jackson heard of his fall, the im- ıortal chieftain turned his face to the wall and wept! What nore need be said?

If the true object of life be, not merely to drag out a lengthened number of weary years, but to redeem the time, to employ worthily the space allotted us, to be prepared trustingly to accept the summons to another stage of being whenever it may come, then had his course reached its perfect and fitting close. So, whilst those bound to him by tenderest ties may long continue, with moistened eyes, to recall his death, all untimely for them, yet may they still repeat, and all who know how he lived and how he died can echo the words graven upon his tomb, "It is well with him."

COTESWORTH PINCKNEY SEABROOK,

2d Lieutenant, Company A, 1st South Carolina Volunteers.

In the Confederate struggle for independence, it was given to young men of the country to perform great and distinguished service. Among all those men there stands out in the broad light of that heroic time no nobler figure than that of COTESWORTH PINCKNEY SEABROOK. Sprung of an ancient and honorable race, he perpetuated all the associations of his historic name, and illustrated in his brief career all those virtues which men reckon the highest.

Even in his life-time his companions said of him, as was said of William Napier, that he seemed raised up from among the mediæval dead and set in the midst of us to give proof that the spirit of knightly courtesy, constancy and valor had not departed from our times. Such spirit indeed was his, and in no common measure, but it was tempered and softened by all the finer influences of our civilization — by such womanly purity, modesty and Christian humility as find no place in chronicle of mediæval days.

He was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, November 9th, 1839. His father was the eldest son of Governor Seabrook, and his mother the eldest daughter of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, son of General Thomas Pinckney. A rapid glance at his boyhood suffices for the scope of this memoir. As a child he was shy and reserved, diligent at books, gentle in manner, not strong, yet courageous and resolute withal, notably so in travelling alone to Phila-

elphia when the merest lad, to have a critical operation performed pon his eyes.

His mother was his first teacher — a woman of culture, a wise uider of children — directing his studies with such watchful dis-retion, such soft firmness as made her son ever after count those ears the happiest of his life. Afterwards he went to school in harleston, where Mr. (since Professor) Sachtleben prepared him r college. At the age of seventeen he was confirmed in Grace hurch (Charleston), then under the ministry of his uncle, Dr. harles C. Pinckney. In October, 1857, he entered South Caro-na College at Columbia, "with credit both to himself and to his acher." When, at the end of two years, ill-health forced him to y aside his books, the President of the College stated, in his tter of dismissal, that "his standing was high both for morals and holarship, and that he was a loss to the institution."

After a year of leisure, and travel for the benefit of his health, e entered the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1860, matriculating as a student of Medicine.

Here within a few months he drew around him a circle of iends, among whom were numbered some of the most brilliant en in the University. Always too modest in his estimate of his wn abilities, he was ever ready with words of generous praise for is companions. They in turn were not slow to discern the charm f a nature at once so fine and rare — in which an artless, gentle umor and exquisite sensibility blended happily with the loftier aits which tradition has ever associated with the highest type of ie Southern gentleman. Undoubtedly, strong religious principle rmed the basis of his character. Genial as he was, and with all is inbred *savoir-vivre*, whenever sacred topics were made the sub-ct of irreverent jest he never hesitated to show his displeasure. horoughly as this religious principle colored every action of his fe, it never bordered on asceticism. Cant was as foreign to his ature as was all else little, and when the grave, handsome face ouded over, even the most reckless forbore to pain further the an whom they loved and respected. Every Sunday, during his sidence in the University, unused as he was to the bleak climate f Northern Virginia, it was his custom, in company with a few thers as earnest as himself, to walk seven or eight miles to hold rvice for the poorer class of people who inhabited the rude dis-rict known as the "Ragged Mountain." No weather ever turned

him back, while his tact, patience and ready sympathy for poverty and distress, always won him an eager welcome.

In December of this year, South Carolina passed the ordinance of Secession, and in the following January, SEABROOK determined to join the State forces, then assembling at Charleston. The night before he left College, a few of those who knew him most intimately invited him to meet them at a social gathering, hastily gotten up to give all his friends an opportunity to say good-bye and wish him God's speed as a soldier. Possibly on that occasion the vintage was not *Château-Margaux*, but certainly there was abundant mirth and bright talk and harmless laughter. Before the last good-byes were said, the whole of that little company formed a circle, and interlacing hands in true student fashion, sang "*Auld Lang Syne.*" The memories of that night linger fondly yet in the remembrance of the few who survive. Not one man of those who stood in that circle failed to serve his country in arms. Not a few of the brave young voices which rang out so high and clear in the sweet old chorus, were soon to be hushed in death — not a few of the brave young hearts then beating strong with health and hope and all the joyous valor of youth, were soon to be stilled on field of battle. Three who clasped hands that night were destined never more to look each other in the face; Randolph Fairfax, gifted with a rare, almost womanly beauty, learned and accomplished beyond his years, of whom his captain, when he saw the slight, boyish form lying close under the gun he had served so well, the delicately chiselled features calm in death, and the soft, brown hair wet with his own blood, said with trembling lips, "Fairfax *looked* more like a woman and *acted* more like a man than any soldier in the battery": — Percival Elliott, our young Sir Galahad, who, ere he fell on sleep, left behind him a name which shall ever bring a proud flush to the cheek of kinsmen and comrades: — PINCKNEY SEABROOK, worthy the love and admiration which these men bore him. Others too spoke the long good-bye on that night, whose names stand out brightly on the roll of our country's dead.

Immediately on his arrival at Charleston, SEABROOK enlisted as a private in the "Washington Light Infantry." After serving on Morris Island for six months and seeing Fort Sumpter reduced, finding that there was little prospect of active service on the Carolina coast, he entered Gregg's regiment, just then (August, '61)

reorganizing. Enlisting in Haskell's company of this regiment, he was at once appointed Sergeant, and soon after, when the regiment reached Suffolk (Virginia), was elected by the men, 2nd Lieutenant. The regiment had been ordered to that place for instruction in drill, and the winter passed quietly enough in the dull routine of camp duties; but in the spring, when passed to the front, Gregg's regiment was pronounced one of the best drilled in the army. Its first experience of service in the field was on the expedition to Blackwater, at the close of winter, of which SEABROOK's letters give a very amusing account. "I am writing," he says in a letter to his mother, dated on Sunday, "from the depths of a swamp, where Sunday has never yet penetrated, and where the Yankees may be expected at any moment." After describing his march of the night before, "wading thro' a quarter of a mile of swamp, waist-deep in water," he says:—"To-day I feel splendidly — have duck for dinner, and a strong probability of gunboats for breakfast to-morrow morning, and wouldn't be anything but a soldier; no, not on any account. I managed to keep my new uniform dry with the only oil-cloth I had, and with the comforting conviction of its safety, I can stand any amount of bodily disaster." When orders came for his regiment to leave the line of the Blackwater and join the main army concentrating about Richmond, he writes to his mother:—

"*May* 28*th*, 1862.

"I fear this change of programme will not give you as much pleasure as it does me, for it holds out a prospect that I may play my part in the great battle, now threatening, for the capital of our beloved country. Our wing may not be engaged; at any rate, you must remember what a small chance I have of being hit among a hundred thousand; or rather, I should not have said 'chance' at all, for it does not depend on that. The God of battles is also the God of peace and mercy, and through faith in Him alone I trust I can attribute my utter want of dread or anxiety about the issue, as far as I am individually concerned, of the great coming struggle."

His first battle was at Cold Harbor in '62. His regiment then belonged to A. P. Hill's Division, which fought single-handed for many hours the whole centre of the enemy. Here his regiment suffered severely, and for a time, as was the case with many other regiments, lost all organization. In a letter written to his mother,

and dated on the battle-field the day after the fight, he says:—"After the regiment got scattered, Captain Haskell and I, with a small squad from it, joined some of Stonewall's men just going into action, and kept with them until night. We had the satisfaction of charging through grape, canister, and bullets for half a mile. Captain Haskell, though a perfect stranger, seized the colors, led the charge, and ran the Yanks completely off the field, and our squad bagged ninety prisoners and a horse. I feel that I cannot thank my Father in Heaven sufficiently for His wonderful protection of me in the midst of death, and must ask you to join in the thanksgiving I owe Him. I spent almost all night on the battle-field trying to assist the wounded, and they are still coming in. Our company almost universally joined other regiments after scattering, and fought it through."

From this time he was to share all the hardships and splendid triumphs of the famous "Light Division" of A. P. Hill, triumphs, which included Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, and many minor combats such as Ox Hill, Hagerstown, and Falling Waters. But it was at the second battle of Manassas that his brigade displayed such splendid, stubborn courage as drew to them the eyes of the whole army. For twelve hours (8 A. M. to 8 P. M.,) eight of which comprised the heaviest fighting, that brigade held its position, repulsing four desperate charges of the enemy (in which *twelve brigades of Federals participated*), and losing over seven hundred men of the fifteen hundred carried into action and nine out of its eleven field officers killed and wounded, The story of Pope's discomfiture is too well known to need repetition here, but there is a freshness about the careless letter of the young subaltern which brings back the day more vividly than does the stateliest page of the historian. Writing from Fredericktown, Maryland, where Jackson's corps rested for a few days after crossing the Potomac, he thus describes the late battle of Manassas and the passage into Maryland:—

"NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, MD.,
September 7th, 1862.

"Many a long and trying week has passed, my dearest mother, and not the first shadow of an opportunity has occurred, until now, for me to tell you that I am well and in Maryland. It is your

grateful duty to thank again the God of battles and Father of mercies that your son survived the awful 29th of August, which, if history is just, will be inscribed in letters of blood to Gregg's brigade. I fear you have been very anxious about me, and the only regret I feel in crossing the Potomac is the severing of communication between us, though this inconvenience must only be temporary. But let me here again exhort you, when circumstances render it impossible to hear of me, to leave me entirely in the hands of Him 'who careth for me,' and to have faith in His goodness. The dangers I have passed through have fully convinced me of my utter helplessness in protecting myself, death sometimes seeming most certain when it was farthest off, and *vice versa*. Under this conviction I acted, and am thankful to say, was enabled to do my part calmly and fearlessly, though not with the 'recklessness' of which Major McCrady accused me, for I don't believe that right. Our brigade has suffered terribly again. On last Thursday, 28th, we left Manassas (which we had reached after marching fifty miles in two days and living on green corn for want of better rations), captured a new battery of artillery never used, and a regiment of cavalry — men, horses and accoutrements in the same condition. We stuffed ourselves and haversacks with Yankee delicacies, beef, lobster, lemons, vegetables, bread, candy, &c.; burned two immense trains and the storehouses, and left for Centreville; then by the stone bridge to the Leesburg road, where we met the Yanks. Thursday evening our brigade was brought up, but not engaged. On Friday morning, at daylight, we were roused and marched into position, and at 8 o'clock the ball opened by the advance of the enemy upon us in heavy force. After a fierce fight they broke, and we drove them for a half mile; were ordered to return and simply to hold our own, as a general engagement must not be brought on, and our little band under General Gregg could not be reinforced. The next attack was fiercer and longer than the first — we were pushed back seventy-five yards, but recovering again, dispersed the Yanks. We rested for an hour or so, and here they came for the third time on three sides. We received them, as Jeff did the Mexicans, in the shape of a V, only inverted. Our men stood with their backs towards each other; in a cloud of smoke and deafening roar, the Yankees came up within ten steps. One of our daring up-country men, his bullets giving out, gathered a rock and actually smashed in a blue-jacket's

skull with it, killing him dead. This is true, and happened more than once on Friday. At last, seeing our determination never to yield our position, the enemy turned and fled in confusion. It was then about 3 o'clock; single-handed we had met and repulsed three separate attacks, each one made, as we afterwards learned, by three brigades, fresh troops each time. More than half our numbers were dead or wounded, the rest worn out. General Hill obtained reinforcements and sent them to our aid, and at sundown the final desperate attempt to break through our lines to Leesburg was made; but woe to Yankee Doodle this time; — he was soon routed and sent out of hearing. Hill complimented our brigade in the highest terms, and truly we deserved it. The fight was far more satisfactory than Chickahominy. We could see our antagonists all the time; they came right up, and I tell you we laid them out. I saw as many as six touching each other. Captain Haskell received a bullet through his hat, and I one through my clothes. The next day we were brought under fire early (after sleeping just where we had fought, among the dead and wounded), but the enemy made his attack in another direction, and we only caught a few bullets without returning any. The big fight, though, was going on within three hundred yards of us, and we heard it all, the woods preventing our seeing. The roar was awful, but when the enemy broke, I never heard or expect to hear again so glorious a shout; it began at our end and extended for miles; it rose and swelled, and spread and spread, until the woods rang again, and then grew fainter, until the villainous Yanks were driven far away beyond Bull Run. I don't think I ever felt so grateful and happy in my life, and no sound will ever have the music in it which that had,— no, not all the nightingale voices of all the fair ones I may hereafter listen to. Sunday we marched, and on Monday evening our brigade was pitched in again, but did not suffer much. Here we slept among groaning and dead Yankees for the second time. This ended the fighting, and we turned our footsteps toward Maryland: have done some hard marching, but, having been here several days, the army is pretty well rested.

"The passage of the Potomac was a beautiful sight; the evening was clear, so was the water, and the spot very picturesque, the river one-fourth of a mile wide. Three columns were crossing when we reached the bank — two of infantry and one of artillery.

The long curved lines of shining bayonets and gay banners, floundering horses, noisy drivers and rumbling wagons — all combined to produce quite a stirring effect; and then the sight of Maryland on the other side! The country looks as if the houses and farms had made themselves, none of the human species being visible, and the town of Frederick is hermetically sealed, stores and houses shut up tight."

After the Maryland campaign he enjoyed with the rest of Jackson's corps the respite from march and battle which fell to them in the lovely valley of the Shenandoah. General Jackson here ordered his Generals of Division to forward the names of those officers who had most distinguished themselves, in order that vacancies in the regiments might be filled by appointment. SEABROOK'S name was the first sent up from his regiment, but as the appointment tendered gave him but a single grade, and would necessitate his leaving his company, he declined it.

At Fredericksburg his brigade again bore its accustomed part, and sustained in common with the whole army, a most grievous blow in the death of its lion-hearted General, Maxcy Gregg. The winter passed quietly enough in camp near Fredericksburg, enlivened occasionally by the great snow-ball battles, in which rival brigades, commanded and manoeuvred by their field officers, contended against each other with all the ardor of actual combat.

He experienced a keen disappointment in not obtaining, during this season of quiet, leave of absence to visit his home. In a letter dated March 4th, 1863, he says: "Another summer of bloody work and great hardship is dawning upon the Army of Northern Virginia. It has been my earnest wish and prayer that I might be allowed to see my dearest mother before being hurled again into that sea of destruction and death, from which so many never return. That much desired comfort and pleasure has been denied me, and as a Christian and patriot soldier, I cannot repine at my lot. Believe me, my dear mother, my faith in the God of battles, and Father of mercies, though weak, oh! so weak — is sufficient to carry me through all the dangers and trials in store, with calmness and fortitude. More than one battle-field has taught me that there is no hope in man. I thank God I know where to look for it."

On the 29th of April the troops of Jackson's corps broke camp for the spring campaign, and on May 3d occurred the great action of Chancellorsville. The following letter, the last he ever penned,

reflects the soldierly spirit which animated him and the rest of the army on the eve of that great campaign:

"IN THE TRENCHES, FOUR MILES FROM FREDERICKSBURG, *April 30th*, 1863.

"*My Dear Mother:*—

"The battle of Fredericksburg to all appearances, is like Manassas, to have a duplicate. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning, without any previous notice, or the least expectation on our part of an advance by the enemy—a courier, in a desperate hurry, brought the order to be ready to move at a moment's notice, which was soon followed by the final one, and at 10.30, our winter quarters were broken up, camp deserted, and the 'Light Division' was wending its way towards the old battle-field. There are soldiers for you! after being in camp six months, where a great many little comforts had been collected, to be on the march in half an hour from the time they were told to prepare to leave! Of course, there was no time for cooking, so we had to do without food until this morning, when hard crackers and raw salt beef were served to the thousands of hungry men anxiously expecting something. It rained from the time we arrived yesterday evening until noon to-day, but we were so tired and hungry that sleep was not to be driven off by any circumstances, however disadvantageous, and I for one slept like a top. Our brigade occupies exactly the same position it did in the last battle, and there is not much danger of the Yanks flanking us again. The men are in splendid spirits, ready to yell on the least provocation. 'Old Jack' and Lee both caught it mercilessly this morning while making the rounds. We just know that we can thrash Hooker 'out of sight,' and the beauty of the thing is that he and his men know it too. From the top of the hill, behind our lines, their long lines can be plainly seen. Our skirmishers are only a few hundred yards apart. *The batteries have opened and the men are falling in, so good-bye; have no fear for me, for I fear nothing for myself. My trust in God is always strong enough in such times as these to keep me cool and confident.*"

Long before this letter met the loving eyes for which it was intended, tidings had sped to the mother that her boy, while leading his men to victory, had fallen in front of the works at Chancellorsville. He had followed the great leader of his corps in count-

less earthly triumphs, and now shared with him a victory before which paled all the glories of Richmond and Manassas. He had fought the good fight, he had endured hardness as a good soldier of Christ; he had won the crown of life promised to those who are faithful unto death.

It would be well-nigh impossible to picture the gloom cast by his death upon his regiment, his brigade, upon all who knew him. The old brigade he loved so well paid his memory the unusual honor of attending almost in a body the rude obsequies accorded the young subaltern. Like the hero of Coruña, he was buried at night, wrapped in his simple soldier's blanket, on the field made glorious for all time by his own valor and that of his comrades. No useless coffin, no farewell shot — only the struggling moonbeams shining on the hero's grave.

He now sleeps among his own kindred in the far-off Southern land.

The hold which he had taken on all hearts is evidenced by the countless letters which came to his family voluntarily and at once from those who knew him. Some had been his companions at college, some on Morris Island, some in the campaigns in Virginia; but in all cases the testimony was the same to that most rare union of gentle and soldierly virtues, to his humble piety, splendid courage, gentleness, purity, self-abnegation. His Captain, a distinguished University man and a tried soldier, who in the next general action yielded up his noble life, writes to his mother:—"Of his nobleness and piety I need not tell you. Though so long absent, his heart, I know, was ever open to his parents in all things; and I have never known anything of him, but his praises and his merits, that he might not tell you. Always mindful of his religious duties, he was of late especially devout, constantly reading his Bible, and often singing hymns with the men, whose affectionate regard for him caused them to take every occasion to be with and about him. His cheerful, bright humor never flagged, even on the battle-field, where his smile seemed more radiant than ever, while his voice and command gave life and courage to those about him."

His Lieutenant-Colonel, long before death had hallowed his memory to his friends, described him as "in battle splendid, in private life exceedingly beloved — in short, the model of a Christian soldier."

Many knew him only on the field of battle. These were impressed by his person and bearing, by his fine soldierly instinct, by the coolness in desperate events which shone clear of all affectation. But to those who possessed the privilege of his friendship, no mere words, nothing but his simple name, "PINCKNEY SEABROOK," can bring back a semblance of the man they loved. Selfish sorrow dares not raise its wail in contemplating that Christian life so rounded with the sleep which He giveth His beloved; while, as a soldier, his name shall go down upon the lips of comrades eager to speak the biography of one who, to their mind, filled the measure of perfect knighthood — "chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal and valiant in deeds."

GREENLEE DAVIDSON,

Captain, "Letcher Light Artillery."

GREENLEE DAVIDSON, son of James D. Davidson and Hannah Greenlee, was born in Lexington, Virginia, on the 21st of June, 1834. On both sides of his family he was descended from the early Scotch-Irish settlers of the Valley of Virginia. In his veins flowed the blood of the Davidsons, Greenlees, McDowells, Grigsbys, Dormans, and Paxtons — names alike distinguished in the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the recent bloody struggle.

He entered Washington College, September, 1852, and took the Master's degree in June, 1855. The session '55–6 he was a student of Law at the University of Virginia, the study of which he completed at the "Lexington Law School," under the tuition of Judge John W. Brokenbrough, in June, 1857. He commenced at once the practice of his profession in connection with his father, whose practice was one of the largest in the upper Valley. To the duties of his profession proper, he united the labors of a Master Commissioner in Chancery. The records of both the courts of Rockbridge county abound with evidence of his industry, fidelity and ability. Such was Captain DAVIDSON when the war commenced.

In May, 1861, Governor John Letcher, who had known him from his childhood, tendered him the post of Aide-de-Camp with the

rank of Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry, the duties of which office he discharged with zeal and ability, until February, 1862. Conscientiously impressed that it was his duty to go to the field, he, during the fall of 1861 and the winter of 1862, raised and equipped the "Letcher Light Artillery," of which he was elected Captain. In February, 1862, his resignation as A. D. C. was reluctantly accepted by the Governor, and he entered upon his career of active soldier-life.

His battery was assigned to A. P. Hill's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, and was first brought into action on Wednesday evening, the 26th June, 1862, at Mechanicsville. This was the beginning of that great Seven Days' fight which culminated in the blood of Malvern Hill on the 2d of July. From day to day he was engaged during that terrible conflict. It was, however, at Malvern Hill that his battery acted the most conspicuous part, a detailed account of which has already been given in the memoir of one of its officers, Lieutenant Charles Ellis Munford, who fell there.

It would transcend due limits to follow minutely the "Letcher Battery" through its succeeding fights. A simple enumeration must therefore suffice. It was engaged at Cedar Mountain, Warrenton Springs, and Second Manassas; participated in the ensuing Maryland campaign; was greatly distinguished at the capture of Harper's Ferry; reached the field of Sharpsburg in time to witness the victory; under A. P. Hill, was conspicuous in the contest at Boteler's Mill during the re-crossing of the Potomac; and on the 23d of December, 1862, closed the service of that eventful year at the great battle of Fredericksburg.

Our captures of ordnance at Harper's Ferry and Fredericksburg enabled Captain DAVIDSON to replace his light six-pounders, with which his battery had been, up to that time, furnished, with twelve-pounder Napoleons. Two of the six-pounder bronze guns of the battery had been cast in March, 1862, at the Tredegar Works, from a part of the metal of six large French guns belonging to the Virginia Armory at Richmond. These guns were, after the re-equipment, presented to the Virginia Military Institute, bearing inscriptions showing the actions in which they had been engaged, together with the following:—

PRESENTED TO THE

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

By the Officers of the Letcher Artillery,

GREENLEE DAVIDSON, *Captain.*
JOHN TYLER, 1*st Lieutenant,*
THOMAS A. BRANDER, *Junior* 1*st Lieutenant.*
CHARLES ELLIS MUNFORD, 2*d Lieutenant.*
WILLIAM E. TANNER, *Junior* 2*d Lieutenant.*

JANUARY 1ST, 1863.

With the exception of skirmishing along the lines, the Army of Northern Virginia had no serious engagement from the 23d December, 1862, until the 2d May, 1863. The campaign opened with Chancellorsville, a name deeply engraved upon the memory of the people of the Valley, and especially of the citizens of Rockbridge. In that battle fell Jackson, Paxton, and DAVIDSON.

On the 2d of May the Letcher Artillery was conspicuously engaged. The battle was renewed on the 3d, the victory was virtually won, the artillery was ordered to the rear to re-supply its expended ammunition, and an infantry charge was ordered to complete the rout of the enemy. Captain DAVIDSON, under the inspiration of a soldier's pride, and forgetful of personal danger, under the glow of an unselfish patriotism, leaving his wearied company resting in the rear, returned with the infantry charge to the fighting line. His death-wound was the result. He was carried to the rear. The regular surgeon being otherwise engaged, a captured Federal surgeon was called in. To him Captain D. said, "Doctor, I know my wound is mortal; tell me how long I will live." The reply was, "Captain, you cannot live exceeding one hour." "Thank you, Doctor," was his calm response. To his sorrow-stricken soldiers he said, "I am proud of your conduct to-day."

As hazy death shut out surrounding objects and the dull ear no longer caught the huzzas of victory, his childhood memories awoke. Home and its loved ones passed before him, and brighter than all was the loved and loving mother's eye which seemed to rest upon her first-born, her best beloved. Dying he exclaimed, "Take me home, oh! take me home!" Truly he was taken "home." His freed spirit returned to the God who gave it, to join company with the noble band of heroes who had gone before, and to be reunited

with a beloved brother, Frederick, next to him in birth, who had breathed out his young life on the field of the First Manassas; and soon to be joined by a still younger brother, Albert, who gave his life to his country's cause in Southwest Virginia, after that cause was lost, but before the sad intelligence had reached the borders of the army. Thus a patriotic and devoted father and mother have been called to mourn the loss of three sons out of five — all of whom were brave and faithful soldiers.

Captain DAVIDSON fell in the twenty-ninth year of his age. How brief the career if reckoned by years, but how long if reckoned by events and sacrifices! Thirteen great battles and almost numberless skirmishes characterized his soldier-life. Modern science enabled him to see as much war and undergo as much personal danger, as have fallen to the lot of the heroes of history.

He was, however, a man as well as a soldier. Descended from the best blood of the Valley — from names identified with all the great events of Virginia — he fully vindicated his lineage. As a student he was faithful and diligent, as a lawyer and Commissioner in Chancery, he was eminently successful; for he had good sense, thoroughness, patience, industry and preëminent integrity, both mental and moral. His mind was remarkable for its balance, and his character not less so for its spherical symmetry. All his gifts of mind, heart and character bespoke future usefulness and success.

In person he was tall, lithe and well-proportioned. His features were high, his profile clear-cut and strikingly handsome. The stamp of race, mind and character were impressed upon his person and face. From boyhood his manners were gentle, kind and manly.

As a son and brother, we can scarcely speak of him in terms sufficiently measured. His mother gave her testimony when, upon the reception of the news of his death, she exclaimed, "He was my idol!" Recurring in her calmer moments to his life, she said:—"He was always obedient. I do not remember an instance of disobedience. He was never an *anxiety*, but ever a comfort, assisting me by his good example in bringing up his younger brothers."

Such we sincerely believe to be a truthful and unexaggerated sketch of Captain GREENLEE DAVIDSON. His body now lies in the Lexington Cemetery, with Jackson, Paxton, Pendleton, and other heroes sacrificed in our cause. On each recurring *tenth of*

May a loving patriotism strews flowers upon their graves, bedew with the tears of a grateful people.

GEORGE WASHINGTON STUART.

Private, Rockbridge Artillery.

The tide of time is swiftly bearing us further from the days war. We see around us now men and woman who, as childr felt with us then, and were thrilled with keenest sympathy a interest in the common cause, but who did not, like us, give to t struggle every energy of heart and brain and hand, hang upon with trembling hope, and survive it to find that hope disappoint Already decay's effacing finger has sullied the whiteness of t monumental marbles which we raised over our dead, and our l ing hands cannot as they would, arrest its work. Let us rat strive to engrave those noble names where they should fore endure — on the hearts of their countrymen.

GEORGE WASHINGTON STUART was born at Chantilly, Fa fax county, Virginia, in 1838. His father, Charles Calvert S art, was son of Dr. David Stuart, of Ossian Hall, who marr the widow of John Parke Custis, General Washington's step-s

The name of Chantilly is now the property of history, but l ere the battles of 1862 had made it famous, it was a familiar sou to Virginia ears, as associated with WASHINGTON STUART'S mat nal ancestors, the Lees. The passing traveller was surprised a delighted by the beauty of its extensive lawn and shrubberies, a its hospitable walls had for many years echoed with the sounds gaiety and cheerfulness. It was a much-loved and happy hor but alas! of its loveliness little is left. The desolating breath fire and sword has swept over it, and not even the tall trees leafy bowers remain. In this beautiful home, WASHINGTON ST ART spent the years of his early youth, and there besides the less many which can only be learned from a gentle and pious mot he doubtless imbibed that deep devotion to home and country wh nerved his heart for so much suffering, and even death in th defence.

In 1851, he first left home for Mr. Caleb Hallowell's school

Alexandria, where he spent two years. From there he went in 1853 to Ridgeway Academy, Albemarle, then taught by Mr. Franklin Minor, where he remained four years. As a school-boy he was a diligent student and much beloved pupil. The rare unselfishness and generosity which distinguished him in after-life, were conspicuous even then. He loved to spend his pocket-money on others, never on himself. Here too he showed his capacity for warm and devoted friendship, and some of the friendships then formed lasted through his life. Two of his schoolmates at Ridgeway Academy, Messrs. Robert Love and William Radford, were afterwards his fellow-students and friends at the University. They fell before him, and he deeply mourned their loss. In 1857 he went to the University, and there spent two years, graduating in several schools. The law had always been his chosen profession, but a student's life seemed so unfavorable to his health, which was naturally delicate, that he was obliged to abandon it. In November, 1859, he went to Baltimore, expecting to enter into business, but was attacked by a long and dangerous illness, which prostrated him for several months, and from which his constitution never fully rallied. He then determined upon settling in Texas, and in October, 1860, left Virginia for that State. He travelled over a great deal of the country, was delighted with it, and early in the spring of 1861, his brother-in-law and he purchased a cattle ranche on the La Bala river, forty miles from San Antonio. His letters were full of the deepest interest in events occurring at home; they did not mention that his right arm was in such a disabled and suffering condition that the surgeon at San Antonio remarked, on seeing it at this time, that a little longer neglect would have necessitated its amputation. He was on this account unable to leave Texas in May with his brother-in-law. His only solace was his daily ride of many miles to the post-office. But when he heard that the Yankees were actually fighting on Virginia soil, his restless eagerness to do his part in its defence could no longer be restrained. Leaving everything, he started for home overland, his trusty rifle his only companion. His journey across Texas and Louisiana was toilsome and painful in the extreme, especially to one who was then sick and suffering. At night he lay down, often in the solitary marsh or swamp, with his saddle for his pillow; but when he reached home, in September, all his hardships were forgotten in the hope of entering the army and

fighting for his country. This, however, was then absolutely impossible; every surgeon who examined his arm prescribed for him rest and generous diet, and pronounced his joining the army entirely impracticable. He wrote about this time, that "no one could tell how bitterly he felt his inability to strike one blow." He often said how hard it was that he, a young unmarried man, could not go in the army and let some married man stay at home with his family. He was always anxious to spare others; he never spared himself in the path of duty. The opinion of the most distinguished surgeons whom he consulted was, that if he waited for two years, using every means to build up his health, nature might do all for his arm, but that a very painful operation would enable him probably to use it. He replied to Dr. Peadey who represented to him the expediency of waiting and the painful nature of the operation, "I don't care what I suffer, if I can get into the army." The operation was accordingly performed successfully, a piece of bone was removed, and the arm left to heal but he could not take chloroform, and his suffering was intense. The surgeons all remarked upon his great patience and fortitude. In two months from that time, having with difficulty obtained the doctor's consent, he joined the army then stationed at Orange Court-House, and went with it to the Peninsula. But his choice was to be with Jackson, and he joined the Rockbridge Artillery in his command, at the time of the battle of McDowell. Jackson then advanced down the Valley, and on the 25th of May fought the battle of Winchester, where WASHINGTON STUART was severely, almost mortally wounded in the face. When he recovered from the first shock of his wound, he wrote his name on a piece of paper, being entirely unable to articulate, and in that way his condition became known to his relative, Mrs. Robert Baldwin, to whose house he was removed from the hospital, and by whom and by Dr. Baldwin he was most kindly cared for. His wound was considered very dangerous for some time. His cheek and mouth were so lacerated that he could not speak, and could scarcely swallow, and the doctors feared lockjaw. In a week or two his sister was able to reach him, and soon after her arrival said to him "Dear W., you have suffered so much; I wish I could bear some of it for you." He smiled, and managed to articulate, "Not too much: I would gladly do more for Virginia." Yet he was naturally as averse to war and bloodshed as any one could be, and

always shrank from even hearing others speak bitterly of our enemies. While at Dr. Baldwin's, the Yankees came to parole him, and insisted on removing the bandages from his face. He bore it better than any one else around him, and checked the naturally bitter expressions of his friends. From Winchester he was removed to Middleburg (where his family were then living) in four or five weeks, and his wound healed so completely that he was scarcely at all disfigured by it. It was after the battle of Winchester that the prayers which were unceasingly made for him seemed first to be answered, and his heart most gratefully inclined to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. His religion was not an impulse called forth by circumstances, but a deliberate turning of his heart and mind to Him who is the Way, the Truth, the Life. Scarcely any one knew how anxiously his mind dwelt on and weighed religious things, and in the Providence of God yet another opportunity of quiet reflection was given him. While on a visit to relations in King George county, in the fall of '62, he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and obliged to remain there until the first part of January, 1863. By that time he had been exchanged, and having crossed the Rappahannock with difficulty on account of the enemy's pickets, he joined his family at Ashland, spent two days with them, and then went to his battery stationed at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg. From this point the Rockbridge Battery only moved to take part in the battles of the 1st, 2d and 3d, of May. On the morning of Sunday, the 3d, just as his gun was going into action, WASHINGTON STUART fell, struck by three balls, either of which would have inflicted a mortal wound. That evening his faithful friends laid him to rest in the family burying-ground of the Hamiltons and Maryes, a green shady spot amid the bareness of the camps. A soldier's death, a soldier's grave were his, and beyond them, a Christian's reward, Death was swallowed up in victory!

One of his nearest and most intimate friends thus writes of him:—"He had always been so confident of our success, and had expressed such ardent hopes that we should go through the fight safely, and enjoy the great success which he was so confident we would achieve. Yet I firmly believe that none of the many martyrs who have been sacrificed in our cause, would more cheerfully have chosen death, if by so doing we could advance one step towards the ultimate deliverance and freedom of our country. In

a conversation which I had with him not long after his return t the company, I asked him why he did not apply for and obtai (as I knew he could) some appointment to serve the country in capacity better suited to his education and habits of life. He tol me that he thought it had a decidedly bad effect on the lowe classes, who constitute the bone and sinew of the army — the pr vate soldiers — for all the educated unmarried young men to l leaving the ranks to gain more profitable positions from which tl private soldiers were entirely excluded, on account of their lac of influence; and that for the present at least he should remai in the ranks. He acted up to his principles nobly, and was most exemplary soldier. Of his attendance to religious duties, am rejoiced to be able to give so pleasing an account. I was fr quently with him, both at prayer-meetings and Church, and h earnest, attentive demeanor was most pleasing to me. It com forcibly back to my memory now, how glad I was to see hir shortly after his return to the company, after spreading down h blanket, kneel to pray to God before retiring to rest. It seeme to me at the time an open confession of Christ, for it was nece sarily done openly before the eyes of several of our friends restir near us."

The week before his death he had expressed his earnest desi to make a public profession of his faith, and declared his inte tion of doing so on the first opportunity that offered.

From a letter of General Lee to his sister, dated "Cam Fredericksburg, May 11th," we extract the following:—

"I grieve greatly on my own account. I am deprived of o whom I loved and admired, and whose presence always broug me pleasure. His gentleness, his manliness, his goodness won tl affection of all, and all sorrow at his death. But think what l has gained, what peace he enjoys; what suffering, toil and hardsh he may have been spared. God, in his mercy, be assured, h taken him at the right time and right place for him. May I give to his mother and his friends that strength and that suppo they require! On learning the sad news, I went to Mrs. Maryc the evening I returned from Chancellorsville, where I knew th he had been properly appreciated and kindly received, and learne that he was interred in their family cemetery, where I thought l had better rest. Mrs. P. told me everything had been done th could be, and that she had written to your mother. Peace to h

remains and honor to his memory, and may God comfort and support us all!"

"He needs no tears who lived a noble life;
We will not weep for him who died so well,
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well,—
Better than funeral pomp and passing bell."

FRENCH STROTHER BIBB,

4th Lieutenant, Charlottesville Artillery.

FRENCH BIBB, son of Harriet Pendleton and John Henry Bibb, was born in Charlottesville, Va., August 7th, 1843. He was a fair-haired boy, with blue eyes and clear complexion, trim but rather slight stature, and quiet, thoughtful, though cheerful countenance. Under the efficient training of an intelligent and pious mother, he became at an early age the subject of deep religious impressions, and at thirteen he brought the fresh offering of his heart's love to the altar of the blessed Jesus. So childlike was he, when coming thus to ask a place among Christians, that the ministers who were to conduct his examination, doubted the expediency of such a step. The result was an unusually rigid inquiry as to his views of Christianity, followed by a hearty welcome to the duties and privileges of a Church member. During the subsequent years of his short life, the wisdom of this course was made evident by his devotion to the cause which he had espoused. In the Sunday school, in the prayer-meeting, as well as at the regular services of the sanctuary on the Lord's Day, his place was regularly filled, while in the social circle his influence was decided.

In October, 1860, he became a student at Richmond College. Here he was under the especial care of his brother-in-law, Prof. Wm. P. Louthan, M. A., who had been recently elected to the chair of Greek in that Institution. But the health of the latter failing, and he retiring to his home to die, FRENCH also left the College after a few months. At the opening of the following session he entered the University, and devoted himself to the study

of Languages and Mathematics. In the latter he took great delight and gave promise of becoming a proficient, receiving at the intermediate examination, a distinction in the intermediate class.

In March, 1862, Captain J. McDowell Carrington undertook to raise an artillery company in Charlottesville, and among the first and most efficient to render aid was FRENCH BIBB. After the company had been regularly organized and officered, it was ordered into barracks at the University, where its numbers were so increased that the Secretary of War directed it to be converted into a six-gun battery. This entitled it to a 4th Lieutenant, upon whom devolved the responsible duty of "Chief of Caisson." The first day of May was fixed upon to fill this office, and not less than six members of the company entered the lists for it. The choice fell upon the youngest of them all, whose extremely boyish appearance offered the only ground of objection.

On the 17th of May, the company broke up camp and moved, under orders, to the Valley of Virginia. Joining General Ewell's command at Front Royal, it followed Jackson through the celebrated campaign which terminated with the battle of Port Republic, and thence to Richmond, participating in the battles around that city. "During all this time," wrote Captain Carrington, "the young Lieutenant raised himself in the estimation of his company by his courage, fortitude and gentlemanly bearing."

While the Charlottesville Artillery tarried in the camp of instruction to drill and recruit, after these battles, Lieutenant BIBB made himself so familiar with his duties by study and practice, as to be able to exercise the company in all the manœuvres of field-artillery. From Richmond the battery followed the fortunes of the field again until after the battle of Fredericksburg, when it settled down in winter-quarters at Bowling Green, Caroline county, Va. Here opportunity was afforded for the display of both the officer and the man. In the former capacity he was faithful, energetic, even ambitious in the discharge of duty; in the latter he was genial and companionable, and by his good fellowship, won the hearts of those under his authority until, such was his popularity, scarcely a word of complaint was ever uttered against him.

In illustration of his Christian temper, the following incident may be related: Visiting the guard-house, on one occasion, as

officer of the day, he found imprisoned there a former school-fellow and friend of his father. The man had known better days, but was now utterly degraded by long years of dissipation. Moved by the spirit of Him who came to "proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," Lieutenant BIBB sat down by him, spoke kindly to him — "The first kind words," said the poor fellow afterwards, "that I had heard for many, many long years" — gave him some tracts to read, and proposed his release on condition he would promise to make an effort to reform. The promise was given, and the soldier left the guard-house, and went forth to duty.

The war was near its close — the young officer had long since filled an honorable grave — when the bereaved father chanced, in passing through a hospital, to find this friend of his youth, who had come thither to die. But he was no longer a debauchee, for his eye kindled as he told of the solemn promise he had made and, by the grace of God, kept until then; of the sustaining trust in the merits of the Redeemer, which filled him with peace and fitted him for the hour of death, now so near. All this he attributed, so far as human agency is concerned, to the labors and kindness of FRENCH BIBB, who, boy though he was, "talked to me," said he, "like a father."

In the battle of Chancellorsville, the Charlottesville Artillery followed Jackson's infantry in the attack of the 2d of May, but it was not actually engaged until the 3d, when it was ordered forward to oppose a line of Federal artillery stationed some five hundred yards in front of the Chancellorsville House. In about an hour the enemy's guns were forced to abandon their position, and the order was given for an attack upon their infantry supports. This order was successfully executed, but the enemy driven in the direction of the Confederate artillery, to their surprise, formed in line of battle and fired a volley into them, mortally wounding Lieutenant BIBB in the groin. Bleeding and faint, he yet comforted and encouraged the faithful and loving men who bore him from his position of exposure. Referring to his hope as a Christian, he remarked: "*I am willing to die for my country; and I think it had better be myself than you.*"

As they moved to the rear, wearied, they paused to "rest under the shade" a little while. Just then a cavalryman was seen riding at full gallop across the field. It proved to be a young man from

Lieutenant BIBB'S native town, between whom and himse had existed from their earliest recollection, a wonderfully affection, almost "*passing the love of woman.*" Impelled same spirit, they had espoused the same cause; but, entering ent branches of the service, they had never met during the p of the war. Was it mere accident that *Willie Abell*, now by, recognized his cherished friend? Was it a simple provid God that these two should meet after so much of danger a to mingle their grief in this sad hour? Or, was it the mag of love, little known, yet known a little, on earth, but r supreme in Heaven, whose influence over hearts that hav before, is quickened as they near the threshold of purely s life? One of these lovely young men had already fought fight; the red tide was flowing from his death-wound. Th too, after a few days more of severe marching and hard fi was to find rest forever.

Their interview was brief, but while they communed tc the brave men that stood near felt their hearts moved, a that flashed fire into those of their enemies were bedimm tears.

The next day Lieutenant BIBB was removed to Ric By his side in the ambulance which carried him to the r station, was a friend, a sergeant of his company, but an e Christian gentleman, who had been terribly mangled bursting of a shell, which for a time entirely destroyed his Forgetful of his own sufferings, he put his arms around t dier, to steady him and thus relieve him as much as possib the torture of the rough way. At Richmond, he was repo the officers' hospital, to which he asked that his frien might be sent. The request was peremptorily refused, ground that it would be contrary to "orders," whereupon tenant BIBB declared his determination not to go to the l designated. But some one in authority, who had more sy with suffering than respect for red tape, learning the facts, the violation of the rule, and officer and private were laid side, and Chapman, the faithful servant of the former, a both alike.

On the 28th of May, death put a period to his sufferin friend at whose side he had fallen, and who helped to bear hi the field, wrote to his father, testifying to his soldierly q

and to the grief of the company at his loss. His company, in formal meeting, gave expression to their feeling at the death of one, who — to use their own words — "distinguished for the mild firmness of his bearing, the courtesy of all his intercourse, his attentiveness to every duty, his conspicuous gallantry in action, had secured, to a rare extent for one so young, the admiration, the esteem, the love of the whole company." The Sunday School in which he had been both pupil and teacher, added its tribute to his memory, and thanked God that "there was so much to mitigate the bitterness of the sorrow in the hope of reunion in heaven." And when the body was carried home to be buried, and the solemn toll of the Church bell, whose gladder tones he had loved so well in life, summoned his friends to the funeral ceremonies, "every place of business in the town was closed," and the whole community united in giving honor to their young townsman, who, dying in his country's service, was no less a true soldier of the cross. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Wm. F. Broaddus, D. D. On his coffin were laid the following lines, written by a lady friend, for the burial hour:—

Strew flowers on his coffin'd breast,
His noble heart is now at rest;
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
We will not mourn his early grave.
Faithfully his duty done,
On earth a noble name he won;
But, nobler far than earthly fame,
He bore his Saviour's holy name.
His early days to God were given,
His record in the Books of Heaven.
Then let him rest, till that glad sound
Which calls the nations from the ground
Full on his raptured ear is pour'd,
"Come forth, ye blessed of the Lord."

WILLIAM KENNETH McCOY,

Sergeant in the Charlottesville Artillery.

The soldier referred to in the sketch just finished, who was supported in the arms of Lieutenant Bibb as the two wounded men were removed from the field to the station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, and who had in that young officer so

staunch a friend when they reached the Confederate capital, w
WILLIAM KENNETH MCCOY.

He was born January 31st, 1843, at Brookland, his fathe
residence in Fauquier county, Virginia. Here, almost in sight
the Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, the first nine years of
life were spent. Those who knew him then will not forget t
appearance of the flaxen-haired, oval-faced boy, with the lar
rich gray eyes, always full of life and merriment; nor will the
who knew him in after-life fail to recall the fine manly form,
the classic features of that bright face which was the true ind
of the wakeful mind and the noble soul within.

In 1852 his father, Mr. William McCoy, removed to the U
versity of Virginia, where KENNY remained under home instru
tion until 1857; when shortly after the death of the former, t
latter was placed under the tuition of an elder brother, then resid
in Raleigh, N. C. After a year's residence in Raleigh, he enter
Hampden Sidney College, and had already spent two sessions the
in preparation for a course at the University, when the commenc
ment of hostilities, in the spring of 1861, decided him to retu
home and enter the service of his State. From carrying out t
latter purpose he was, however, prevented for a time, by the remo
strances of his friends and the entreaties of his family, who right
judging that he was as yet too young, and vainly hoping that
desire to join the army would give way to his zeal for stud
induced him, after much persuasion, to matriculate at the U
versity.

But, under the settled conviction that his place was with t
troops, KENNETH had no heart for books, and ere long his na
was enrolled for the company of artillery which Captain Jam
McDowell Carrington was raising in Charlottesville. He w
made a sergeant in the company, and took the field with it
May, 1862.

The history of the Charlottesville Artillery, until we find it
the field of Chancellorsville, has already been briefly recit
Soon after the battles around Richmond, Sergeant MCCOY was r
over by a caisson and so crippled that he was unable to walk;
did not recover from his injuries until after the battle of Shar
burg had been fought. With the exception of the time thus inc
cated, he was constantly with his company until the 3d of Ma
1863, and served, as his comrades afterwards testified, "as o

undaunted in dangers, cheerful under hardships, always active in the discharge of duty."

On that fatal day the combined fire of artillery and musketry had told fearfully upon his battery, even until there were not men enough to serve the guns. Sergeant McCoy had charge of a piece; but in this extremity he undertook the additional duty of filling a fallen comrade's place, and, for some time, he not only directed the shots, but supplied the gun with ammunition. From some unknown cause, a shell, which he was in the act of preparing for instant use, exploded in his hands. It seems almost a miracle that he was not instantly torn to pieces. He was, however, dreadfully wounded; his hands were terribly lacerated, and several fingers broken; one fragment of shell passing through the under part of one arm, carried away the flesh to the bone; another struck the knee. His face was badly burned, and at first it was believed his eyes had been destroyed. Moreover, his clothing took fire, and before this could be extinguished, he received several severe burns about the body.

Utterly helpless, he was borne to the rear and thence to Richmond, where, on the Saturday following, his brother, Rev. H. P. R. McCoy, then chaplain at the post of Charlottesville, found him at the Officers' Hospital. After a cheerful greeting and inquiries about home, he remarked:—"I am so glad, Charlie," (another brother, then serving in the West), "was not in that battle. It was an awful fight." The next morning he was removed to the residence of Mrs. John B. Martin, and comfortably fixed in her parlor, where that lady and her family assisted in tenderly nursing him, and the late Dr. James Bolton, whose skilful, but unavailing services are grateful remembered by his friends, became his regular physician.

On the eighth day after he was wounded, he opened his eyes partially, and exclaimed gratefully, "Oh, I see light!" But the next day an alarming hemorrhage from the wound in the arm occurred, and his mother and sister were telegraphed for. They arrived on the 12th, and, after they had been with him a short time, he asked his mother to pass between him and the window, that he might see her more distinctly. Then, begging her to retire and seek rest, he added, "Don't forget to pray for me, mother, before you go to sleep. Pray that I may be a more thorough Christian."

His case had, from the beginning, been considered critical, but not hopeless. Yet, though uniformly patient and cheerful, and always expressing his gratitude for any little attention, at no time did he express a wish to recover. The child of praying parents, he had been thoroughly instructed as to the way of salvation. Just a month before he was wounded, he had written to his mother, expressing the hope that her prayers on his behalf had been answered, and declaring his purpose to live henceforth as a Christian. Now his feeling seemed always to be that he had done only his duty; no regrets for the past were entertained; the chief concern was, that this *affliction might be sanctified* unto him.

On Tuesday, May 19th, the apprehensions of his friends were increased, and that afternoon, with his head resting on his brother's arm, he quietly breathed his last. His early grave and simple monument are in the family lot in the University Cemetery.

How much his comrades in arms loved him living, how they mourn him now that he is dead, let the following letter testify:—

"CAMP NEAR GUINEA'S STATION, VA.,
June 3d, 1863.

"Mrs. McCoy will not, we trust, consider it an intrusion upon the sacred privacy of parental grief, for us, the messmates of her lamented son, KENNETH, to unite our voices in bearing testimony to his worth, and to mingle our tears of heartfelt sympathy and sorrow over his honored but too early grave. The relations into which we were thrown, and the ties of community of interest, community of sentiment and feeling, community of action and of suffering by which we were bound to him, we believe to have been second in intimacy and affection only to those of home itself. Cut off from relatives and friends, and dependent upon each other for society and sympathy, while we shared daily the same fare and occupied nightly the same shelter, our mess had grown into a family circle. What, at the outset, had been acquaintanceship, blossomed into friendship and ripened into mature affection. In him our hitherto unbroken circle has lost its first link, and we feel as though a brother had been struck down from our midst. As we look back upon the past, we can scarcely realize the fact that he who was, to so large an extent, the light and life of our band, has passed away from earth — that we shall never see again the genial smile of his bright face, or hear the animated tones of his cheerful voice.

"In our constant and unreserved intercourse with him during the closing year of his life, amid scenes which 'try men's souls' and develop defects unnoticed in the occasional intercourse of peaceful times, we can remember no instance in word or deed which could detract in the smallest degree from the character of the high-toned gentleman. The more we knew him the more we loved him; we loved him for his kind and obliging disposition, his warm and affectionate heart, the vivacity and buoyancy of his spirits, and the frankness, generosity, unaffected simplicity and real nobility of his nature. . . . . .

"Several of our number are professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and in our wanderings we had endeavored to set up a family altar. In this none took a more lively interest than KENNETH. For some time before his fatal wounds were received, he seemed to take a deeper interest in all religious exercises than ever before, and on several occasions he expressed the intention of joining the Church the first opportunity that presented itself. . . .

"It is impossible to reflect without keen regret upon the untimely blighting of so many budding hopes, the cruel disappointment of so noble a promise. But we find comfort in the assurance that he could have fallen in no nobler cause, and that the messenger of death found him at the post of duty—joy in the hope that our loss is his gain. And, while we still could wish it had been otherwise, we would strive to bow in humble, trusting submission to the will of Him who 'doeth all things well.'

"With great respect and heartfelt sympathy,

"W F. DAVIS,	R. A. LEWIS, JR.,
A. B. ROLER,	F. M. SWOPE,
P. T. WASH,	ALBERT L. HOLLADAY,
D. HANSON BOYDEN,	A. L. MARSHALL."

WILLIAM B. HUTTON,

3d Lieutenant, Company A, 5th Alabama Battalion.

WILLIAM BRYAN HUTTON was born in Green county, Alabama, on the 15th of February, 1841. He was the fifth child of Dr. A. D. and Mrs. E. H. Hutton, both of whom were natives of

South Carolina, but residents of Alabama since their early youth.

Dr. Hutton was nearly related to that eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun, and fully endorsed his political views. He had therefore taught his son from his youth to regard with great jealousy his personal rights and those of his State. Thus, though hardly more than a boy, and at the time a student at the University, as soon as his State seceded from the Union and called her sons to her support, WILLIAM HUTTON at once left college and returned home to enter the tented field.

He was to a remarkable degree retiring and sedate in manner, but always exhibited the most delicate respect for the feelings and rights of others. Strictly exemplary in his habits, he was also energetic and apt in his studies, always maintaining a position respectable, if not the very first, in his classes, and not infrequently receiving from his teachers premiums for merit and expressions of commendation for proficiency. This was especially true during his stay with Professor Thomas S. Garthright, Principal of the Summerville Institute, Gholson, Miss., from whom more than from any other he received the preparation necessary to enter college.

In October, 1857, he matriculated at the University of Virginia, taking the Schools of Ancient Languages and Mathematics. He was then in his seventeenth year, but the reports given of his habits and standing were satisfactory to those most anxious for his best interests. The next year he modified his ticket by substituting Modern Languages and History and Literature for Mathematics. At the end of this term he received distinctions in Latin and French, and certificates of proficiency in English Literature and in Anglo-Saxon. A third session he devoted himself chiefly to the study of languages, and at its close he received diplomas in Latin and Spanish. He had the highest admiration for the character of Dr. Gessner Harrison, who, during his first two years at the University, was Professor of Latin; and through his influence he had determined to complete his study of Ancient Languages by a course in Germany. But, during his fourth session, Alabama withdrew from the Federal Union, and he returned home and at once joined the "North Sumpter Rifles," in which he was appointed Corporal.

A few days after, his company was ordered to Lynchburg, and he retraced his steps to Virginia along with his comrades. In

June, "The Rifles" were regularly mustered into service, with A. S. Van de Graff as their Captain, and not long after, were ordered to Sterrett's Battery, at Manassas. Here the company remained until after the battle of July 21st, when it was stationed at Cock Pit Point. Subsequently it was organized with four other companies from Alabama into the 5th Alabama Battalion, and placed under the command of Captain F. W. Frobel.

In the latter part of the winter of 1861–62 the battalion was ordered to Fredericksburg, where it was turned over to Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Walker, and atttached to Field's Brigade of Virginians. But very soon afterwards Captain Van de Graff was promoted to a Majority and put in command of the battalion, which was at the same time assigned to Archer's Alabama Brigade.

The part which this brigade took in the war is now matter of history, and not discreditable to the State from which it came. With this command the North Sumpter Rifles participated in the Seven Days' battle before Richmond. It entered that struggle with seventy rank and file, and lost of this number twenty-one killed and twenty-two wounded. Among those who faithfully did their duty was WILLIAM HUTTON, who by this time had risen to be Sergeant in his company.

In A. P. Hill's Division the brigade served through the memorable campaign including the battles of Second Manassas, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg. And in every engagement WILLIAM took part with his battalion, except in that of Cedar Run. In a letter written a short time before his death he stated that he had been in thirteen battles. And in these he was not only present, but so conspicuous as a soldier and so faithful as a subordinate officer, that in the latter part of 1862 he was advanced by his comrades to the office of 3d Lieutenant.

It was in the battle of Chancellorsville that Lieutenant HUTTON met his death. In the charge of Hill's Division, made under the direction of General Stuart, about sunrise on Sunday morning, May 3d, 1863, he was mortally wounded in the breast and fell to the earth. As he lay there while the battle raged, he was shot again, this time in the right arm. About the middle of the afternoon, just as he arrived at the division hospital, and before he was taken from the ambulance, he expired. That night his comrades buried him as decently as was possible for them, and marked his grave.

His body was afterwards removed to the cemetery at Spotts vania Court-House. And there it now rests, marked by a mod stone erected by his only surviving sister, Mrs. Dr. D. H. W liams.

Lieutenant HUTTON held a high position in the confidence a affections of his company, and shortly after the battle of Chanc lorsville they held a meeting and drew up appropriate resolutio from which we make the following extract:

"*Resolved*, That by the death of Lieutenant WM. B. HUTT this company feel that they have lost the services of a brave a gallant officer. As a comrade he was quiet, unobtrusive, a kind; fighting for a great and noble principle, he has fallen martyr to the cause, which has thus lost a shining ornament. an officer he was courageous, cool, and determined, never flinc ing from the hardest labor or the most sanguinary combat. him were centered many praiseworthy attributes. Possessing cultivated mind, a generous disposition, perfect coolness and se possession in the hour of danger, a knowledge of military matt rarely surpassed by one so young and self-taught, he had also gentlemanly bearing and an urbanity of manners that made him favorite with all his comrades."

Letters, too, were written from camp to his friends in Gain ville, and they breathed the spirit of genuine sorrow and sy pathy. One of these said:—"He bore his sufferings with for tude, and calmly and patiently awaited death as one conscious having performed his duty. . . . . He was one of my b friends, in whom I confided freely; in fact, he was beloved a respected by all who knew him, for his noble qualities as a gent man and a soldier. His loss, not only to our company, but to whole battalion, is irreparable.

. "He had the ardor and enthusiasm of youth united with judgment and decision of one far advanced in life, which indu his friends to look forward to the promotion his merits so jus deserved. But premature death has cut short his promis career; and while his comrades unite in tendering their sympat to his bereaved relatives, they too need the same in the loss o true friend and gallant soldier."

Another letter from "Camp Gregg" says:—

"He talked very little after he was wounded, his only des being to rest. He passed away calmly and peacefully, with

pain, and after death, looked like a man sleeping and resting so calmly.

"It is not necessary for us to tell you how we regarded him. For the last two years he has been so closely identified with us in thought, in feeling, and in action, that we regarded him as an essential part of our organization. As a Corporal, he was punctual and faithful; as a Sergeant, we knew every duty would be attended to under his command. In the long and arduous and hazardous campaign of last summer and fall, he performed for some time the duties of 1st Sergeant — an onerous and responsible office at all times — with great fidelity and skill.

"After the first battle of Fredericksburg, he was unanimously elected Junior 2d Lieutenant of our company. His conduct in every particular since has justified the correctness of our choice. He was a skilful drill-master, and took pride in it. His disciplined mind had become imbued with a love of the science, and he promised to become a thorough tactician. He was often consulted by his superiors in rank, when on the field, as to the proper execution of a movement, and he was regarded by all as being in the line of promotion."

Dr. JOHN H. COWIN,

Orderly Sergeant, Company D, 5th Alabama Infantry.

"I am sinking very fast, I think. If I die, tell my father that I fell near the colors and in the discharge of my duty."

John H. Cowin, eldest son of Colonel Samuel and Mrs. Martha A. Cowin, was a native of Greensboro', Green county, Alabama. He was born April 28th, 1839. After the usual preparatory training, he entered the University of his native State, at Tuscaloosa, and pursued the regular academic course at that institution. In the fall of 1858, he became a student of Medicine at the University of Virginia; at the close of the session here, he repaired to the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, where he was graduated Doctor of Medicine in 1860.

During the summer of that year he commenced the practice of his profession near his native place, and continued it with flattering

success until the spring of 1861. In April of that year, a company of twelve-months' volunteers —"The Greensboro' Guards"— was raised, and Dr. COWIN enlisted in it *as a private*. "The Guards" became Company D in the original organization of the 5th Alabama Infantry, whose first Colonel was Robert E. Rodes, afterwards Major-General in the Confederate army. When the term of enlistment had expired, he exhibited the same enthusiasm which had characterized him at the beginning of the war, and promptly enrolled himself again, *but, this time, for the war*.

In the capacity of a common soldier, Dr. COWIN served with the 5th Alabama for more than two years, and participated in all the battles in which that regiment was engaged, except that of Malvern Hill and those of the first Maryland campaign, from which he was detained by sickness; and from the time when he met the skirmishers of McDowell's advance in July, 1861, until he yielded up his life in May, 1863, he bore a name for gallantry and efficiency which many might envy, none despise. In the battle of Chancellorsville — on the last day — he fell in a redoubt which the 5th and 26th Alabama had carried by storm. As he lay within the earthworks, the blood gushing from the femoral artery which had been severed by a ball, he said to a comrade standing by him, "*I am sinking very fast, I think. If I die, tell my father that I fell near the colors and in the discharge of my duty.*" In an hour or two he expired, literally bleeding to death, while his friends were bearing him from the field.

When, a few days afterwards, Company D, which was then the color-company of the regiment, was called upon to select one from its roll who should receive the badge of honor for gallantry in the late battles, the award was unanimously voted to JOHN H. COWIN.

The record thus given is a modest one. It is that of a man who came forward promptly to defend his country; who, under the impulses of a genuine patriotism, continued steadfastly in her service; who, discharging with fidelity and efficiency the duties of a position which his countrymen are only now beginning to hold in proper esteem, rose through the successive subordinate grades to the unpretending but responsible office of Orderly Sergeant in his company; it is that of a soldier who, after passing over many a hard-fought field, rejoiced in the hour of death — which was the hour of victory as well — that he fell near the standard of his country and in the discharge of his duty.

Jos. H. Anderson

It was not from lack of qualification for a higher position that r. COWIN had served thus humbly. On several occasions he as invited to come before the Examining Board of Surgeons at ichmond, but he uniformly declined, his views of duty conpiring with his inclination and deciding him to remain with the ompany, which was composed of his early personal friends. In is "home-circle" he continued to the end, doing battle for his ountry as a chivalrous, high-toned soldier, serving the comanions of his childhood, as occasion permitted, by his professional kill, and not infrequently performing the duties of Assistant urgeon of the regiment. There is something inspiring in this eroic devotion to country; something touching in this unselfish ttachment to friends; something refreshing in this anomalous ndifference to office, the mania for which was both endemic and pidemic.

JOSEPH W. ANDERSON, B. L.,

Major, and Chief of Artillery, Stevenson's Division.

Major JOSEPH WASHINGTON ANDERSON was born at Fincastle, Botetourt county, Virginia, December 19th, 1836. His father, Colonel John T. Anderson, who survives him, is extensively known as a lawyer, and many times member of the Virginia Legislature; and both he and his excellent wife — the mother of Major ANDERSON — are universally esteemed for their social virtues, generous hospitality, and exalted Christian character. The family home, "Mount Joy," near Buchanan, was one of the loveliest spots in the Valley of Virginia, until, in June, 1864, the buildings, with their contents, were given to the flames by the vandal General Hunter; and yet their blackened walls, though an ever-present monument to the uncertainties and cruelties ot war, bring but a passing sadness when compared with the utter and irremediable desolation caused to those doting parents by the untimely death of their noble son — the only child of his father.

JOSEPH early discovered a fondness for reading and study. When not yet ten years old, he was sent to the Botetourt Seminary, then under the charge of a graduate of the Virginia Military Insti-

tute, and made rapid progress in his studies. Here it was that he acquired some knowledge of tactics, and here was laid the foundation of his after-developed fondness for military pursuits, enabling him, when the time of trial came, not only to acquire "the drill" with remarkable ease and accuracy, but also to submit himself, without question or complaint, to the rigor of discipline and the hardships of camp-life. As a youth, he was sincere, generous, just, and brave, and was always a favorite with his teachers and fellow-students. After spending four or five years at this Seminary, he was prepared for the University at the classical school of Wm. R. Galt, Esq., near Buchanan. Mr. Galt, himself a distinguished graduate of the University, entertained a high opinion of his intellectual and moral qualities, and was wont to predict the high stand which his pupil afterwards took at college, and in the active pursuits of life. In the fall of 1855 he entered the University, where he fully sustained his reputation as a young man of talent, of extraordinary industry and application, and of exemplary moral character; whilst his generous qualities and his gentle yet manly bearing attached to him not a few admirers and friends. Delicate from his childhood, at the close of his second session he was so prostrated by a severe spell of sickness as to feel compelled, though reluctantly and only by the command of his physicians, to spend a year in recreation instead of pursuing his studies. With health and spirits restored and invigorated, he returned to the University in October, 1858, and again won golden opinions from all with whom he came in contact. He took an extensive course that session, and accomplished as much as could well be, in like time, accomplished by any one — standing high in all his classes, and graduating in Political Economy and at the head of the Law Class.

Concerning him, Prof. John B. Minor writes as follows, under date December 16, 1869:— . . . . . "I fear it may be now too late for your purpose, but I cannot refrain from adding my mite to the general praise with which Major JOSEPH W. ANDERSON's memory deserves to be embalmed. He was for two sessions (1856–7 and 1858-9) a member of the School of Law, and, as I have often had occasion to say, left upon me an impression so pleasing that I can hardly exaggerate it. High-principled, amiable, modest, courteous, studious, and intellectual, an instructor could not have wished a happier aggregation of qualities, and the

all shone in him with a mild lustre seldom surpassed. His understanding was of that desirable character, compact and symmetrical, which, if not the most brilliant, yet in the world achieves the greatest results. Accompanied as it was in him by a steady assiduity of application, no object worthy of attainment was beyond the reach of his disciplined powers, and his manly integrity would have scorned to accomplish any, however longed after, by unworthy arts. His acquaintance with the elements of the law was copious and accurate, giving assurance of speedy prominence. I had formed high hopes of him as likely to illustrate a noble profession at once by his abilities, learning and virtue. With a mind and character so well proportioned, he bade fair to rank with that small and superior class of men, unostentatiously and unselfishly good and wise, over whom friends and country exult as amongst the most blessed gifts which Providence bestows upon a land.

"I have known no youth, during my more than a score of years' experience with young men, whom I would more wish a boy of mine to resemble, and I never recur to his lamented and untimely death without finding my sympathies awakened afresh for his parents, realizing with renewed pain the bitter anguish of mourning for such a son. Nor can I cease to grieve for Virginia, discrowned as she is, and bereaved of her noblest, when I consider the loss she has sustained in him. Of all the precious lives wasted in the war, not one affects me with more pain. . . .

"This tribute is an imperfect one to the memory of the very uncommon young man to whom it relates. His virtues were so modest and unpretending that one must have had, as I did, many opportunities to observe their singular worth before they could be fully appreciated."

The day after graduating, Major ANDERSON was married to Miss S. W. Morris, of Charlottesville, she being the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Morris, of Louisa county.

After his marriage and return home, he engaged actively in the practice of law; but his delicate health unfitting him for a sedentary life, at the close of the first year he retired from the bar, and devoted himself with characteristic ardor and energy to agricultural pursuits.

At the organization of "The Mountain Rifles"—a volunteer company enrolled at the time of the "John Brown Raid," but whose services were not then called into requisition—in Decem-

ber, 1859, he was elected 1st Lieutenant. The Captain, Wm. W. Boyd, being in bad health, the task of drilling the company fell, in great part, to Lieutenant ANDERSON. The company officers and men were soon uniformed in what was afterwards known as "Confederate Gray," and its organization and meetings for drill were preserved and continued through the year 1860 and early part of 1861.

With the history of this company — composed of men, his neighbors and friends, who loved him and delighted to do him honor, and to whom he was devotedly attached — Major ANDERSON'S future life is intimately connected, and the compiler of this memoir will hesitate not to blend the two together, feeling as he does that the one were imperfect without the other.

The secession of Virginia and actual breaking out of the war found this company one of the first to tender its services, and in view of the certainty of active service, a reorganization was had. The Captain, Wm. W. Boyd, being somewhat advanced in years and in very feeble health, tendered his resignation, and Lieutenant ANDERSON was chosen Captain. The company, thus fully organized, was officered as follows:— Captain, JOSEPH W. ANDERSON; 1st Lieutenant, Philip Peters; Senior 2d Lieutenant, John W. Johnston; Junior 2d Lieutenant, Henry C. Douthat; and Orderly Sergeant, William H. Norgrove. In April, 1861, Lieutenant Johnston, with Lieutenant T. Henry Johnston, of the "Blue Ridge Rifles," was sent to Richmond for arms and orders to march, the two companies, in the meantime, going into camp at home. Early in May, orders were received, and by the middle of the month the two companies had reported at "Camp Davis," Lynchburg. Here they were assigned to the 28th Virginia Infantry, commanded by that noble old Roman, Colonel Robert T. Preston, of Montgomery. After a brief season, the regiment was ordered to Manassas, and, reporting there in the latter part of May, was assigned to Cocke's Brigade. Soon after this, Captain ANDERSON was ordered with his company on detached service in front of our small army, to obstruct the roads leading to Bull Run from Centreville and Fairfax Station, and performed this as it was then considered, arduous and somewhat hazardous service with his usual zeal and alacrity, and in such a way as not only to win the approval of his superiors, but also to train and discipline his men to an extent exceedingly beneficial to them in all after-service.

At the First Manassas he displayed great coolness and gallantry, and endeared himself anew to the hearts of his men as one fitted to command in action no less than on parade.

Long before the completion of the first year's service, at the time pending the reorganization of the army, under a General Order allowing commands volunteering "for the war" a leave of absence for thirty days, Captain ANDERSON and his company were among the first — and indeed *the very first*, as is confidently believed — of the army then stationed on the lines at Centreville, who were relieved under the terms of the order referred to, in consideration of their prompt and patriotic action. "At this distance of time it is not easy to realize the degree of importance attached to this order; promulgated as it was at a critical time, when the novelty of the war had worn off, when the enthusiasm of volunteering had subsided, and when the public mind had not become familiarized with the idea of conscription. It was necessary to infuse new vigor into the army, to increase its numbers, and to engraft upon it the feature of permanence, while it was at the same time necessary to avoid harsh and unpopular measures. The order was a happy conception. But its success depended upon the devotion, ardor, and prompt action of those who for one year had borne all the hardships of the war. Example was everything. To hang back and delay until cold inaction should do its mischievous work was to hazard everything. We can therefore, even at this distance, look with admiration upon the disregard of self and selfish ends, that sacrifice of comfort and that soldierly ardor manifested by Captain ANDERSON, than whom no one could have been more tempted by all the allurements of home. It was he and such as he who set the example afterwards so generally followed, and thus secured a permanent army composed of the best material in the South. About this time Captain ANDERSON obtained, upon the recommendation of his immediate superior officers and of General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding Army of Northern Virginia, an order from the War Department authorizing him to change his arm of the service from infantry to mounted artillery. Late in the fall of 1861 the War Department directed the establishment of a camp of instruction for light batteries. This order designated Camp Lee, near Richmond, and Captain J. C. Shields — then commanding the First Richmond Howitzers, attached to General Evans's Brigade, near Leesburg — was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-

Colonel of Artillery, and assigned to the command of this camp The leave of absence to Captain ANDERSON and his company though used by him for the purpose of recruiting his numbers and preparing for the coming campaign, was but a manifestation of the high appreciation the Department entertained of their prompt compliance with the measures which had been adopted to impart renewed vigor and efficiency to the army."

Before leaving Centreville for home, December 24, 1861, a reorganization of the company was had, resulting in the unanimous re-election of the old officers.

"This excellent officer, supported by worthy and gallant lieutenants and one hundred and fifty men — a majority of whom had passed through the first year of the war in active service, the others having been recruited by Lieutenant Johnston early in 1862 — reported at Camp Lee in the latter part of January, 1862. The companies of artillery recruited in the fall of 1861 had for the most part been fitted out and sent to the front, so that when this young and favorite officer reported, the camp was comparatively unoccupied, except by a small garrison. Captain ANDERSON was the first to report his company under the order referred to, or of that other and very large augmentation of the artillery force which came in during the spring months, recruited by authority of the War Department, and amounting to some sixty field batteries that moved to the front from that camp of instruction. The officer in charge saw at a glance that in Captain ANDERSON, his lieutenants and men, he could find the most trustworthy auxiliaries, not only in his efforts for the speedy preparation of those immediately under instruction, but also of the numerous companies that he knew would be rapidly reporting. To that end and as far as practicable, Captain ANDERSON and his commissioned officers were immediately qualified as instructors; and after performing more than the required hours of duty with their own company, they were assigned to the same work with other companies, and in General Orders Captain ANDERSON was announced as the officer in charge of that and of the general regulation of the camp."

At this period of the war — spring, 1862 — the Department had not authorized in General Orders the organization of batteries in guns and equipments, as it subsequently did, taking as a basis the regulations compiled by a board of artillery officers of the United States Army, who completed their report about the time that hos-

ilities commenced. The Richmond Howitzers and a few other atteries had obtained copies of this Book of Instruction before s distribution through the United States Army, and had entered he service thoroughly informed of the advantages it gave in the ew duties we were commencing as a citizen soldiery. Special rders were issued, authorizing Captain ANDERSON to draw a attery thus organized of six brass guns, with all necessary quipments.

The battery being now entitled to four lieutenants — two first nd two second — William P. Douthat was elected Junior Second, ieutenants Johnston and H. C. Douthat going up one step each.

"The Tredegar Works had nearly completed their armament, nd Captain ANDERSON, his officers and men, were in high spirits, nticipating early and brilliant service in reëntering the field under uch favorable auspices. The affairs of the Confederacy in East ennessee about this time were not of an encouraging character. he Department issued an order directing a company in the most orward state of preparation at Camp Lee to move at once, regard- ss of outfit, to that point, where an active campaign was to be aged with such material and resources as were at command here; and it fell to the lot of ANDERSON'S Battery to go. Whilst ppreciating the compliment of being the advanced company, it as nevertheless, and very naturally, a day of sadness to all the ommand that their splendid battery and equipments, nearly ready or issue, were to be left behind, and never, perhaps, to be in their ossession. With that high bearing and noble impulse which lways characterized him, Captain ANDERSON received his orders nd departed for his new field of service, carrying with him not nly for himself, but for his officers and men, the unbounded ttachment and esteem of all with whom they had come in con- tact."

It is proper, just here, that acknowledgment should be made of he kind courtesy and valuable assistance extended to the present writer by Colonel J. C. Shields. Liberal use has been made above of material furnished by him.

It may be remarked in passing, that the battery of iron guns given Captain ANDERSON upon his arrival at Knoxville was eplaced at Chattanooga in December, 1862, by a battery of six rass pieces from the Tredegar Works, Richmond. Soon after eporting to General E. Kirby Smith at Knoxville, early in April,

1862, ANDERSON's Battery was assigned to Brigadier-General S. M. Barton's Brigade. Early in July, Captain ANDERSON was detached from his battery and ordered to duty as A. A. A. G. on the staff of General Barton, the duties of which position he continued to discharge in the most efficient manner until the return from sick leave of Captain A. C. Thom, A. A. G. All through the campaign, spring and summer of 1862, whether as battery-commander or staff-officer, Captain ANDERSON discharged his appropriate duties with an aptness and devotion rarely equalled. At the battle of Tazewell, or Walrond's Ridge, August 6th, and during the investment of Cumberland Gap, August and September, he was conspicuous for his gallantry and intelligent appreciation of his own and others' duties. Cumberland Gap evacuated, he accompanied his battery, attached to Barton's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, through Kentucky to Frankfort, and back again, through Cumberland Gap, to Lenoir's Station. Thence he was ordered with his brigade and division to Murfreesboro', and from Murfreesboro', in December, 1862, to Vicksburg. All through the campaign in Kentucky and Middle Tennessee he was eager to be actively engaged with the foe, and now his ardent spirit was at last to be gratified. Arrived at Vicksburg in the very midst of the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December 27–28, he hurried with his new battery, through the deep mud and intense darkness of the night, into position, and was soon and most gallantly engaged with General Sherman's troops. The enemy effectually repulsed, he went into camp at Vicksburg, and January 28th, 1863, he was announced in General Orders as Chief of Artillery of Stevenson's Division, that most worthy and efficient officer, Lieutenant Philip Peters, taking command of his battery.

Conceiving the idea of governing the artillery of the division as an entire and quasi-separate command, Captain ANDERSON encamped the several batteries — Waddell's Alabama, Claiborne's 3d Maryland, Corput's Georgia, and Anderson's Virginia — hard by each other, and at once instituted such a system of discipline and drill as largely increased the efficiency of the command, and gave him new reputation as a skilful and accomplished officer. At Vicksburg, as elsewhere, from his earliest entrance into the army, he made many friends, and came to be universally regarded as one of the most efficient and promising, and at the same time most popular officers in the army.

On the 18th of March, 1863, Junior 1st Lieutenant J. W. Johnston was announced in General Orders as Captain of Anderson's Battery, thenceforward known as "The Botetourt Artillery," Captain ANDERSON having been promoted to Major of Artillery, and Senior 1st Lieutenant Peters having declined promotion and retaining his original rank. Both Major ANDERSON and Captain Johnston took rank from the 28th January, 1863. Orderly Norgrove was, on the 17th March, elected Junior 2d Lieutenant to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion, one step higher each, of Lieutenants H. C. Douthat and W. P. Douthat. Sergeant David Lieps was soon afterwards elected Orderly. Little did this band of seven officers — dear to each other as brothers are — then anticipate that in less than sixty days there would be left of their number only two, and one of these, Lieutenant H. C. Douthat, owing his safety mayhap alone to his absence in Virginia on sick leave.

On the 28th April, 1863, the battery was ordered to break up camp at Warrenton and march with Tracy's Alabama Brigade to reinforce General Bowen below Vicksburg. The enemy, having repeatedly failed in his effort to assault us on the right, had succeeded in running a number of boats, not only gunboats but transports protected by cotton, past our batteries from above, and had marched a large force down the other side of the river, crossed it over in these boats, and landed it below Grand Gulf, a fortified point some forty miles below Vicksburg.

Captain Johnston, who had been detached on court-martial duty, left Vicksburg on the evening of April 30th, and, after riding all night, reached and crossed Bayou Pierre at daybreak, May 1st. He found Lieutenant Peters with four of his pieces in position with Tracy's brigade, and in a very few minutes the battle of Bayou Pierre, or Port Gibson, had begun.

Very soon an order came to send two guns to the left to operate with Green's Missourians. Lieutenant Peters was entitled to this separate command, but at his earnest request he was retained with Captain Johnston, and Lieutenant Norgrove's howitzers were sent. The battle raged with fury, the enemy being found in overwhelming force, having six divisions at hand, of which four were actually engaged, with a number of superior batteries of rifle and other guns. Our largest force at any time during the day was three brigades — less than four thousand five hundred men. Yet our gallant troops held their line, and the men fought on with a dogged

pertinacity and devotion worthy of a better fate. Captain Johnston was during the day reinforced on the right by the arrival of Lieutenant Wm. P. Douthat, with his section of six-pounders. The infantry lost a terrible percentage of officers and men, while the artillery, exposed to a galling fire from many batteries as well as to the murderous sharpshooting of the enemy, suffered severely. The noble General Tracy was killed. Captain Johnston on the right, lost in killed Lieutenants Peters and Wm. P. Douthat, Orderly David Leips, and privates F. C. Noell and Couch, while many of his men were wounded. Lieutenant Peters' section of Napoleons was left on the field, the horses being killed and the gun-carriages cut down by the fire of the enemy. On the left, after a most gallant fight, Lieutenant Norgrove's section was overrun by the charging enemy, and this splendid officer was shot down and breathed his last by his guns. Here also Privates Lindsay Stennet, and George Obenchain were killed, and a number of the men were wounded, while others fell into the hands of the enemy. The total loss of "The Botetourt Artillery" in this battle, killed, wounded, and captured, was about forty-five officers and men, with fifty-three horses and four guns. Late in the evening — after probably the most hotly contested fight of the war, considering the disparity of the forces engaged, and the fact that we fought on the open plain without field-works — our forces slowly withdrew in good order, the section of six-pounders under 2d Sergeant Francis G. Obenchain (the ranking officer of "The Botetourt Artillery" then present, Captain Johnston having been, late in the day, disabled, and Lieutenant H. C. Douthat being absent in Virginia), covering the retreat to the other side of Bayou Pierre. This young and efficient officer was afterwards promoted to be Lieutenant, a distinction well earned by him.

Hasty works, under cover of the night, were thrown up, and the advance of the enemy was temporarily stayed. His demonstrations were such, however, as to compel a further retreat on our part, and on the sad march to the rear our little force met Stevenson's Division and other troops, sent to our relief, alas! too late. Major ANDERSON had ardently desired to be with his old battery in any engagement, and the meeting between him and his former Lieutenant and men after their terrible disaster, was a most affecting one. His tender heart was moved to tears, and he but gave expression to his true feelings when he exclaimed that gladly would he have laid down his life to save that day's fight.

Extract is made from a letter of Major ANDERSON to his father, of date Vicksburg, May 2d, 1863, as follows:—"Yesterday we had a desperate fight with the enemy below Grand Gulf, in which General Tracy was killed, and the Virginia Battery (supposed to be my old battery, the only part of my command sent down) was captured and then retaken. I am intensely uneasy, but can hear no particulars, as telegraphic communication is broken. Am very much afraid that a number of my gallant boys have gone under, as they would never let the enemy take their battery except at the cost of some of their lives. Poor Tracy! he was a noble-hearted gentleman and a gallant soldier. I shall never forget his appearance as I told him good-bye, but a few hours before commencing the march which proved his last. . . We are reinforcing rapidly, and so are the enemy, and I suppose the decisive battle will be fought in a few days. It is thought that Grant has concentrated 50,000 or 60,000 on that flank, and the falling back of our men has given him possession of Port Gibson and Bayou Pierre, and this lets him into the hill country on this side the river. My heart bleeds for the gallant men who are maintaining the unequal contest down there. As only one of my batteries was sent, and especially as the enemy were making the most spirited demonstrations on our right flank, I was retained here; but this morning I begged the General (Stevenson) to let me take only one of the other batteries and go to their assistance. He didn't think it prudent, and refused it, but now has gone to ask to be allowed to go himself (General Pemberton being here in person), and if this request is granted, I shall go with him, and probably take some of my batteries with me. . . . . Thus, upon the eve of participating in what will probably be one of the bloodiest battles of the war, I cannot help indulging in some very serious and sad reflections. I hope it is unnecessary for me to assure you and my noble mother of my undying devotion, and to request that, in case I should fall, you would devote yourselves to the care of my wife and children. On their account I shall try not to expose my life unnecessarily; but if, in the heat of action, my conduct should appear to be contrary to this principle, it will be due to the extreme manner in which I am wedded to the cause in which I am engaged. These are sad thoughts, and it is as well to dispel them and be happy while we may. Of one thing I know you will rest assured, that though I may be unmanned at some times

in thinking of these things, I will never be so in presence of the foe. . . I don't want you all to be uneasy about me, as I have been so fortunate as to make very many warm friends out here, several of whom have insisted upon taking care of me should I be wounded or sick; and if it should be my fate to die, I couldn't do so in a better cause."

No immediate conflict was had with the enemy, but our troops returned to the neighborhood of Vicksburg.

On the 12th of May, the division of General Stevenson moved, with other troops, in the direction of Baker's Creek and Edward's Depot, and General Pemberton, in command of a considerable force, encamped on the night of May 15th in immediate proximity to Grant's army.

The next day, May 16th, 1863, the battle of Baker's Creek was fought, and here it was that Major ANDERSON fell, mortally wounded.

Major-General C. L. Stevenson, under date May 19, 1863, wrote as follows to Colonel Anderson:—"It is my sad duty to inform you that in the engagement of the 16th inst., your son was mortally wounded and necessarily left on the field. Early in the morning, when we were near Edward's Depot, I was ordered to join General Johnston with my command. As the movement was one of great importance, I selected Major ANDERSON to go forward and start the train, and select a position to be occupied by a portion of the command, in order to protect our flank. When he had performed this duty and returned, the enemy, largely outnumbering our force, had engaged us. He then went entirely around the line to see that all of his batteries were in proper position. By this time the fight was very severe on the extreme left, and he at once went to the battery then attached to General Barton's Brigade, and it was there he fell mortally wounded. . . In your great affliction I tender my sincere sympathy. Major ANDERSON was all that could be desired in an officer — gallant, intelligent, and energetic. He gave his life to our cause, and died in the faithful discharge of his duty."

And again, under date "Near Dalton, Ga., March, 6, 1864:—after the return of Major ANDERSON from the first duty referred to in my former letter, he was constantly engaged with his batteries, which occupied several positions, ... but I have no doubt that to encourage Barton's regiments — all of whom had

he warmest confidence in him — he said he would lead them. Vith this they moved forward to the charge. . . . . Major NDERSON fell in front of Barton's Brigade, on my extreme left, nd not on my right."

The following is an extract from the official report of Major-eneral C. L. Stevenson, of date "Demopolis, Ala., July 29, 864." . . . . . "The success of this movement depended entirely n the speedy relief of the road from the obstruction caused by the resence of the train. I despatched two of my staff officers, lajors Webb and ANDERSON, to superintend the operations of hose in charge of the train; about 9 A. M. the latter reported hat the road was open — the trains having been placed as rdered — and free for the passage of the troops. This fact I im-nediately communicated to the Lieutenant-General commanding. . . . . In the meantime the enemy had continued his movement o our left, and fell upon Barton in overwhelming numbers. He harged them gallantly, but was forced back, and the enemy, fol-owing up his advantage, cut him off entirely from the rest of the livision. It was here that the lamented Major ANDERSON, my Chief of Artillery, fell in the fearless discharge of duty. In the ery front of battle, the brave soldier, the noble gentleman, met is death. Here, too, the gallant Ridley, refusing to leave his uns, single-handed and alone fought until he fell, pierced with ix shots, winning even from his enemies the highest tribute of dmiration. Nothing could protect the artillery horses from the leadly fire of the enemy — almost all were killed, and, along my vhole line, the pieces, though fought with a desperation on the art both of officers and men which I cannot praise too highly, lmost all fell into the hands of the enemy. In this manner the uns of Corput's and Johnston's batteries, and Waddell's section, ere lost. Double-shotted, they were fired until, in many in-tances, the swarms of the enemy were in amongst them, the fficers and men standing by them to the very latest moment that hey could be served."

Brigadier-General S. M. Barton, under date "Richmond, May 6th, 1864," writes to Colonel Anderson as follows:—"You know hat my regard for your son was not mere friendliness; that ong association and a fellowship in privation, hardship, and dan-ger, had begotten an affection more than fraternal. The frankness of his character allowed him no half-way measures. Where he

esteemed he gave his heart, and it is with no little pride that I recall the confidence he reposed in me and the many instances of affection he gave me. . . He brought me the orders to move on the 12th May, 1863, and rode a part of the way with me. He told me that he had a presentiment that he should not survive the impending engagement; that the feeling was new to him, but did not at all depress him; that he could laugh at it, and if it had to be, he believed he could meet it as became him, but that he could not shake it off." [Just before this, he had talked in a similar manner to his friend, Captain J. W. Johnston.] "I saw him frequently on the march. He was always cheerful, full of energy, with a pleasant word and merry laugh for all, inspiriting the weary and winning the regard of all. . . My brigade was put into action about 12.30 P. M. He posted all the guns used on the left flank of the army, and assisted me in forming the line of battle. The enemy had forced back the troops to my right almost in a rout, and it became necessary to charge and check his victorious columns, or we were lost. In overwhelming force he came on — three lines deployed, extending far to the right and left of our position. Our little band charged with fury, broke through the first line, throwing it back in confusion on the second, which in turn fell upon the third. Your son, leading my right regiment (40th Georgia) with cap in hand, cheered them on through the first and second lines, to fall at the third. . . I never saw him after he passed from my sight at the head of the gallant 40th, cap in hand, cheering them on to victory. I like best to think of him thus — the gallant soldier, the noble gentleman, the exalted patriot. Virginia has made sacrifice of no loftier spirit on the altar of her liberty."

The compiler of this memoir, himself an actor in those scenes, and frequently with Major ANDERSON during the battle, is inclined to think from his own observation, but especially from statements made by Frank C. Wood — then a private, but afterwards a Lieutenant in the Botetourt Artillery — that the account given by General Barton is not strictly correct; this certainly not from design, but from the fact that General Barton, as stated by himself, did not see Major ANDERSON fall.

In executing the order given by General Stevenson early in the morning, Major ANDERSON placed the Botetourt Artillery, Captain J. W. Johnston, two guns, in position to cover the flank of the wagon-train during the process of its withdrawal. At this

nt, General Stevenson's right, the heavy fighting began, and
e these two guns, together with the section of Waddell's Bat-
y sent to the relief of Captain Johnston, were lost, the miscon-
ct of a portion of our own infantry contributing to, if not
irely causing, this result. Corput's Battery was lost later in
day, leaving to Major ANDERSON at the time that Barton's
igade went into action — 12.30 P. M.— very few, if any guns
his command proper. Up to this time, he, his officers and
noniers, had done all that mortal men could do to hold the
eral positions occupied by the artillery, all the guns of which
re, as stated by General Stevenson, fought to the last. Ridley's
ttery, attached to some other command of Pemberton's army,
s now sent to the left, and Major ANDERSON, accompanied by
writer (now, owing to the adverse fortunes of the day, in the
sition of an officer without a command), placed it in position,
der heavy fire, on an advanced point on General Barton's left.
this battery, private F. C. Wood, of the Botetourt Artillery,
own guns being lost, volunteered as a cannonier, and fought
llantly with it, as he had done with his own, until it too fell into
e hands of the enemy. Leaving Ridley's position, a little in
vance of Major ANDERSON, the writer next saw him with
igadier-General Barton, and almost immediately Barton's
igade, under cover of Ridley's fire, advanced to the charge.
at Major ANDERSON accompanied and cheered on the infantry
this charge, there can be no doubt. The writer saw him, and
deed himself went down into the charge not very far from him,
t after this he saw him no more, and knew not, until after the
ttle was lost and the field abandoned, that he had fallen.
rton's charge, most gallantly made, at first promised success,
t it was soon checked and broken by the heavily-massed enemy,
d some confusion ensued, ending almost in a rout. Lieutenant
ood, who, after the capture of Ridley's Battery, still remained
the field, doing what he could to encourage the troops, states
at it was on the recoil from, and not in the advance to the charge,
at Major ANDERSON was shot, he being then earnestly engaged
was the writer at some little distance from him, but not within
servation) in an effort to rally and re-form Barton's regiments.
eutenant Wood saw him fall from his horse, and, faithful to
beloved commander and friend, endeavored to carry him off
field. Succeeding in arresting by entreaty, and almost by

main force, some of the flying infantry, with their assistance he bore him towards the rear. Captain A. C. Thom, of General Barton's staff, soon came up, and did all he could to relieve and succor his friend; but the rapid approach of the enemy, and the increasing feebleness of Major ANDERSON, warned both Lieutenant Wood and Captain Thom to seek their own safety, and they left him on the field, shot through the abdomen, and, as was thought, in a dying condition.

The better opinion would seem to be that Lieutenant Wood, who had opportunities of knowing not possessed by General Barton, is correct in his version of the circumstances attending Major ANDERSON'S fall; but, however this may be, all agree in the fact that here, as everywhere during his brief career in the army, he behaved with the most distinguished gallantry, and that he fell in the lofty determination to achieve success or die in the endeavor.

He was found by Dr. Vandyke, about 5 P. M., on the field where he had been left under the shade of some bushes, and was carried to the field-hospital some three hundred yards distant, where he died about 2 A. M., May 17th, 1863. He retained his senses to the last, and was perfectly calm and resigned, saying to Dr. Vandyke several times that he was resigned to his fate, and felt prepared to die. He had been religiously educated from early youth, was well acquainted with all the essential doctrines of the Christian religion, and was a firm believer in the truths of the Bible. He died from inward hæmorrhage, having been shot through the bowels with a minie ball. He left surviving him, besides his aged parents, a beloved wife and two little children. His remains were removed from the battle-field to Fincastle by his father in December, 1863, and laid by his relatives in the Presbyterian burying-ground, where they will sleep until the glorious Resurrection.

Thus lived and thus died Major JOSEPH WASHINGTON ANDERSON. A more chivalrous and noble spirit never breathed; and a merciful Providence granted him his preference of death to a most humiliating subjugation. His memory will ever be gratefully treasured by hosts of admiring friends, and by none more tenderly than by the surviving officers and men of his old company.

Of this company — the Botetourt Artillery — it may be added in closing, that, with a mixed armament of heavy and light guns

and Enfield rifles, it did its full duty in the siege of Vicksburg. Here it was commanded by Lieutenant F. C. Obenchain, after the assignment of Captain Johnston to duty as Chief of Artillery, Stevenson's Division, *vice* ANDERSON, killed. Being greatly weakened by its losses before and during the siege of Vicksburg, and all connected with it being anxious to return to Virginia, Captain Johnston, now promoted to Major of Artillery, with the assistance of Colonel John T. Anderson and Brigadier-General John Echols, procured from the War Department an order transferring the battery to Southwestern Virginia. It was afterwards during the war commanded by Captain Henry C. Douthat, Major Johnston remaining South and West in command of a battalion of artillery until the surrender in April, 1865.

W. C. P. CARRINGTON,

Captain, Company A, 1st Missouri Infantry.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON CARRINGTON was born September 30th, 1835, in Abingdon, Virginia. His father was General Edward C. Carrington, of Halifax county, Virginia. General Carrington was one of the most distinguished and respected citizens of his State, known far and near by his conspicuous virtues, and respected for his intelligence and public spirit. He had served with credit in the war of 1812, was wounded severely at Sackett's Harbor, where he was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct, and he was voted a sword by the Legislature of Virginia. General Carrington was the son of Judge Paul Carrington, of the Circuit Court of Virginia, and the grandson of Judge Paul Carrington the elder, who was a Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

CAMPBELL CARRINGTON'S mother was Miss Eliza Henry, eldest daughter of General Francis Preston, of Abingdon, Virginia. His grandmother was Mrs. Sarah B. Preston, *née* Campbell, the only daughter and child of General William Campbell, of King's Mountain. His greatgrandmother was, before marriage, Miss Elizabeth Henry, a sister of Patrick Henry.

CAMPBELL CARRINGTON was distinguished from childhood for

his frankness and generosity of character, his truthfulness and courage, his affectionate temper, his cordial manners, the warmth and fidelity of his friendships, and for those sentiments which constitute, in the esteem of all, the man of honor. After the usual foundation of education was laid in the excellent country schools in which he spent his earlier years, he went to Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, winning there the approbation of his teachers and the respect of his fellow-students by his steady habits and gentlemanly conduct.

From Lexington he was called home by the death of his father, then residing in Botetourt county, which occurred in 1855. Though yet a youth not twenty years of age, he was called upon to take charge of the family under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and trial; but he discharged the office with manly energy and intelligence. In 1857 the family of his mother removed to Charlottesville, a circumstance which soon afforded him the advantage of matriculating at the University of Virginia.

Before entering this institution, however, he joined, in the summer of 1857, on the invitation of his uncle-in-law, General Floyd, Secretary of War, the exploring expedition of Lieutenant Ives to the Black Mountains, whence he returned in the fall of that year.

At the University he attained a high character as a student, and reputation for talent and oratory, standing among the foremost in his classes and in the Jefferson Society, of which he was a member. After leaving the University, where, during the session of 1858–9, he had been a member of the Law Class, he continued the study of his profession in Washington city, with his brother, General E. C. Carrington, who was afterwards for many years, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, and in that city he was admitted to the bar. He selected St. Louis as the locality in which to try his fortune in life, where he soon succeeded in commanding a practice and in gaining a position at the bar.

He was hence on the highway to success, and giving promise of eminence and influence as a citizen, when his career was interrupted by the civil commotions which soon culminated in a bloody and gigantic civil war. The following letters from the friends of Captain CAMPBELL CARRINGTON give a more touching account of his heroic but sad career in the army, than can now be penned:—

"ST. LOUIS, MO., *March 4th*, 1869.

"JAMES M. CARRINGTON, ESQ.,

Charlottesville, Va.

"*Dear Sir*:—Your letter of February 27th reached me yesterday, and I hasten in reply to give you all the information in my power in regard to your brother, who was an intimate and dear friend of mine.

"At the time he received the wound in the thigh, political excitement was running very high here. The young men were all forming companies and drilling, preparing to go into camp at 'Camp Jackson,' near the city. CAMPBELL was very active, and various expedients were being devised to procure arms and ammunition—among others, one to seize an armed boat which was conveying away arms from Jefferson Barracks, just below the city, to the Illinois shore. We were trying to make arrangements to attack her one night, but had been compelled to postpone it for want of arms, and had scattered to various places in the city, several of us to the 'Laclede Club House,' a sort of headquarters for young Southerners and sympathizers. I had been there a short time, when a message was brought up-stairs to me that some one wished to see me and some other person, I forget who, at once. I ran down stairs and found CAMPBELL standing in the hall (he not having come up-stairs, as he had not joined the club), and he immediately commenced telling this other person and myself that he knew where we could get arms, and our plan might be resumed, and while explaining, he stood between me and the staircase, his arm resting on my shoulder. Just then Mr. Wm. McGinnis, who was subsequently killed in Kentucky, on General Morgan's staff, came running down the steps to hear the news, and, as he came, a revolver slipped from his belt and exploded. I laughed, and said that was a signal of war, or something to that effect. CAMPBELL said nothing for a moment, then very quietly remarked, 'I believe I am shot,' at the same time pressing heavily on my shoulder, as if about to fall. We caught him, however, laid him on the sofa, and conveyed him to Dr. Pallen's, where he remained until his recovery.

"After the break up at Camp Jackson, most of his old comrades rendezvoused at Memphis, and organized the 1st Missouri Infantry, under command of Colonel, subsequently Major-General,

John S. Bowen. CAMPBELL joined us, as well as I remember, at that place, and messed in Company F. The regiment was soon moved up to New Madrid, then to Columbus, Kentucky. Hugh A. Garland was Captain, a man named Douglas 1st Lieutenant, and myself 2d Lieutenant, of Company F. At Columbus I was made Adjutant, and CAMPBELL took my place as 2d Lieutenant. Shortly afterwards the command moved to Camp Beauregard, in southern Kentucky. Here Colonel Bowen was promoted, and placed in command of the post. I was made A. A. G. of the command, and there being thus a vacancy as regimental Adjutant, CAMPBELL was selected to fill the position.

"Our command was subsequently moved to Bowling Green, as part of General Sidney Johnston's army, and of course CAMPBELL was with us through all that time, seeing hard service of every sort, except fighting, especially during the evacuations of Bowling Green and Nashville, and the long march to Corinth, Miss.

"Shiloh was the first battle in which we were engaged, and here, about the middle of the first day, CAMPBELL was shot again. We all thought it was a mortal wound, and I telegraphed to his mother, who, with his sister, found him and nursed him back to life. After his recovery, he rejoined us, I think, at Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, where we lay for some time, until Grant made his movement around Vicksburg. He was made Captain of Company A, of his old regiment, on his return from Virginia, and commanded it the rest of the time. In the battle of Port Gibson he was not engaged, his regiment being occupied in watching a ford from which danger was apprehended. Compelled to evacuate Grand Gulf, we were in a few days engaged in the battle of Baker's Creek, or Champion Hill. Here his command, and especially his regiment, distinguished itself, as it always did, preëminently, recovering poor Joe Anderson's artillery, breaking the enemy's victorious advance, changing it into rout and confusion and gaining what would have been a decided victory if the right wing under Loring had sustained us at all.

"In this fight, after a fierce contest, we gained possession of the Jackson road, and our troops being out of ammunition, halted awhile. CAMPBELL'S company was near the left of the regiment, Captain Edmondson's on the left. In the pause, CAMPBELL walked up to Edmondson and asked if he had any ammunition, his company being out. Edmondson replied that he had not, but

d sent a sergeant and some men to get it from the cartridge-xes of the dead. CAMPBELL then turned to go to his position, d had walked but a few steps when he was struck — this time rough the head. He did not fall heavily, but sank forward adually on his face. They raised him up, but he was to all ents dead, so they laid him under a tree, turned the skirts of coat over his shattered head, and could do no more for as ble a man and as pure a gentleman as ever wore the gray. . . . "Vicksburg and all its troubles followed, and I have merely ard that his remains were found and carried home. There med to be a fate against CAMPBELL: wounded before the ening of the war in our regions, wounded, it was supposed rtally, in his first battle, and wounded to death in his ond. . . . . "I am yours truly,

R. R. HUTCHINSON."

The following is the copy of a note written in pencil on the eve the battle of Shiloh, and found in Captain CARRINGTON'S cket after he was removed from the field :—

Dear Mother :—

"I have but a few moments to write, as we have been ordered prepare to attack a column that threatens our lines. I wish, y dear mother, to express again to you my filial affection, and, ould I fall, that you may know that, living or dying, I am your ost affectionate son; and that when I strike, it will be as much r your honor as for mine. Love to brother and sisters. Fare-ell. Your son,

W. C. P. CARRINGTON."

His fall was announced by Dr. Moses, Surgeon in the command a letter bearing date,—

"YAZOO CITY, *May 20th*, 1863.

Mrs. Carrington :

"I have been requested by several mutual friends of your son d me to send you the sad tidings of his death. He was killed the late fight near Edward's Depot, on the Vicksburg and ackson Rail Road, on Saturday last. His wound was imme-iately mortal, and received while, as usual, most gallantly leading is men into a fight, than which none of the war has been more erce.

"As I have for several years intimately known CAMPBELL, a home and in camp, I need not say that I, with all his friends, mos deeply mourn his early death. Loved for his virtues, admired fo his intellect, and respected for all those qualities which make a honest man, we can but regret that we are to be without his cheer ful companionship and hospitable friendship. We all loved him His death was such as only the brave and good love to die. . .

"I am, madam, most respectfully,

"G. A. MOSES,
Surgeon, C. S. A."

Then followed one to Colonel T. L. Preston :—

"JACKSON, MISS., *June 3d*, 1863.

"*My Dear Uncle:*—

"The General received a letter from Aunt Eliza in reference t CAMPBELL. The letter was dated eight days after the fight o the Big Black river, where poor CAMPBELL was killed. We fe back so hastily from the battle-field as to prevent my seeing aft his body. Two Captains in the same regiment saw him aft death. Captain Kenelley, who did not get into Vicksburg wi his regiment, knows where he is buried. I will make every exe tion to see Captain Kenelley, and will mark the precise localit so we may have the mournful satisfaction of recovering all that left of one who was so dear to all who knew him, and more pa ticularly to those who are bound by the loving ties of consanguinit All of his comrades in arms represent him, as he truly was, to l a noble, high-minded, and brave gentleman. All of his compa loved him with unselfish devotion. His loss will be sincerely fe by others than his relations. Those who knew him in St. Lou agree that he was universally loved and respected.

"She whose maternal care and love reared so noble a s deserves first of all our sympathy, and certainly she has it. Ge eral Johnston was much moved at hearing of his death, and is n performing the mournful duty of informing Aunt Eliza. . . .

"Yours affectionately,

"W. HAMPTON, JR."

We give also an extract from a letter written by an officer the 1st Missouri Regiment to a relative of Captain CARRINGTO dated "Enterprise, July 24th, 1863":—

"It was a hard-fought battle, yet defeat was ours. In this battle our regiment lost one hundred and ninety-six men in killed, wounded, and missing. Prominent among the dead was one regretted more than any other man who fell on that hard-contested field, and that was your esteemed kinsman, Captain W. C. P. CARRINGTON. He died where all true soldiers of the South would desire to die, in the van, battling for his country against her enemies."

We conclude this sketch with the letter from General Joseph E. Johnston to Captain CARRINGTON'S mother:—

"CANTON, *June 3d*, 1863.

"*My Dear Cousin*:—

"I have just received your letter of the 24th of May, and read it with deep grief. I need not now tell you that the noble son of whom you then wrote has already fallen in battle — and fallen in a manner becoming his race and his own high character.

"I do not write to tell you that he deserved all a mother's love and a mother's pride — you know all that far better than I; but I can at least assure you that in the army he was fully appreciated; that his high and estimable qualities, soft virtues, and courage and loyalty, had won for him universal esteem and admiration. Of all that we have lost in this war, no one deserves to be longer wept for. May our merciful God give you strength to bear this grief. With assurances of my poor sympathy,

"I am very truly your friend and kinsman,

"*Mrs. Eliza H. Carrington.* J. E. JOHNSTON."

STEPHEN DEVEAUX PALMER,

Private, Company D, 4th South Carolina Cavalry.

The name of Palmer recurs with mournful frequency in this volume. Its representatives — South Carolinians and kinsmen all — were not "lavish of words, but laggard in deeds." They were bold enough to endorse the idea of State Sovereignty, and brave enough to maintain their opinions like men. As soldiers under arms, they trod the soil of the Carolinas and Virginia, of

Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. In the face of the foe they were not recreant to duty, and in their fall, one after another they marked with sufficient distinctness — if other marks were wanting — the successive years of the war.

STEPHEN DEVEAUX PALMER was born at Mt. Moriah, the seat of the old French settlement, Jamestown, November 1st, 1840. His parents, Colonel Samuel J. Palmer and Marianne Gendron Palmer, were descended from the old Huguenot families of Gendron and Porcher. They both died while he was a mere boy.

His earlier education was received at different private and public schools in his native State. From that of the Rev. O. T. Porcher, at Willington, Abbeville District, he was transferred to the University of Virginia in the fall of 1859. His design in attending this institution was to prepare himself for the pleasant life of a practical planter, that he might take charge of the estate which had descended to him through several generations of his ancestors, with all the advantages of a scientific education.

But the secession of South Carolina summoned him from Virginia. In 1861 he joined a company of cavalry under Captain Thomas Pinckney, which was stationed on the coast between Onendaw Creek and the Santee River. This company afterwards united with others to form the 4th South Carolina Cavalry, under Colonel B. H. Rutledge. The regiment was then ordered to Pocotaligo, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, where it remained on outpost duty for about a year. From Pocotaligo it was called to Virginia, where, with the 5th and 6th South Carolina Cavalry, it formed the well-known brigade of General M. C. Butler.

In Virginia, STEPHEN PALMER was prevented by sickness from engaging in any fight, until his brigade met Stonema[illegible]'s Cavalry, under Averill, in Louisa county, May 11th, 1863. Here, though still feeble, and his horse in such a condition as to render him unfit for service, he exchanged with one of his comrades and took his position in the line. It was his first engagement, and his conduct on the occasion, which was complimented by others, will be understood by the following extract from his own letter, written in the hospital at Charlottesville, and addressed to his uncle, Dr. John S. Palmer:—

"On Saturday morning the enemy came up to Louisa Court House, and we had to meet them. Butler's and Young's brigade

were the only two present. General Butler was at the head of our regiment. Our squadron, being the first line, had to engage the enemy. After marching about a mile from the Court-House, our pickets informed General Butler that the enemy had fortified themselves a short distance down the road, and he ordered our squadron to charge and drive them back. We charged under a pretty heavy fire from the enemy, who maintained their position until we got within twenty-five yards of them; they then wheeled and dashed back as fast as they possibly could, throwing away their overcoats, &c., as they ran. Being eager to overtake them, I dashed forward at full speed and passed the main portion of our command, four or five being still ahead of me at the time. I soon overtook and passed them. Finding I could not reach the flying enemy with my sword, I endeavored to draw my pistol, but it had slipped too far behind me. I continued the pursuit until I reached their reserve force of about a hundred men, and drawing my pistol, before I could fire, felt my foot sting as if struck by a stick. Finding myself cut off from my command, I fired five shots into the crowd, wheeled and dashed for the road, passing several of the Federals, who kept up a lively fire on me from the time I started until I got out of reach. One man, as I passed, swung his gun and struck at me, but fortunately missed me. One shot passed through the neck of the horse I rode, but did not seriously hurt him. I then went to the rear and had my foot examined, and it was found that a pistol-ball had entered just below the ankle, passed around the foot, and come out at the heel. I was then assisted into an ambulance and carried to the Court-House. From there, on our way to the hospital at Trevillian's, we were captured by a flanking party of the Federals. I was stripped of everything I had about me; my watch and revolver were the most valuable articles. While they were taking us off, our artillery played upon us, and the driver of the ambulance in which I rode was killed by a shell. . . . . I hope to be home in a short time from this."

But he never got further than the hospital from which his letter was written. His wound, after seeming for some days to be doing well, assumed a malignant character, and from it, after intense suffering, he died June 28th, 1863. When conscious that his end was near, he wrote, through a friend, to his sisters in South Carolina, assuring them of his resignation and his confidence in the

Redeemer. During his sufferings he was attended by the Rev. Mr. Meade, of the Episcopal Church; and when these were past, he was laid to rest in the University burying-ground.

WILLIAM G. BRAWNER,

Captain, Prince William County Partisan Rangers.

WILLIAM GARDNER BRAWNER, son of Basil and Malinda Brawner, was born on the 17th of October, 1829. His parents resided at that time at Tudor Hall, the estate upon which Manassas Junction is located, and whose fields afterwards became the historic camp and battle-ground known in Confederate annals as Manassas. Here he continued to reside, except when at school in the city of Alexandria, until the year 1855, when he became a student of law at the University of Virginia.

At college the writer knew BRAWNER quite well. He was a man of commanding figure, tall and stalwart, with an arm of muscle well calculated to swing the sabre of a partisan. His features were rather passionless, and his student-life seemed to be less subject than usual to those external impressions incidental to a residence among hundreds of young men. He quietly pursued his studies, not excited by the approach of examinations, nor beguiled into indolence when they had passed by. At the end of his second session at the University he located at Brentsville, in his native county, and entered upon the practice of his profession.

When the convention was called at Richmond to decide upon the course which Virginia should pursue in view of the impending disruption of the Union, Mr. BRAWNER was sent as a delegate to that body from Prince William, and represented his county in all its sessions. At the final adjournment of the convention in June, after the passage of the ordinance of secession, he returned to his home and took command of the 36th Regiment of Virginia Militia, which was called into the field shortly before the battle of Bull Run, July 19th.

Soon after the first battle of Manassas the militia were remanded to their homes, and Colonel BRAWNER set about raising a com-

pany of cavalry, to be used as partisan rangers. This was soon done, and he entered the Confederate service in command of his troop.

The materials in the writer's possession do not enable him to follow Captain BRAWNER through all the details of his active life as a partisan chieftain. That it was full of dangers, hardships, and thrilling incidents, no one of this age will need to be told. In the campaign against General Hooker he was slightly wounded near Fredericksburg, though not long detained from the field. When General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, Stuart's cavalry crossed the Potomac near Washington and made the circuit of the Federal army. It was during this expedition that Captain BRAWNER lost his life. While leading his men in a charge upon the enemy near Seneca Mills, in Maryland, on the 11th of June, 1863, he fell, mortally wounded. His body was brought back to his native soil and buried in Alexandria, the scene of his school-boy days.

On the 15th of June the Prince William Partisan Rangers, belonging then to W. H. F. Lee's brigade, held a meeting, and adopted the following resolutions in honor of their lamented commander:—

"1. That in the death of Captain W. G. BRAWNER, who was killed while gallantly leading a charge against the enemy, in Maryland, on the 11th day of June, 1863, our country has lost a brave and efficient officer.

"2. That his name will long be cherished and held sacred in the hearts of the remaining portion of his comrades, as a patriot who had responded to his country's call in defence of those rights so near and dear to us all.

"3. That the members of this company express their heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family and friends of our departed comrade, and in doing so bid them remember the noble cause and deep oppression of our beloved and down-trodden country.

"4. That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and published in the Richmond papers."

A few weeks afterwards the following lines, written by "A. C. T." in memory of Captain BRAWNER, and dedicated to his sisters, appeared in print:—

Another of Virginia's sons
Upon the altar lain,
Another of her gallant ones
For home and country slain.

"Killed in the charge!"—our hearts beat quick,
His noble name to hear;
There is a doubt; yet we grow sick
With apprehensive fear

"Fell in the charge!"—alas! 'tis true:
A soldier from his side
Brings news of "glorious victory,"
But that his "*Captain died!*"

Fell, leading on a gallant band
Against the invading foe;
His voice was first to give command,
His hand to deal a blow!

Ah, many a heart will mourn for him,
The friend of other days,
And many a lip will render him
The meed of well-earned praise.

We weep for him, the brave and true
As ever fell in fight—
As ever blade to battle drew
For Home and for the Right!

The names are many: "wounded," "killed,"
Oft meet the ear and eye;
But none within the saddened heart
Calls forth a deeper sigh.

An only brother, only son,
So generous, noble, free,
Has fallen in the glorious cause
Of "Right and Liberty!"

Oh! twine a garland for his name;
Let it immortal be!
And write it on the scroll of fame—
He died our homes to free!

In these stanzas and resolutions two statements stand out in bold prominence:—"He fell while gallantly leading a charge against the enemy." "He died to free his home." The first of these reminds one of the brave Sergeant-Major Edmund Fontaine, who rushed on to death when the Colonel ordered the charge at First Manassas; of William Latané, who fell, as his General said, "leading his squadron in a brilliant and successful charge;" of Benjamin Harrison, who *volunteered* to lead a regiment at Malvern Hill, and "fell, pierced with seven wounds, near the enemy's batteries;" of William Baylor, who, at Second Manassas, "caught up from the field the standard of the 33d, and

hile waving forward the colors and cheering on the charge, fell
i death;" of Elliott Healey, who perished in the van on the
me field, as he dashed forward shouting, "Victory and glory
ce more on the plains of Manassas!"

It was because they were fighting for their country, their
mes—*pro aris et focis*, as has been fitly said—that they
shed thus impetuously to the battle's edge. Well did they
now that the hope of the land lay in the point of the sword, and
nder the inspiration of a pure patriotism they dared anything,
erything.

The cause for which they struggled is lost; the country for
hich they did battle so valiantly has no name except in history.
ut though the land that gave them birth be down-trodden and
poverished for years to come, even as was WILLIAM BRAW-
ER'S home in the years of the war, still the lustre of their deeds
ill endure, and their names will be a possession forever to those
hose principles are not changed by the triumph of brute force.
hey died for their country: could any do more?

SAMUEL ABRAM RIDDICK,

Private, Company A, 13th Virginia Infantry.

The subject of this memorial was a native of Riddicksville,
orth Carolina, and was born November 19th, 1842. His
ther, Abram Riddick, a Virginian by birth, removed in early
fe from Nansemond county to North Carolina. A man of large
eans—the result of an active and successful life as a merchant
nd a farmer—he is no less distinguished for that practical char-
y which endears one to the poor. His mother—who was Miss
nn Maria Dillard, of Sussex county, Virginia, an accomplished
nd beautiful woman—died when he was but a child.

After the usual routine of neighborhood schools, he was sent to
xford, North Carolina, to be prepared for college, and thence,
October, 1860, to the University of Virginia, where he devoted
imself chiefly to the study of the physical sciences. He was a
oy of good order of mind, with argumentative powers preco-
iously developed, and had purposed to spend a term of years at

the University. But before the close of the session, "the complexion of the times" had sadly changed, and, in June, 1861, he returned home, anxious to enter the army. He soon received the appointment of Lieutenant in the North Carolina State troops, in a company then being made up; but there was delay in its organization, and he, unwilling to wait longer, entered the service by attaching himself, as a private, to a cavalry company from Southampton county, Virginia, which was then on duty on the James river. This company was officially known as Company A, 13th Regiment. Assuming thus voluntarily the duties of a soldier, it is not strange that, by strict attention to them, he soon commended himself to the esteem and admiration of his comrades and officers.

Of the engagements in which he participated, the following may be mentioned:—The cavalry fight at Williamsburg, September 9th, 1862; those with Stoneman during his raid in Virginia; the severe battle of Middleburg, June 3d, 1863, and the sundry engagements of less importance on the following three or four days; the capture of the wagon-train between Rockville and Washington city; and, lastly, the battle at Hanover, York county, Pennsylvania, June 30th, 1863, where, while gallantly charging the enemy, he fell mortally wounded, and died the next day, July 1st.

It was gratifying indeed to his father and other relatives to hear, through a young lady of Hanover, that the wounded and dying soldier received every attention and kindness from her family. If it be true that "kind words shall never die," surely deeds also like these are immortal. This, at least, is true, that they who are enemies in name but friends in deeds, who by their timely and tender ministrations fulfilled the offices of kindred to this young man in his last hours, are gratefully remembered by those of his own blood, and esteemed, not as enemies, but as friends — as more than friends and not less than kinsmen.

In the death of SAMUEL RIDDICK — to say nothing of the interests of society, or, what is more, of the vacancy thus created in his family circle — the Confederacy lost a vigorous and hearty supporter. One of his officers remarked of him, in reference to the preparation of this paper, "Too much cannot be said in his praise — a braver soldier I never knew." After the war, his remains were removed to North Carolina and interred in the family burying-ground.

AUSTIN BROKENBROUGH,

Captain, Company D, 55th Virginia Infantry, and A. A. A. and I. G., Heth's Old Brigade.

Few of our young men entered the service of the Southern onfederacy with more to stimulate them to noble deeds than USTIN BROKENBROUGH had. An honorable ancestry looked wn from the past upon him, and he had in his large, living con-xion "a cloud of witnesses," who, many of them in high official sitions, adorned the Virginian character for intellect and moral tegrity.

The first of the name known in Virginia was William Broken-ough, who served as colonel in the British army during colonial mes, and, since he wrote himself Gent., must have been highly putable before the Revolution. He settled in the Northern eck, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Major Moore Fantleroy, ho in 1651 purchased from the aborigines a large tract of land n the Rappahannock river, above and below the creek of the me name, and located upon it.

Colonel Brokenbrough had four sons, Austin; who was in the nglish army with Washington, under Gen. Braddock; Newman, loore, and John. Dr. John Brokenbrough, the youngest of these, arried Miss Sarah Roane, and was the father of Judge William rokenbrough, of the Court of Appeals; Dr. John Brokenbrough, Richmond, President of the Bank of Virginia; Thomas Bro-nbrough, also of Richmond; Arthur S. Brokenbrough, first roctor of the University of Virginia; and Dr. Austin Broken-ough, of Tappahannock. Among the nearest relatives of these ntlemen through their mother—whose family, like that of their andmother, Miss Faunt Le Roy, were Huguenot refugees—ay be mentioned because of their distinction, Thomas Ritchie, the *Richmond Enquirer;* Judge Spencer Roane, of the Court Appeals; William H. Roane, United States Senate; John oane, United States Congress, and Judge Thomas Ruffin, of orth Carolina.

Dr. Austin Brokenbrough married Miss Frances Blake, whose aternal grandfather was an Englishman. Her mother was the aughter of Adam Alridge, the owner of extensive lands in Jeffer-on county. Mrs. Frances Brokenbrough is remembered as a

woman of brilliant intellect and as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Mt. Vernon Association. The children of this marriage were AUSTIN, the subject of this sketch, Benjamin, and several daughters, one of whom married Dr. L. H. Robinson, and another Colonel John M. Brokenbrough.

Captain AUSTIN BROKENBROUGH was born in Tappahannock, Essex county, Virginia, January 18th, 1842. In the fall of 1859, he entered the University as an academic student. "While at college," says one who was his contemporary there, "he was admired and respected for his elegant and decorous bearing; for his scholarship and character." Another, a lady relative, writes of the hopes with which she once looked forward "to see him outshine all the talented men of his family." He was a young man of chivalrous spirit, frank, ingenuous and full of soul, but with a certain dignity and even something of hauteur of bearing. He returned to the University in 1860, but before the close of the session he had become a member of the 55th Virginia Infantry. He afterwards aided in raising a company in which, at its organization, he was made 1st Lieutenant, and after the battles around Richmond, promoted Captain. In these battles he behaved with conspicuous gallantry, winning for himself an enviable name. He was on all the great fields, from Mechanicsville to Gettysburg, and displayed such courage and talent as an officer that he was regarded as a man of military genius. At Cold Harbor he was wounded; at Chancellorsville he was again wounded, but ere he was convalescent he was at the post of duty and of danger.

At the time of the Gettysburg fight, Captain BROKENBROUGH was acting as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General of Heth's old brigade, then commanded by Colonel J. M. Brokenbrough, and forming part of General Heth's Division. How efficient he was in this capacity is testified by the fact that Major Harrison, the Division Inspector, on the day before that great battle began, told him, in the presence of many witnesses, that if all the Brigade Inspectors worked as he did, he himself would have very little to do. Heth's Division opened the attack on the first day at Gettysburg, and Captain BROKENBROUGH commanded the battalion of sharpshooters detailed from his brigade. Late in the day, in a fierce assault upon the enemy, he and Adjutant L. R. Williams, of the same regiment, were contestants for the capture of one of the Federal colors. They grasped the flag almost

simultaneously, and both claimed it. Not long after, when the lines of the enemy had been broken, and while the Confederate forces were in hot pursuit, Captain BROKENBROUGH was shot through the arm and chest, the minié ball passing through both lungs. He was borne from the field immediately, and received every attention from kind nurses and surgeons. Being aware of the nature of his wound from the moment he was struck, he knew that he could not live. His chief care seemed to be about the welfare of his younger brother, Benjamin, who at that time was with General Stuart on his raid in Maryland. His thoughts, like Captain Davidson's at Chancellorsville, were constantly upon his widowed mother, whom he knew his own death would leave, in a few hours, leaning more than ever upon his only brother. When not under the influence of opiates, he talked much on this subject, and left as his last message to Ben, that he must seek some less exposed position in the army; that as long as both were living, it was very well that both should be in the line, but that now it was due to his mother he should be careful of himself. To Adjutant Williams, too, with whom he had had the contest for the Federal colors, he sent word that he relinquished all claim to the prize, and that he (Williams) must have it. The act, beautiful because of its magnanimity, was characteristic of the man.

On the evening of the 2d of July, while the battle was raging, he asked a friend at his side if they were not fighting. The reply being in the affirmative, Captain BROKENBROUGH rose from his couch, almost in the article of death, to go too. A little later, and his brother-in-law, Dr. L. H. Robinson, Assistant Surgeon in the brigade, made him a visit. "The first thing he said," wrote the Doctor from the battle-field, "was, 'Have you heard from Ben?' He could not talk much, and I had not the heart to annoy him with questions. He said he was not afraid to die — that no tongue could tell how much he was suffering, but he thought it unmanly to complain. Tom Wright, who was with him much, said he had never before witnessed *such heroic fortitude.* He expired in an hour (about 7 P. M.) as calmly and easily as any one I ever saw. Having grasped my hand just before, with a most pleasant expression of countenance, he then said he wanted to turn on his side, which I helped him to do, and in a minute *he was dead.*" He was buried on the turnpike, about half-way between Cashtown and Gettysburg. On the 3d of July Benjamin

Brokenbrough arrived, but after the burial; he had, however, the mournful pleasure of turfing the grave of his only brother, whose latest solicitation was in regard to his safety.

"It is hard," wrote Mrs. McGuire, sister to Judge Brokenbrough, of Lexington, Virginia, and first cousin to AUSTIN BROKENBROUGH, in her "Diary of a Southern Refugee," under date July 14th, 1863,—"it is hard to think of so many of our warm-hearted, brave Southern youths now sleeping beneath the cold clods of Pennsylvania. We can only hope that the day is not far distant when we may bring their dead bodies back to their native soil." After the war, the turf was broken and the clods raised from the grave of Captain BROKENBROUGH, and his remains were transferred to Tappahannock, where they were deposited, with Episcopal service, in the family burying-ground.

As a testimonial to his soldierly qualities, the following extract may be made from a letter of his commanding officer, dated "Camp near Hagerstown, Maryland, July 8th, 1863":—"His efficiency in the performance of his every duty was fully appreciated by all, and many, many times has he been pronounced the most promising young officer in the army."

We quote also, in closing, from an obituary of Captain BROKENBROUGH, written by Lieutenant T. R. B. Wright, of Tappahannock, an intimate friend in boyhood, at college, and in the army:—"At home," says Lieutenant Wright, "he was loved as a dutiful son and affectionate brother. In the community and village in which he lived, he was an ornament. As an officer, he excelled. With a bold nerve, quick conception, and determined resolution, adorned and accompanied by everything manly, he commanded the respect of all, and proved himself a martinet in military knowledge. With his decorum, his suavity of manner, his kindness and modesty, no man ever stood higher in the estimation of his comrades, either socially or in his military capacity; no man was more beloved. . . The war has unmasked many heroes, and the history that records its triumphs and trials will give to the ashes of the dead and the laurels of the living one compassing halo. But few who have acted their parts have been more worthy of the encomiums and honorable laudations due to a patriot gentleman and a brave and gallant soldier, than the subject of this humble tribute — not one has died more gloriously."

Very truly yrs
R. J. Mapes

ROBERT T. MASSIE,

Captain of Engineers.

It is not meet in these memorial pages to discuss the causes which led to the late civil war, nor to vindicate the action of the States lately in rebellion. Time and the future historian will do justice to these themes. The people of Virginia, at least, deprecated the arbitrament of arms in the settlement of the long pending controversies between the North and the South. An honest effort was made at Washington in the beginning of 1861, by the Peace Commissioners of Virginia, to secure from the Congress of the United States such terms of adjustment as would avert the impending disruption of the Union and its consequent evils; but the effort was unsuccessful. Events moved rapidly in the direction of war. The firing upon Fort Sumpter on the 12th of April, 1861, which "fired the Northern heart," and the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 15th of the same month, which chilled the Southern love for the Union, precipitated the issue; Virginia, whose fair domain was to be the battle-field, was left only the choice of the banner under which she should fight. The choice was not doubtful. It was dictated neither by the press nor by politicians, but was the prompt, spontaneous and well-nigh universal act of a brave people, in sympathy with its kindred and in opposition to what appeared to be the overthrow of constitutional liberty — for the call to arms to overrun and subdue States appeared to be no less.

The attitude assumed by Virginia was the result of earnest and sincere conviction, as was demonstrated not only by the readiness of all classes to take up arms, but by the constancy and fortitude with which they sustained a four years' struggle, in which their homes were desolated and their loved ones hurried to untimely graves. In the progress and end of the struggle few of her people, however honored or however humble, escaped the common calamities of personal bereavement and material ruin. Have their sufferings and sacrifices been in vain? Assuredly not. We cannot scan the purposes of Providence nor interpret His ways, but doubtless by such means He often works in the accomplishment of ultimate good for individuals and for nations.

Nathaniel Massie, then of Augusta, now of Albemarle county,

Virginia, gave six sons and a son-in-law to the defence of his native State and the service of the Confederacy. It fell to the lot of few to make so many offerings, and none could make more noble. Distinguished for intelligence and public spirit, for integrity and benevolence, Mr. Massie had through a long life proved the model of the good citizen and Christian gentleman. His numerous children, inheriting the characteristics of a worthy father, had by his care and considerate attention enjoyed the advantages of the best scholastic as well as parental training. This family, embracing in its head the highest patriarchal worth, and in its members the brightest promise of future honors and usefulness, encountered in full measure the bereavements and sorrows of the war. One son was wounded and maimed for life; another disabled by exposure and hardship; a third for many weary months a prisoner of war; two others died of diseases contracted in the public service; and still another, together with a son-in-law, fell in battle. One only returned unharmed to the paternal roof.

Robert Thomas Massie, one of this noble band of brothers, and the fourth son of Nathaniel Massie, was born at Waynesborough, Virginia, on the 16th day of February, 1834. His mother, Elizabeth Frances, was the sister of the late General David Rodes, of Lynchburg, the father of General Robert E. Rodes, of Alabama, who so highly distinguished himself in the Army of Northern Virginia, and who fell at Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864, crowning a career of patriotism and gallantry with a noble death on the field of battle.

Robert, after careful training in good preparatory schools, entered Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, in September, 1850, and graduated with distinction as Bachelor of Arts, July 1st, 1853. In the fall of the same year he took charge of a classical school at Halifax Court-House, Virginia, where he remained two years, making many very warm friends, and laying the foundation of a high reputation as a teacher.

In October, 1855, he entered the University of Virginia as a student, and there prosecuted his studies for two years with eminent success and distinction. He graduated in all the schools necessary for the degree of Master of Arts, except Greek and Modern Languages. While he made himself thoroughly acquainted with whatever subject of study he undertook, and proved himself equal to the mastery of any in literature or science, his strong partiality

was for scientific subjects. He prosecuted the study of pure and mixed Mathematics and the physical sciences with indefatigable ardor, and with a success that challenged the admiration of his Professors and marked him for eminence in scientific pursuits. His distinguished friend, Professor Bledsoe, regarded him as the first mathematician of his age in this country, and signalized his appreciation of his merits by appointing him, in the year 1857, first Assistant Instructor in the School of Mathematics. He continued in this position two years, and gave unqualified satisfaction not only to those more immediately interested in his labors, but to the Professors and students of the University generally.

Contemporaneously with his induction into the corps of Assistant Instructors, the system of Licentiate Teachers was introduced. Under this system, the Faculty was authorized to license any gentleman, of suitable character, capacity, and attainments, to form classes for private instruction in any school of the University, in aid of and conformity to the public teachings of the Professors; such teachers to be compensated by fees agreed upon with their classes. During the session 1857–8, nine gentlemen of suitable qualifications undertook the office of Licentiates, and inaugurated the new system under auspices that promised satisfactory results to this class of teachers and to the University. Mr. MASSIE was not one of the original Licentiates, but entered the lists the following session, 1858–9. His success was remarkable, and demonstrated the practicability of making licentiate instruction not only useful to students, but remunerative to instructors. The system at the beginning of the war fell into disuse, and has not since been revived to any notable extent.

In September, 1859, he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Randolph Macon College, Virginia, and very soon thereafter entered upon the discharge of the duties of his new position. He remained at Randolph Macon two years, giving great satisfaction to the Trustees and friends of that institution, and adding not a little to his reputation as an able and efficient teacher.

At the close of the session in 1861, he went to the Confederate army, then at Manassas, and offered himself as a private in the ranks of the Rockbridge Artillery. He was always delicate in constitution, and had a congenital defect in one ankle, which rendered him, in the opinion of every one except himself, unfit for the campaign duties of a soldier.

Among other friends, General Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall), who knew him well and appreciated him highly, protested against the step he proposed to take. He nevertheless presented himself as a recruit, and was, on examination by the surgeon, rejected as physically unfit for military service in the field.

An opportunity soon offered, at the University of Virginia, for the useful but temporary employment of his high talents in the line of his chosen profession. At a meeting of the Board of Visitors on the 16th of September, 1861, leave of absence was granted for one year to Professor Bledsoe, in consideration of his employment in the War Office of the Confederate States. Mr. MASSIE was at the same time appointed Professor of Mathematics *ad interim*, to supply the temporary vacancy, but with the rank, emoluments, and duties of a regular Professor. How well he discharged his important duties will appear from the following testimony of the Board of Visitors, unanimously expressed and entered upon their minutes the 10th of September, 1862:—"Mr. ROBERT T. MASSIE, who for the past year has held the position of Professor of Mathematics *ad interim*, being relieved from duty by the return of the regular Professor, the Visitors feel it to be due to Professor MASSIE to place upon their records and to furnish to him an expression of their high satisfaction with the ability, energy, and fidelity with which he has discharged the duties of his position, and they regret that they have not the power to secure to the University, permanently, the benefit of his high qualifications and his great efficiency as a Professor in the department of science to which he has devoted himself."

Such expressions from such a source imply merit of the highest order. The records of the Board of Visitors contain no higher tribute to any one who has ever filled a Professor's chair in the University of Virginia.

After the close of the session of the University in the summer of 1862, a volunteer company of artillery was formed in the neighborhood of Randolph Macon College, composed chiefly of former students of that institution who had known Mr. MASSIE as Professor of Mathematics, and appreciated his high qualities. When they met for organization, they unanimously and without his knowledge elected him their Captain. He accepted the position, and was again about to make the effort to serve his country in the field. But the War Department about this time decided

not to accept or equip any more volunteer artillery companies; and he was thus again disappointed in his wish, dictated by a sense of patriotic duty, to bear a part in the hardships and dangers of the war. As it seemed out of his power to serve in the field, he asked for an appointment in the corps of Engineers. An appointment was conferred upon him with the rank of Captain, and he was assigned to duty in the Engineer Department at Richmond, on the 1st of January, 1863, under Colonel Alfred Rives, second in charge to Colonel J. F. Gilmer, Officer-in-Chief of the Department.

The duties of Captain MASSIE in this Department were very laborious, urgent, and confining. He discharged them greatly to the satisfaction of his superiors in office; but never asking rest for an hour from the most anxious and wearing toil, on the approach of summer his health began to fail, and in the beginning of July, 1863, he suddenly broke down, and died on the 2d of that month, after an illness of a few hours, as truly a martyr to the service of his country as his robust and heroic brother, Livingston, or any other kindred spirit who fell on the field of battle.

The announcement of his death carried deep and sincere sorrow, not only to the bosoms of his kindred, but to all who had known him in life. Touching letters of sympathy and condolence were addressed to his aged father, by the head of the Engineer Bureau, by members of the Board of Visitors and Faculty of the University of Virginia, and by friends widely scattered throughout the country; for all thought that, though comparatively young, no ordinary man had passed away. The proceedings of the Faculty of the University on the occasion of his death, as entered on their minutes of the 4th of July, 1863, may serve as an exponent of the estimate in which he was held by the cultivated public, and the general sorrow at his untimely end. They are as follows:—

"The Faculty having heard, with deep regret, of the death of their late co-laborer, Professor ROBERT T. MASSIE, which occurred at Richmond on the 2d inst., cannot pass over the sad event in silence. Well known to us as a student, as an Assistant Instructor, and more recently as Professor of Mathematics *ad interim*, in this institution, we became impressed with the highest respect for his character, talents, and acquirements, and looked upon him as giving promise of eminent usefulness and distinction in the cause

of learning. Called from his favorite pursuits by the state of his country, he was occupying, at the time of his death, an important position in the Engineer service of the Confederate States, and discharging its duties with conspicuous efficiency and fidelity. He has been cut off in early manhood and in the midst of usefulness. In testimony of our appreciation of his merits and as a tribute to his memory,—

"*Resolved*, 1*st*, That we lament his death as a great loss to society, to science, and the public service.

"2*d*, That these proceedings be made of record, and that a copy be communicated to the father of the deceased, with a tender of our heartfelt sympathy in the affliction with which himself and family have been visited."

Mr. MASSIE had all the qualities of mind and character which go to make up a truly great man; and such he would have become in the estimation of his countrymen if life and health had been continued to him in the usual measure. A friend, the confidant of his high aspirations, himself a "praised man," has said of him, "I do not know that I have ever met with a man of so much steady purpose combined with so much intellect." It was the object of his honorable ambition to fill the chair of Mathematics at the University of Virginia when a suitable opportunity for preferment offered. He had a strong desire for reputation founded on solid merit. The delicacy and dignity of his nature demanded of official station the endorsement of self-approval. He would have sought nothing except by honorable means, and he would have accepted no preferment for which he did not think himself fully qualified. Hence his unwavering zeal and diligence in the prosecution of his favorite science. During his earlier connection with the University, he was the author of some new and striking demonstrations in the Calculus, and at a later period he projected and partially filled up the outlines of a work on another branch of Mathematics, which competent judges believed, if he had lived to complete and publish it, would have placed his name high on the roll of the mathematical writers of his day. The exigencies of his country diverted him for a time from his favorite pursuits, but he never lost sight of his ultimate aim and purposes in life. Had he been spared to us by Providence, the usefulness he aimed at, and the honors he coveted as the seal of usefulness, would doubtless have been vouchsafed to him in full measure.

Handsome in person, gentle and pleasing in manners and address, richly endowed by nature with intellectual and moral gifts, and highly cultivated in head and heart, the crowning glory of this rare man was his Christian faith and charity. Perhaps few of earthly mould have passed through life with less of earthly stains. So faultless was his youth, that it cannot be said with certainty when his Christian life began; but it is known that he was an eminently consistent communicant in the Presbyterian Church from the twelfth year of his age to the time of his death. He died, leaving to sorrow a multitude of friends, but in the full hope of a joyful immortality beyond the grave. The words of the lyric friend of Virgil well befit his monument—

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam carl capitis?"

JOHN MORRIS,

Lieutenant, and Ordnance Officer, Pegram's Battalion of Artillery.*

JOHN MORRIS, the son of Dr. John Morris, of Goochland county, Virginia, and Susanna his wife, was born at his father's house in said county, in November, 1837. He obtained the first rudiments of his education at home, and was sent to several different teachers in his neighborhood until his fourteenth year, when he became the pupil of Napoleon B. Kean, Esq., who taught at the time a classical and mathematical school of high reputation. We have before us a letter from this gentleman, in which he speaks in glowing terms of his pupil's unvarying good conduct, his assiduity in pursuing his classical and mathematical studies, and his success in these pursuits. He kept a journal of each pupil's every-day life, in which his deportment and standing in his class were recorded in arithmetical figures from 0 to 5, and, upon looking over this book, he found that in three years JOHN MORRIS'S mark had never fallen below 5 and 4½ for scholarship. His mind was romarkable, he says, for "thoroughness" in all his studies, although his specialty seemed to be mathematics.

* The writer of this article requested that his name should not appear in connection with it. He died, however, very soon after, and this was doubtless the last production of his pen. On this account, and after consultation with one of his nearest relatives, it has been thought not out of taste to make the credit.

At the age of seventeen he left Mr. Kean for Hampden Sidney College, where he remained, however, not more than a year, when he joined the school of Mr. Samuel Schooler, in Caroline county, preparatory to entering the University of Virginia. Mr. Schooler bore the same testimony to assiduity and acquirements that had previously been borne by Mr. Kean, and like that gentleman, became his warm personal friend.

When he entered the University, October, 1858, he was about twenty-one years old, in the full glow of health and the first blush of manhood. He was an exceedingly handsome young man, and his graceful manners and unassuming deportment added greatly to the charm which personal beauty never fails to exercise upon those with whom it is brought into contact. His reception in the best circles of society was immediate and cordial. Nor was he less popular within the walls of the University itself. His admirable address won the hearts of his fellow-students, while his respectful deportment and his assiduity in pursuing the studies of his classes gained him the esteem of the Professors. Hoving already graduated in Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy, he would have taken the degree of M. A. at the commencement of 1860–61, had not the secession of Virginia called her sons to arms.

He did not hesitate a moment. A deep and fervid enthusiasm and a daring courage, concealed under a quiet demeanor and unpretending address from the eye of the casual acquaintance — unknown, perhaps, until called forth by the occasion, even to himself — lay at the foundation of his character, and urged him forward in his duty. He immediately joined the Goochland Artillery, commanded by his intimate friend, Captain John H. Guy, and was made a Sergeant, which gave him the command of a gun.

With all the enthusiasm of his nature, JOHN MORRIS began immediately to devote himself to the acquisition of the knowledge indispensable to his new position. In the language of Captain Guy, "He was one of those who seemed to feel that there rested on him a personal responsibility to meet fully every demand that the cause could make upon him. To be a soldier was with him something more than merely to enlist and drift along with the current. Regarding it as devolving upon him duties of a high character, he tasked all his energy and intelligence, neither of

which was inconsiderable, to discharge them as he thought they should be discharged. Blessed with a strong constitution and a powerful will, he bore the hardships and trials of campaign life without tiring, without shrinking, and without complaining. Keeping always in view the great object of his labors, he esteemed the difficulties in the way of its attainment as trifles unworthy of consideration. Hence his zeal never flagged, and no duty ever presented itself which he did not spring forward to discharge, not merely with the obedience of a thoroughly-drilled soldier, but with the alacrity and enthusiasm of a will superior to all difficulties. Gifted by nature with a superior mind which had been highly cultivated, he could not rest contented with the rôle of a mere automaton soldier, with whom "to obey orders" is the sum total of military duty. On the contrary, he was indefatigable in acquiring all the knowledge bearing upon his new profession which lay within his reach. A soldier from principle, he joined the army with a full determination to contribute as far as he could to the success of the cause. His whole soul was in that cause, and this led him to feel as lively an interest in the efficiency of the company as the Captain, and of the army as the General possibly could feel. Nor was he ever found wanting when an opportunity presented itself of personally contributing to these results."

The company in which JOHN MORRIS was a Sergeant went first into service under General Floyd, in Western Virginia. Its first battle was at Carnifex Ferry It lasted three hours and a half, during the whole of which he managed his piece with the utmost coolness, in face of a tremendous fire, both of artillery and small arms. As a proof of the efficiency with which the former arm was served, we have the official report of General Rosecranz, assigning to General Floyd sixteen pieces, although it is well known that he had but six in his army. The conduct of JOHN MORRIS on this occasion was considered by Captain Guy sufficiently conspicuous to justify a letter of warm congratulation to his father. "The coolness, courage, and skill," he said, "with which he managed his piece could not have been excelled."

It is well known that the campaign of General Floyd in Western Virginia was hard and trying to the endurance and discipline of officers and men beyond almost any other of the war. The subject of this sketch endured all its hardships and all its trials with dauntless resolution. At Cotton Hill, where the fight-

ing consisted in a long artillery duel of nearly two weeks, he was always at his gun, always exposed to the fire of the enemy, and always performing the roughest service without ever once murmuring or thinking of shirking his duty. In the heavy skirmishing which followed the retreat from that position, his behavior is spoken of by Captain Guy as gallant in the extreme. During this retreat, in a skirmish at McCoy's Mill, a panic seems to have suddenly seized a portion of our troops, and our cavalry was driven back pell-mell upon our army, and through the artillery, drawn up in the rear to check the advance of the enemy. On this occasion JOHN MORRIS stood cool and collected at his gun, serving it with great effect, in the face of the advancing foe, and in a position the peril of which was every moment increasing, until Colonel, afterwards General, Heth, with a small detachment, assisted by this battery, made a bold stand and succeeded in checking the advance.

At the termination of this campaign, his command was ordered to Kentucky, and his next service was in the three days' fight at Fort Donelson. Here his gallantry and conduct were such as his previous short career had led his friends to expect. Upon the surrender of the fort, February 16th, he, with the other prisoners, was carried to Chicago. The fact of his captivity was brought to the notice of Hon. Edward Bates, Attorney-General of the United States, who was a relative, and had, in early life, been an intimate friend of his mother's family. By the intercession of this gentleman, he and the late John Pleasants, of Goochland, also a member of Captain Guy's company and a relative of Mr. Bates, were carried to Washington. The kindness of Mr. B. did not end here. He procured the release of both the young soldiers on parole, and had Baltimore, certainly the most agreeable spot to which they could have been sent, assigned as the place of their residence. With a delicacy worthy of all praise, he gave direction that they should be supplied with such money as their expense might require, rendering himself responsible for the same. The friends of these young men, both now no more, remember this generous conduct on the part of Mr. Bates with undying gratitude.

It is well known that a very large proportion of the population of Baltimore, comprising much of its wealth, influence, and fashion, and composed of native Marylanders, Virginians, and other Southrons and their descendants, were at that time ardent friends of the Southern cause. Among them JOHN MORRIS was receiv-

with a warmth of hospitality which seemed to have no limit. Every house was thrown open to him. The short time he spent among these generous and warm-hearted people was a continued *fête*. His modest deportment, handsome person, graceful manners, and high intelligence, rendered him a favorite in all fashionable circles. To this day, so writes a friend to whom we appealed for information with regard to his sojourn in that city, he is remembered in these circles as the handsome young Virginian who lost his life at Gettysburg. To the last day of his life he retained a lively impression of the unbounded kindness of which he was the object, and the brilliant society of which he had been a favorite. That he should have been charmed with his reception was natural enough, for he had always been passionately fond of the society of ladies.

Young MORRIS was exchanged in August or September, 1862, and immediately resumed his position as Sergeant of his company, which was also exchanged about the same time. About this time there was a great deficiency of ordinance officers in the army, and the situation requiring much intelligence and considerable mathematical knowledge, it was found hard to supply it. In April, 1862, Congress passed a law for the appointment of fifty or sixty officers of ordnance, who were first to be examined upon gunnery, and other mathematical subjects connected with the military profession. JOHN MORRIS applied to be examined for a lieutenancy of ordnance, and readily obtained it. In December, 1862, or January, 1863, at the request of Colonel R. L. Walker, he reported as Lieutenant of Ordnance in his regiment.

In the battle of Chancellorsville he was greatly exposed, rushing to the front and continuing in the hottest part of the fire during the whole engagement. He was warmly remonstrated with by his Colonel; but he insisted that he did no more than his duty. In fact, his boiling courage, stirred by the roar of the combat, did not allow him to reflect with coolness upon the true line of his duty, which was to remain with his train and keep as clear of danger as was possible. In this he resembled some of the noblest spirits of whom history makes mention. It is certainly a fault to expose the person too much, but it is one which soldiers forgive in an officer most readily of all others. Coldness of spirit, on the contrary, they never forgive; nor do they ever respect the officer who has once been suspected of it.

A striking instance of the former sentiment was afforded by JOHN MORRIS. According to the testimony of his commanding Colonel, he became the most popular young officer whom he (the Colonel) had ever seen. After the battle of Chancellorsville, Colonel Walker was appointed Corps Commander of Artillery. This appointment gave him the command of a number of regiments of artillery. He offered JOHN MORRIS the appointment of Captain of Ordnance, bnt he declined it because, he said, his duty would require him to remain so far in the rear that he could see none of the fighting.

We close this memoir with the following notice from the pen of Dr. J. W. Hines, of Louisa county, a gentleman of fine talents and attainments, who at the time alluded to was a Surgeon in the Confederate army:—

"My acquaintance with Lieutenant JOHN MORRIS commenced in the spring of 1863, when he was assigned to duty as Ordnance Officer of Pegram's Battalion of Artillery. From that time until his death I was intimately associated with him as friend and messmate. Possessing all the qualities of mind and heart, together with that grace of person and gentlemanly bearing, that make men attractive, he soon won the esteem and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. With a quiet and dignified demeanor there was blended a gentleness and cordiality of manner that carried a conviction of *sincerity* with all his professions. Not only was he deservedly popular with the officers of the battalion, but also by his conspicuous gallantry on the field he soon attracted the attention and extorted the admiration of the men, who were not accustomed to see those whose duties did not require them, share with them the dangers of battle. His unnecessary and almost reckless exposure of his life was the subject of much anxiety among his friends, who often expostulated with him, and endeavored to dissuade him from a course that must eventuate in a useless sacrifice of life. But his brave spirit disdained any other than the post of danger, and in every battle he was found side by side with the gallant Pegram, whose bravery, tested on a hundred fields, was proverbial throughout the army.

"The following anecdote was told me by Lieutenant MORRIS of himself during the battle of Chancellorsville. In the very climax of the second day's battle, when the field was being swept by a perfect hurricane of shot and shell, General 'Jeb' Stuart, then in

command, observing him, sent him to the line of infantry some paces in front of the position occupied by the artillery, with this very peculiar order: 'Go to the infantry line, pass along the whole length of the line, and tell *every officer* to hold the position at all hazards.' He dismounted, unwilling to risk his horse, to which he was greatly attached, to such a terrible fire as was then raking the whole line, proceeded on foot to the first officer he saw and delivered the order with this improvement upon it (as he observed) '*to pass the order down the line*,' instead of attempting to pass along the line himself, a thing utterly impossible under such a terrific fire. Thus the order was delivered in spirit, though not in letter; the position was held, the enemy soon after dislodged and driven back, and the battle was won.

"On the morning of the fatal day, July 2d, that closed his earthly career, as we arose from our bivouac, I said to him, 'Do not go into the fight to-day; you have no business there. Besides, if you should be killed, you'll get no credit for it.' He replied, 'I have business there.' The battle had opened with desultory firing — the infantry were deploying across the fields — the whole army was moving forward to the great struggle. Pegram, far in the van, as was his wont, was already engaging the enemy's batteries — firing and advancing, as the enemy slowly fell back to his lines on the heights of Gettysburg, on which the grand battle of July 3d was to be fought.

"No sooner had the firing begun than Lieutenant MORRIS, leaving his train in the rear, hastened forward to the front. Passing the hill, upon which some officers were standing, and which commanded a view of the whole field, he inquired of me for Pegram. Pointing out his position, I again referred to his useless risking of life. He made no reply, but putting spurs to his horse, his erect and graceful form soon disappeared and was lost in the smoke and tumult of battle. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when I saw a horseman rapidly approaching, who brought the sad news that Lieutenant MORRIS was mortally wounded.

"Directing an ambulance to follow, I soon reached him, lying upon the spot where he had fallen. He was feeling his pulse, and as I approached him he asked me, 'Is there any chance for me to live?' Comforting him as best I could under the circumstances, I had him placed in the ambulance and carried to the rear.

"When he received the fatal wound he was standing by one of the artillery officers, with his hand upon his shoulder, and the bridle-rein upon the other arm. They were congratulating each other upon the result of an engagement with the enemy's batteries, which they had just silenced and driven from their position. Just then a stray shell (unexploded) coming from a distant battery, struck him upon the knee-joint, carrying it away entirely, except a little skin on either side, and also breaking the bone of the thigh in the upper third. As was usual in such wounds, there was little or no hæmorrhage, but the system was laboring under a great shock. He was carried back to the hospital, where everything was done to bring about reaction; but every means failed, and it was evident he was gradually sinking.

"Though entirely conscious of his situation, he manifested no fear or dread of death. He never seemed impressed with the idea that the sacrifice he was about to make was a useless one, but bore his sufferings, which were great, with a fortitude that must have been supported by a consciousness of having discharged his duty. He expressed no regret, indulged in no repinings, left no messages for friends, and did not refer to death except once, when he felt himself growing weaker, remarking then, 'If you do not succeed in producing reaction soon, I cannot stand it much longer.' For some slight attention by the nurses just before his death he thanked them, and said he was sorry to be so much trouble to them. He lived about two hours after he received the wound, and his spirit passed away calmly and peacefully, amid the roar of battle; and he now sleeps in an obscure grave, far from his native State which he so well loved."

Let those censure who can have the heart to do so. For our own part we can find in our heart room only for pity and admiration — pity for the noble spirit which so freely poured forth its blood at what it considered, falsely perhaps, the call of duty; admiration for the daring courage which made the sacrifice easy and natural. The kindness of heart and the exquisite urbanity which prompted the sufferer, in the very moment of death, to apologize to his attendants for the trouble he cost them, were highly characteristic of the man. When the death-shot swept that terrible field, and thousands of victims fell beneath the storm, it reached no nobler or braver heart than that which beat in the bosom of JOHN MORRIS.

F. PENDLETON JONES,

Lieutenant, Brigadier-General John M. Jones's Staff.

FRANCIS PENDLETON, son of Francis W. and Ann P. Jones, was born at Louisa Court House, Virginia, December 27th, 1841, and died September 2d, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2d, 1863.

He was prepared for college in the excellent school of Mr. John P. Thompson, and entered the University in October, 1859, taking a heavy academic ticket.

He was a diligent student, and made satisfactory progress in his studies, though his previous preparation was not sufficient to enable him to reach the standard of graduation in any of his schools. At the beginning of the next session, he changed his ticket to Moral Philosophy, History and Literature, Political Economy, and Junior Law, and would probably have graduated on the whole, had he remained until the close of the session.

He greatly delighted in his student life, and was wont to speak of his Alma Mater in the most enthusiastic terms. An active member of the Washington Society, he has left among his papers a number of very creditable speeches prepared for its debates. As a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, he was regular in the discharge of its duties, and especially delighted in the prayer-meetings. The influences brought to bear upon him during his second session led him to decide to devote himself to the work of the ministry; and he made known his purpose to his pastor, who had baptized him a short time before he went to the University. He entered most heartily into the feelings of the young men of Virginia during the early days of the war, and was only kept from leaving college to join the army by the most earnest persuasion of his friends, who were anxious for him to remain until the close of the session.

About the first of June, however, he declared that he "could stand it no longer," and withdrew from college to hasten to the front. Remaining at home a single day, he hurried to Winchester, and joined Company D of the famous old 13th Virginia Infantry, just as its noble commander (A. P. Hill) was leading it out to meet a threatened movement of the enemy from Romney.

As he marched out that bright June morning — in the same

company with many of his old schoolmates, and in the same file with two of his brothers — he said, with gladsome heart, "Now I feel contented and happy, for I know that I am in the path of duty."

He was with Johnston in all of the movements of the Lower Valley, by which that great strategist eluded Patterson and hurried across the mountains to relieve Beauregard and win the great battle of First Manassas.

He participated in the brilliant affairs at Munson's Hill, Lewinsville, and other outposts, which showed the metal of which the "Old 13th" was made, and won for Colonel "Jeb" Stuart his merited Brigadier's wreath; and in the spring of '62, he went with Ewell to join Stonewall Jackson in his famous "Valley campaign."

He went with his command to the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, where his younger brother was mortally wounded, and thence followed the flag of his heroic regiment to Cedar Run Mountain, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg. Ever at his post, and prompt to discharge his duty amid all those scenes of hardship and danger, he was counted one of the best soldiers in a regiment which was composed of as noble a body of young men as ever marched under any flag or fought for any cause.

In the spring of '63, his uncle, Colonel John M. Jones, was promoted to the command of a brigade, and offered him a position on his personal staff, with the rank of Lieutenant.

Some time before, F. P. JONES had been detailed as Quartermaster's Sergeant of his regiment, and had given such entire satisfaction in the discharge of these important duties that he had a fair prospect of promotion in this department. A devoted sister, naturally feeling that he had been sufficiently exposed, and that one noble boy was enough for the home circle to lose where duty did not demand it, wrote to beg him to remain where he was and not to accept the proffered staff appointment. He firmly replied, "I did not hesitate for a moment what to do. There is no difficulty in getting men to fill 'bomb-proof' positions, and I made up my mind some time ago to return to my company as soon as the campaign should open. But I can render more efficient service on the staff, and have already accepted the appointment." General John M. Jones had been an old army officer, was at one time Professor at West Point, and was known to be one of the most

rigid disciplinarians in the service. It was well understood that his affection for his nephew would by no means cause him to overlook the slightest delinquency. Yet Lieutenant JONES entered so heartily and conscientiously into the discharge of the smallest details of his duties, that he soon won from the rigid old West Pointer the testimonial, "He is one of the very best staff officers in this army." At the same time he won the respect and admiration of the officers and men of the brigade by his gallant bearing on the field, and courteous though rigid discharge of duty in camp and on the march.

He acted with such conspicuous gallantry at the capture of Winchester and during the first day's battle of Gettysburg as to attract the notice and remark not only of his immediate commanders, but of the veteran Ewell himself. In the second day's battle at Gettysburg, he was shot through the mouth while leading a charge on the heights and when within a few feet of the Federal works, which the men pressed on and occupied. About the same time, General Jones, who was rallying another part of the brigade, received a severe wound in the leg. They were carried back to Winchester in the same ambulance, barely escaping capture by Federal cavalry.

Lieutenant JONES reached home, and lay for several weeks in a very critical condition; but then began to improve, until his friends were hopeful of his speedy recovery. He at once grew impatient to return to his post. He purchased a new horse, had all of his equipments made ready, and was insisting that he should be able to join his brigade within ten days, when he was suddenly taken with violent hæmorrhages from the lungs, and three days after breathed his last.

He was perfectly conscious that his end was at hand, expressed his entire willingness to die if it was God's will that he should do so, and said that his hope of salvation was in Christ alone. The day of his death, a friend read to him the 14th chapter of John, and at its conclusion he said, with a sweet smile, "I always loved those words. That chapter was a great favorite with my dear mother, and she used frequently to read it to me when I was a boy. I know its meaning now. Yes! and I will soon meet her and dear Ed. too, in one of those bright mansions which Jesus went to prepare for us." Thus, on the 2d day of September, 1863, FRANCIS PENDLETON JONES passed from the earth.

As his comrades along the Rapidan were marching out to a "grand review," this young soldier lay ready for his burial, dressed in the gray uniform which in life he had never disgraced, and which in death was his most fitting covering.

His body sleeps in the cemetery of the church of his choice, beside the brother who fell at Cold Harbor, and the doting mother who was as verily a victim of the war as though shot through the heart; but his pure spirit dwells in that heavenly home where "war's rude alarms" are never heard and death never enters. In reference to the character of this young man, the Captain of his old company says that he "was in the highest sense a gentleman, a soldier, and a Christian." Generals A. P. Hill, Ewell, and other officers spoke of him in the highest terms. General J. A. Walker pays him the following tribute—"Although my acquaintance with F. P. JONES, of Company D, 13th Virginia Infantry, was not very intimate, I remember him very well and very distinctly. A bright, manly boy who marched forth at the first call to arms, and who fought gallantly and bravely on every field; enduring hardships and privations without a murmur; preserving with spotless purity the innocent freshness of a young and guileless heart amid the temptations of camp; and finally laying down his life for the good cause.

"Such is the brief history of this young man, and it affords his old Colonel pleasure to bear testimony to his gallantry and good conduct as a soldier, and to his pure and spotless character as a man."

His pastor thus writes:—"Of fine talents, gentle manners, and affectionate disposition, he became endeared to a wide circle of friends, and gave rich promise of usefulness; while over all his natural excellence was shed the mellow light of the religion of Jesus."

Among our "Fallen Alumni" there are more distinguished names, but no more devoted son of our Alma Mater, no truer patriot, than FRANCIS PENDLETON JONES.

GEORGE H. GUIGER,

Captain, and A. D. C. to General Kemper.

GEORGE HENRY GUIGER, youngest son of George and Susan uiger, was born in Staunton, Virginia, May 28, 1826. His mily was of German extraction, and came originally from Penn-lvania to Virginia.

His mother dying a few days after his birth, GEORGE was :queathed to his aunt, Mrs. Tapp, who, upon her marriage with eter Merriwether, Esq., of Albemarle, removed to that county to side. In 1844 he became a pupil of Mr. Pike Powers at :aunton, and was prepared by that gentleman for entering llege. In 1846 he matriculated at the University of Virginia, here, with a view to the profession of a farmer, he devoted him-lf chiefly to the study of the physical sciences. After a single ssion there he entered at once upon the duties of life, and under ıe tutelage of one of Virginia's most intelligent farmers, Mr. ichard Gambill, of Albemarle, he soon became a very successful lanter.

At the first call to arms in 1861, Mr. GUIGER entered the army 3d Lieutenant in the "Albemarle Light Horse"—Captain ugene Davis—one of the first companies organized and sent to ıe front from that county. At the reorganization in 1862, he as advanced to the position of 1st Lieutenant of the Light orse, but he served as such only for a short time in consequence an appointment on the staff of Brigadier-General James L. emper as A. D. C., with the rank of Captain. As aide to eneral Kemper he was a faithful and efficient officer, and con-ıued to serve in this capacity until he received his death-wound Gettysburg.

The grand charge of Pickett's Division upon the Federal posi-ın on the heights of Gettysburg cannot fail to win admiration ıerever the great qualities of men are truly appreciated. The ımortality which it achieved in the annals of history on the 3d y of July, 1863, belongs alike to all the Virginians whose roism made it a great deed. The division was composed of emper's, Garnett's, and Armistead's brigades, and numbered ss than five thousand men. Heth's Division, commanded by ettigrew, were to support them, while the brigade of Wilcox

should cover their right flank during their advance. The line was formed, and "Pickett moved forward across the open plain in front of the enemy's works: Kemper's and Garnett's brigades were in front, with Armistead following close behind. Pettigrew was moving on the left, and Wilcox with his troops in columns of battalions following on the right. As steadily as if marching on parade the columns advanced, and when they reached the Emmitsburg road the Confederate batteries became silent, as they could no longer fire safely over the heads of the advancing infantry. The enemy greeted their approach with terrific discharges of grape and canister, before which the Confederates went down by scores. Still the line pressed on, winning the admiration of even its foes by the magnificence of its advance. Suddenly, when the crest was almost reached, the hill blazed with the fire of the Federal infantry, and Pettigrew's Division, in spite of the efforts of its gallant commander to rally it, broke in dismay and fled from the field, leaving two thousand prisoners and fifteen standards in the hands of the Union army.

"But the Virginians pressed on, led by their heroic commander, with his long hair waving in the breeze, and his sword pointing straight on to the enemy.

> "'Steady they step adown the slope,
> Steady they climb the hill,
> Steady they load, steady they fire,
> Marching right onward still—

"while the iron hail-storm sweeping through their ranks, strewed the earth with their dead and dying. There was no wavering among them, for they were fighting for the honor of the Old Dominion. The gaps in their line were closed up as fast as made, and with wild cheers they gained the crest, drove the Federals from the works, and amid the gloom and smoke General Lee saw through his glass the blue flag of Virginia waving from the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

"The triumph was dearly won, and was as brief as it was glorious. The enemy rallied on their second line, and poured a withering fire into the captured works now held by the Virginians. Glancing around to look for his supports, Pickett found that he was alone, that Pettigrew's men had fled and left him to his fate. His grand charge had been in vain. Every brigade commander, and all but one field officer, had fallen, and it was by a miracle

ıly that General Pickett himself had escaped. The enemy were pidly thinning his ranks, and it was vain to attempt to hold the orks. All that courage could do had been done, and it remained ıt to save the remnant of the Division. Reluctantly he gave the der to fall back, and the command retired slowly and sullenly er the ground it had immortalized.

"General Wilcox, who had failed to move far enough during ckett's advance, now attempted to carry the heights, but his llant and rash assault was repulsed."

Thus graphically has McCabe, in his *Life of General Lee*, dected the heroism of five thousand men, nearly thirty-five hunred of whom returned not from the charge. Of the three igade commanders Kemper only survived it, and he was severely ounded and made a prisoner. His aide, Captain GUIGER, who ıd had his horse shot down under him in the charge, was also morlly wounded in the retreat and fell into the hands of the enemy. le was removed to the hospital at Gettysburg, where, after lingerıg in great pain for two weeks, he died July 17, 1863, at the age f thirty-seven.

As a soldier, Captain GUIGER was fearless; as an officer, enerjetic and systematic. Exacting of others under him the military liscipline which he himself so strictly adhered to, he at the same ime won by his impartial bearing their respect and esteem. His genial disposition made him a most agreeable companion, and whether in camp or at home, he manifested the same hospitable spirit. Though not a Christian by profession, his respect for Christianity was marked. His last moments were full of peace, giving hope to his friends.

His body rests now beneath the sod at his old home in Albemarle, and beside those he loved in his life and honored in his leath.

THOMAS GORDON POLLOCK,

Adjutant, and Inspector-General, Kemper's Brigade.

THOMAS GORDON POLLOCK was born in the city of Richmond, 27th of September, 1838, his father, A. D. Pollock, at that

time being the pastor of the Presbyterian Church on Shockoe Hill. His grandfather was Judge Thomas Pollock, of Ligonier Valley, in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. His great-grandfather, James Pollock, Esq., was an emigrant from Ireland, and a son of Dr. Thomas Pollock, Senior, of Coleraine, in the province of Ulster. His paternal grandmother was a daughter of Abram Hendricks, Esq., of Ligonier Valley, and sister of Governor William Hendricks, of Indiana, and aunt of Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks. The family name in France, ages ago, was Henri. In Germany (one takes it for granted they were Huguenots) it became Heinrich, and in Holland, and then in these States, Hendricks.

His mother is a daughter of Charles Lee, who, while a young man, was Attorney-General of the United States under Washington and the elder Adams; and whose elder brother, General Henry Lee, became Governor of Virginia, and was the father of Robert E. Lee. His maternal grandmother was sister of Judge John Scott, of Fauquier, father of Robert E. Scott. These were descendants by a maternal line from Professor Thomas Gordon, of Aberdeen, an author and a man of note in his day and country.

The subject of this sketch was five years old when his parents removed from Richmond to Leeton Forest estate, near Warrenton, in Fauquier county, Virginia. After receiving a preparatory education at home, and then in Wilmington, Delaware, he spent a year at Yale College, and then four years with distinction in the University of Virginia — two in the Academic and two in the Law Department. He also read law in the office of his kinsman, Robert E. Scott, of Fauquier; and in the beginning of 1860, commenced the practice of law in Warrenton.

In the fall of 1860, young POLLOCK was induced to remove to Shreveport, Louisiana, where, after mastering in three months the Louisiana code in the French language, he became the law-partner of L. Marks, Esq. (Colonel Marks, of the army, also fallen in battle), and was in full practice at once.

The winter and spring of 1861 brought on the war. The entire Shreveport bar became soldiers. Their company was the Shreveport Grays. THOMAS GORDON POLLOCK, in his twenty-third year, having given his attention vigorously to tactics, was their principal drill-sergeant. The company was marched in April to New Orleans, and thence to Pensacola, and formed part of the investing force before Fort Pickens, under General Braxton Bragg.

In June, '61, the investment of Fort Pickens was abandoned. Bradford's Brigade (the Shreveport Grays belonging thereto) was ordered to Richmond. At Richmond Sergeant POLLOCK was tendered a Captain's commission; and with the assistance of young gentlemen of his acquaintance, raised a company for Wise's Legion, and repaired, under orders, to Lewisburg, and thence to Sewell's Mountain, the Hawk's Nest, New River, and the Gauley. With his James River Rifles, he was at one time ordered into Braxton county, alone, on an out-look and recruiting expedition. It is saying something that they did not get captured, for the Yankees were in force north of the Gauley and Kanawha. The Legion was eager for a battle, but could not get one — only a few skirmishes in the wilds of the mountain road, Cox's men always consenting to get out of the way.

Colonel Starke, of Louisiana, commanded the regiment to which the James River Rifles belonged. He was a dear, fast friend of Captain POLLOCK, as they had known each other in the Southwest. At one time a vacancy occurred, and a Major had to be appointed. The officers of the regiment united in proposing Captain POLLOCK to the War Department to fill that office, and Colonel Starke became the bearer of the recommendation; but before Colonel Starke could get to Richmond, the office was filled.

When autumn winds and frosts and snows began to come, it was terrible in the Alleghanies. Pneumonia came in the wake of measles, and made the wintry future as gloomy as can be well imagined. Military glory, out in that mountain West, was a "Will o' the wisp." They could not overtake it. There was bravery enough, doubtless, in Camp Dogwood and Camp Defiance; but what could it amount to?

At length, about 9 o'clock one night, Colonel Starke came from brigade headquarters with news. It was an order to move at daybreak, and march to Bowling Green, Kentucky, and report to General Albert Sidney Johnston. Then good-bye at last to West Virginia! Captain POLLOCK felt as if he could write a critique on the West Virginia policy and management of the war. But that was not his business. And what if it had been? He could not get paper to write a letter home to his parents — could only tear a leaf out of his note-book and send it.

The brigade marched seventy miles to the railroad, on its way to Kentucky. There it met a counter-order, commanding it to

repair to Charleston, South Carolina, and report to General Robert E. Lee. This was a kind providence, no doubt. It kept these boys out of that slaughter-pen at Fort Donelson, and gave them the advantage of a bland climate in which to recover from their bronchial and pulmonary maladies. POLLOCK was a nurse among his men at Charleston and Pocotaligo, assiduous, skilful, and sympathizing. And the like of that is nearly all that can be said, or at least that need be said, of that winter, and till the spring of 1862.

While McClellan was before Yorktown, on his peninsular way to Richmond, the forces from South Carolina arrived in Virginia.

At the reorganization of the army, Captain POLLOCK shared the fate of many of the finest officers in the service; he was not re-elected. But Colonel Starke having been promoted to the command of a brigade, invited him to become his aide; and as the vote of his company had left him at liberty to indulge his inclination, he accepted the invitation. In this position he went through the battles before Richmond, receiving no wound — only a musket ball through his clothing, in and out, slightly abrading the skin immediately over his heart. During two days of those battles, as the writer has been told, he was detailed to the temporary command of a regiment that had lost its field officers. His letter home after McClellan's escape is itself a beautiful army report.

The miasmatic air of the Chickahominy having penetrated his system, he was allowed to retire to Charlottesville for medical treatment. But the guns of Slaughter's Mountain seeemed to cure him. He was not in time for that fight, but was in place for the forced march round Pope's army to Manassas. General Starke's brigade was in the warmest work of Jackson's corps on Thursday and Friday and Saturday of the Second Manassas. The aides had to come and go in the heaviest of the leaden storm. Captain POLLOCK's horse was killed under him, and his clothing pierced with a musket ball, but his person was uninjured.

His military conception of the whole idea of that battle and of its leading details is expressed with great brevity and admirable clearness, illustrated, as all his letters were on such occasions, with miniature diagrams of the localities of each decisive collision. He was also in the Monday's fight below Centreville, at Ox Hill, and accompanied the army into Maryland.

At Frederick City two Maryland gentlemen offered their services to General Starke as volunteer aides. Thereupon the

General offered Captain POLLOCK a furlough to make a hasty visit home. During his absence General Starke was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, and he lost his position thereby. His return, however, from his furlough to the army was in time to enable him to take part in the affair at the Potomac crossing below Shepherdstown, where the command by courtesy was given him of a regiment whose officers no doubt had been killed at Sharpsburg.

He would then have returned to the ranks, but was prevented from doing this by a solicitation from General Lee's staff. Colonel Cawley, Quartermaster-General, offered him the position of Assistant, and General Lee himself was kind enough to give him a most flattering recommendation to the War Department for that position, to which, on giving the requisite bond, he was appointed accordingly. This station he occupied from the middle of September, 1862, till the battle of Fredericksburg, 13th December. The opportunity was an admirable one for accurately studying at army headquarters the history of the campaign from its opening at Yorktown till its close at Sharpsburg. His intimacy with the Adjutant-General enabled him in his letter home to speak of the campaign as follows:—"The Army of Northern Virginia has, upon a careful and certainly a moderate estimate, put *hors de combat* ninety-seven thousand of the enemy (97,000). It has captured a hundred and fifty cannon (150), and eighty thousand small arms (80,000). It has fought seventeen (17) pitched battles, suffering no defeat. It has destroyed or captured stores of the enemy to be estimated at tens of millions, and it is now ready to defend Virginia against the new levies of the invaders with far better chances of success than it began the campaign with at Williamsburg. And for the present the campaign has ended in the retirement of the entire Federal forces into their works around Washington, defeated and demoralized. These results extend from Williamsburg to Sharpsburg. They have been accomplished by a single army, unrecruited, greatly inferior to its adversaries in numbers, and wanting in every particular of equipment and furniture which had been held essential to the success or even to the existance of an army in the field."

Through the fall months of September, October, November, Captain POLLOCK was employed at headquarters, in the Pay Department. His business intercourse was with officers of rank in the same department at Winchester, at Staunton, at Rich-

mond. His opportunities were the best for studying subjects of administration, as belonging to the interests and relations and prospects of the war. Those subjects were serious at that time, but as yet full of suggestions of hope as well as of fear.

He was now a bonded officer of the army, and might have availed himself of the comparative safety to person which his position would have allowed him during the remainder of the war. He was, however, not satisfied. There were others, and enough of them he thought, as capable as he for such duties as these. He had given himself at the beginning to the war proper, and felt that in some capacity or other his duties were in the field.

General James L. Kemper, who had known Captain POLLOCK intimately before the war, had invited him to a position on his staff. The attraction of former acquaintance, in times so serious, was mutual. The invitation was repeated and pressed. Of course it was on Captain POLLOCK'S mind during the period of his Quartermaster duties. When the guns of Fredericksburg began booming to the battle, he could resist no longer, but repaired to General Lee's headquarters, and had himself detailed to General Kemper's staff; and thence to brigade headquarters, where he was at once inducted as Inspector-General of the brigade.

General Kemper's brigade was of Longstreet's corps. Its position was in rear of the town — the army centre. Through the forenoon of the day, the battle was on the Confederate right, under Jackson. For miles below the town it occupied the broad low grounds of the river. The centre was resting on its arms. For hours Captain POLLOCK sat on his horse, on a tall bluff of the heights that commanded the scene. His cool military eye read it like a diorama. He could see the effect of the enemy's every order to advance, and he could but admire the precision with which the order was executed. Then he could see the effect of every round from the hedge breast-works, the pause in the advance, the stagger, the recoil, and the pell-mell disorder. He could recognize the field-officers riding into the confused mass of soldiery, firing their pistols and vociferating their orders to re-form the ranks. Three times in succession he witnessed, as a mere spectator, this exciting alternation of advance and repulse, all unconscious of how the forenoon hours were gliding away. At last the repulse was decisive. With this result, at about two o'clock, came the order for battle at the centre. The remainder of the day was left

hotographic in its occurrences, but it ended with victory to the efenders of the bleeding South. Many a noble Southern soldier aw his last of earth on that day. Captain POLLOCK'S horse was ounded under him, slightly, in the knee; he himself was nharmed.

Captain POLLOCK was now in the active field-service again. ongstreet's corps (including Kemper's brigade) was during the inter ordered to Suffolk, and then, in the spring, to Kingston, n North Carolina. But there was no battle — only watching and kirmishing all the time.

Longstreet's corps was unhurt by Chancellorsville. It was ot there. It shared not in its glory. It only heard the guns rom Taylorsville, and then hastened on to the invasion of Pennylvania that followed. This was Captain POLLOCK'S last long narch, and Gettysburg was his last battle. The brigade passed lmost within sight of his home. But war knows no indulgent entimentalities. June weather was relaxing, and the long march vas exhausting. But what of that?

The 28th of June was the Sabbath, and Longstreet was in camp ear Chambersburg. Captain POLLOCK obtained a furlough, and lressed himself and rode into town and went to church. This vas the habit of his life. One hopes it was a pure Gospel that vas preached on that day and in that church, and by some pure-earted messenger of the Lord Jesus. But of this we know othing.

That whole section of southern counties of Pennsylvania was live with scenes of strategy and war preparation. Two of the ost gigantic armies that ever trod the western side of the earth ere manœuvring for a bloody trial of strength. The Southern oldiers were confident, and calm in their confidence. They elieved in General Lee. Captain POLLOCK said in his letter hree days before his death, that their confidence in their leader as like *his idea of faith*. General Lee was a soldier, it may be, f the sublimest grade, an honor to his nation, whether that nation e "The Confederate States" or "The United States." But God t last does as it pleaseth Him, among armies or peoples, in earth r heaven. And He giveth no account of His matters.

In the battle of Gettysburg, Longstreet's corps was the reserve. heirs, then, was the heavy work of the 3d of July. The charge f Pickett's division has been already referred to. Before it was

made, General Kemper, at the left wing of his brigade, conferred with his staff, and assigned to each member his duty. Last of all, he conferred with Captain POLLOCK alone, entrusting to him certain duties at the other end of the brigade line. General Kemper himself, immediately afterwards, was shot down, and Captain POLLOCK had galloped along the line to attend to the duty assigned him. The charge was in full career of its advance. The fire from the battery in front and flank was terrible. The brigade line, at some point, staggered, when Captain POLLOCK's words were heard for the last time:—"Boys, I trust you will all behave like Southern soldiers." His farther lot in the bloody affair is in great obscurity. Captain Lettellier, charging with his company, remembers him as he rode along the line. The men all noticed him, for they were all fond of him. In ten minutes the word passed back along the advancing line, "Captain POLLOCK is killed." A soldier of the 7th Virginia (Edward Yeager, of Culpeper) saw him fall from his horse. He fell within ten steps of Yeager, and not as a wounded man falls, but like a dead man—clear of his horse. The commotion of the charge was at its utmost; and the distance across the plain to the fortifications was yet considerable; the mortality was appalling, and there was no time then to inquire or look after the fallen. The charge entered the first line of breastworks, but were not sustained, and could not hold them. The withdrawal was in utter confusion, in which no localities could be visited, and no killed or wounded identified and brought off. Captain POLLOCK's remains were not recognized or heard from at all. His faithful body-servant, Richard, since dead, was on the field at the time, determined to see the worst of it, anxious to follow his master into the enemy's hospital, if it might be so; determined, at any rate and at all risk, to know what his fate was. But he was ordered back by an officer who seemed amazed at his temerity. Dick and Tom had been children together. They had never been really separated till now. Poor Dick returned out of the hail-storm of bullets, with his master's wounded horse, to a silent and desolate headquarters (for General Kemper and his entire staff were dead or wounded on the field). He was noticed, on the return march into Virginia, often in tears, riding the unwounded horse and leading the wounded one; both of which he brought home, in about a year, to the family, with whom he continued, mourning his companion and master, to the day of his own death.

WILLIAM FAUNTLEROY COCKE,

Lieutenant, Company E, 18th Virginia Infantry.

The name of Edmund Randolph is a historic one, so intimately inked with the early fortunes of the ancient Colony and Commonwealth of Virginia, that the life of the one is in a measure he history of the other. He who was the friend and adviser of Vashington, the framer in part of the Constitution of the Jnited States, Secretary of State under the first President, Jovernor of Virginia in that chivalrous period when birth, tatesmanship, elegant accomplishments, and "the grand old name of gentleman," were the necessary and required concomitants of olding the honorable office, must have been a man who would aturally impress some of his marked characteristics on those who nost immediately surrounded him, especially the members of his wn family.

Among his children none perhaps inherited so predominantly ier father's mental qualities as his daughter Edmonia Madison, who became early in life the wife of Thomas L. Preston, Esq. Left a widow after a few years of rare domestic blessedness, Mrs. Preston exercised a controlling influence in every sphere in which she moved, by the strength and purity and singleness of her lofty religious life, by her wide, all-embracing sympathies, and her self-sacrificing philanthropy. A volume might be profitably filled with the good deeds and holy living of this saintly woman. Her moulding hand had no little to do, as we may well imagine, in giving shape and direction to the character of the beloved grandson who grew up under her eye, and whose name heads the present sketch.

WILLIAM FAUNTLEROY COCKE, the eldest child of William A. and Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, was born at the ancestral family seat of "Oakland," in Cumberland county, Virginia, August 26th, 1836.

For over one hundred years the paternal estate, which had been originally deeded as a grant by George the Second to a remote ancestor of the name, had descended from father to son, and the primeval oaks of his home had never overshadowed any but his own race and blood. Sitting as he did at the feet of his noble grandmother, and listening to her reminiscences of the men among

whom she had grown up (to name whom would be to call over the bede-roll of Virginia's proudest worthies), the boy could not fail to have his mind stirred with lofty enthusiasms and his heart fired with memories of those days when "there were giants in the land." It is to trace these influences that these early surroundings are referred to. It would be difficult to conceive of more elements entering into any childhood that could add to its freedom and happiness than combined to render William Cocke's everything that was desirable. His father was a high-minded, courteous gentleman, belonging to that extinct type of which but few specimens remain to us. He was a graduate of the College of William and Mary, with ample means and leisure; a stickler for all the immemorial manners and customs of the ancient *noblesse* of the Old Dominion; gentle, judicious, tolerant; allowing the widest verge to his children consistent with that strict and perfect courtesy which was the law of his household. His mother inheriting the distinctive attributes that have given character to the families whose blood meets in her veins, brought the stimulus of her fervent nature, her eager enthusiasm, her vivid sensibilities, her immeasurable tenderness, to brighten and animate and give piquancy to the childhood of her boys.

The Oakland plantation overflowed with old family servants whose grandsires and great-grandsires had never known any other masters than the ancestors of the present proprietors; so that as complete a realization of the feudal character of the demesne of the ancient *régime* was to be found there as anywhere within the borders of the old Commonwealth. It was beautiful to see the gray-headed patriarch who had been the nurse or playfellow of the father or grandfather of the subject of our sketch, looking to the young master with such love, veneration, and trust as never more will meet the eyes of this or any other generation.

William was reared and received all his elementary educati- at home, under the best tutors his careful parents could procu He thus escaped the dangers and trials incident to the publ school, and retained in consequence that freshness and purity a unaffected simplicity which characterized him throughout li This home education, it must be premised, did not induce a compromise or abatement of the hearty, strong, ingenuous ou goings of the most thorough boy-nature. No English lad ev- grew up in the fuller exercise of all the athletic sports and occ

ions and accomplishments of the country gentleman. He was boldest of riders and the best of shots. The rifle was the ything of his childhood; horses, dogs, guns, and fishing-rods, rided his hours with Virgil and Xenophon, Euclid and quadics. The fine effect of this free, untrammeled liberty of range d occupation, was manifested in his thoroughly developed ysique. He was declared to be the strongest man among his e hundred compeers at the University of Virginia, and proofs e adduced of his endurance and feats of strength that border on the marvellous.

At fifteen he was sufficiently advanced in his studies to enter ashington College as a student; consequently he went to Lexingn, Virginia, in 1852, and for the four following years was an mate in the family of his uncle, Colonel J. T. L. Preston. All e amiable, generous, high-minded qualities which stamped the aracter of the boy under the eye of his parents and the hand of is tutors at Oakland, developed into fuller flower when he was ansferred to the wider and more maturing sphere of college life. he tenderest partiality could scarcely overstep the truth in deneating his daily walk and bearing as it presented itself to the bservation of those around him. That exquisite *considerateness* hich gave emphasis to even his more trivial actions — that habit hich St. Paul commends of "esteeming others better than" himlf — that utter self-forgetfulness so unpeculiar to the young — at deference and docility — each and all combined to make up a aracter in which it would have been hard for the most envious pick a flaw. Not a child even in his uncle's family could recall harsh or uncourteous expression; not a servant ever heard a de word from WILLIAM'S lips. No college companion could oint to any act of injustice or impropriety or ordinary thoughtssness calculated in the slightest degree to wound, during his ur years of residence. No Professor had ever occasion to chide r any failure in duty. Absolute conscientiousness seemed to be e rule of all his conduct. And withal, he was just as light-arted, genial, responsive, and free from the affectation of prema-re *goodness*, as the veriest madcap that ever trod college halls.

He had a native love for books; and acquisition was so easy to n that no amount or variety of studies seemed to burden him. is specialty, however, was for classic literature; and he here laid e foundation of that fine and thorough scholarship which was e distinguishing feature of his after-years.

Just at the close of his academic course, WILLIAM had the misfortune to lose his excellent father. Indeed, he was summoned from Commencement — on which occasion one of the gold medals was awarded him by the Faculty of the College for distinguished attainment — by the tidings of his father's illness and death. He returned at once to Oakland; and from that time, as the oldest son (though only nineteen), a weight of duties and responsibilities devolved upon him such as few of his years are called on to sustain.

In October, 1855, WILLIAM COCKE became a student at the University of Virginia, applying himself with his usual assiduity to his favorite studies, and with such success that in June, 1857, he graduated in four departments. After his graduation he went back to Oakland, and gave himself conscientiously and steadily to his duties on his plantation, involving as they did an immense amount of personal oversight and executive skill.

Yet while regulating and guiding wisely and judiciously his realm of domestic dependents — overlooking aged and infirm servants, prescribing for and kindly visiting the sick in their "quarters," seeing that women and children had all necessary wants supplied, directing overseers, and helping to dispense the most prodigal hospitality to hosts of summer guests — his controlling tastes, nevertheless, could not be repressed. Like the sunken Arethusa, they wrought for themselves an outlet in their own island of rest, into which the impertinences of "murk and moil" might not thrust themselves. He never mounted his horse for his daily rounds without some classic author in his coat-pocket, and his well-worn copy of Horace attested his innate love for the owner of the Sabine farm, whose agricultural notes, written on the borders of the Digentia, had certainly a charm for him above and beyond any modern farming journals.

Many amusing incidents are remembered of this growing absorption in Roman and Greek studies. So utter was his abse of pedantry that it was rather a matter to call up a flush over clear face when, by accident, the darling volumes were discove in his pocket, or some mischievous eye, "peering over his sho der," found him wrapped into abstraction over the *Medea* inst of the last novel of Kingsley or Thackeray. It was pure love literature for its own sake that made him oblivious, many a ti of the fact that his man of business was waiting without, or *his*

foreman delaying for orders, or his blacksmith resting on his anvil. The seductions of the *Odyssey* could overpower the claims of tobacco plantations, the wit of Aristophanes render him deaf to "Uncle Ralph's" talk about the crops.

It must not be inferred from this, however, that his ruling passion made him neglectful of necessary business; this would not be in accordance with the abnegation claimed for him, nor would it be true. Through no selfish persistence in his chosen pursuits did he allow the interests of the general establishment to flag. When duty demanded that he should be abroad directing his schemes of improvement, he closed his books — it might be with a sigh, but he *did* close them.

So far as is known, he had no professional career in view; hence, in furnishing his mind thus richly, self-development and self-culture were for the present his proposed ends. In this rapid, pressing, ungraceful age of ours, such a picture is so seldom met with, that we find ourselves lingering over it, perhaps too admiringly.

WILLIAM COCKE'S life had been prescribed to him in a special manner by the circumstances in which he found himself as the owner of a large patrimony, the master of a very extensive community of slaves, and the head of his father's house. He had no choice but to accept the burden which such possessions imposed. Cloistered study; life withdrawn amid the seclusion of books, apart from the jars and roughnesses of daily contact with irresponsive natures; the delight of "mousing at choice among antique libraries, and finding the oldest volume there more attractive and suggestive than the newest of the new" — this would probably have been the bent of his inclinations; but he did not thus indulge himself.

It may be noted here that the one fault of his character — if indeed we dare designate what is so rare by any other name than a virtue — was the want of a proper assertion of his own powers. He asked nothing for himself; he always stepped back and allowed who would to press by him or push him into the shade, seemingly unconscious of what was due to such high intellectual qualities as he possessed. The world is ready enough to take us at our own estimate without the trouble of farther inquiry. Had WILLIAM COCKE lived to work out his life to its final and crowning result, distinction would have been thrust on him — if it came,

as it deserved to come; for never would his perfectly disinterested nature have thought of seeking it for himself.

He possessed a marvellous charm of temper that "keyed him on so high a pitch" that few could thoroughly comprehend the variety and sweetness of it. He was one who would have been selected among a thousand as holding within himself the essence of all *comfortableness*. In this world of worry, what quality can be half so attractive?

Yet underlying this quiet self-consciousness, this passionless serenity, this inviolate gentleness, was an intellect keen, strong, comprehensive; a will resolute and steadfast, and where principle was involved, inexorable in its quick decisions; a culture refined, scholarly, profound; emotions, how warm, pure, and pervading, only those could have a hint of who were near enough to be allowed now and then a glimpse into the inner heart.

At the breaking out of the war, our young scholar did not hesitate a moment as to his course of procedure. Although no politician, his mind was clear as to the claims of his native State upon him; and while it required a stout will to resist the demands of his burdensome home duties and cares, the celerity of his action proves that he did not stop to weigh consequences. He became a private in Company E, 18th Virginia Infantry, under Captain Carter Harrison, April 23d, 1861.

Here, as elsewhere, he asked literally nothing for himself. He might have had office for the seeking, as became his social position; but he was content to shoulder his musket and march abreast with men of the humblest grade of life. Landed proprietor or village blacksmith, it made no difference when all eyes were intent on one sole purpose — the defence of the soil that gave them birth.

William Cocke's uncomplaining endurance of fatigue, work, and hardships of every kind, was beyond all praise. Were it not that thousands of other brave men bore similar sufferings in the same spirit, we might be tempted to enlarge on this point. His life at Oakland had not been, one would suppose, the best school of discipline for a common soldier; yet never did a stauncher shoulder carry musket, never did unconscious courage demean itself more heroically on a battle-field, never were the trials of camp-life accepted and suffered with more unflinching acquiescence. He was one of the most untiring workers in the trenches; and he

who had perhaps never handled a spade in his life, could distance the men about him who had lived by its use.

His hopeful cheerfulness never forsook him, even amidst the utmost disaster or the most imminent perils. Amenity, courtesy, self-forgetfulness, were still the law of his life, as they had been in his own fair home. Sir Philip Sidney, when almost in sight of Zutphen, where he laid down his chivalrous life for love of England and her Protestant cause, could write to Walsingham :— "I beseech you, let not my troubles trouble you. I had before cast my account of danger, want, and trial; and before God, Sir, it is trew in mine hearte, the love of the *cause* doth so far overbalance them all, that with God's grace they shall never make me weary of my resolution. . . I think a wyse and constant man ought not to greeve whyle he doth plaie, as a man may say, his own part truly. . . . For me, I cannot promise of my own source, because I know there is a eyer power that must upholde me, or else I shall fall." The spirit of our young friend's letters was in nowise different or less devoted than that of Sir Philip.

And speaking of letters reminds us to say, that in this branch of accomplishments WILLIAM COCKE was preëminent. His airy and brilliant play of humor nowhere made itself so conspicuous as in his correspondence. Indeed, he was accustomed to characterize his conversation as "mental stuttering," so much readier was his pen than his tongue to do his mind's bidding.

It pleased him better that his youngest brother, who was a Lieutenant in the same company, should in time become the Captain of that company than that the honor should have been conferred upon himself. At the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, his regiment was ordered to retire, but owing to the heavy firing he did not hear the order and kept on, until looking around him he found himself surrounded by strange faces. He discovered afterwards that he was with the 11th Alabama; but he remained nevertheless among his unexpected comrades, and fought with his usual intrepidity as long as the regiment remained on the field. He had the rim of his hat shot away in this battle, but it was only after the fight was over, on his attempting to draw his hat over his face, that he was made aware how near he had come to losing his head. It was on this occasion he marched all the way from Williamsburg to Richmond to rejoin his regiment *barefooted* — his boots having been torn from his feet in the terrible experiences

below Richmond. He described his sufferings from this cause as the most excruciating he had been called to endure, inasmuch as there was not left upon the soles of his feet "a nail-breadth of skin" by the time he reached the end of his march, when he had to be sent at once to a hospital.

In the second battle of Manassas, fought August 29th, 1862, WILLIAM COCKE was wounded in the knee, and for several months was compelled to lie inactive at home. By November, however, he had so far recovered as to lay aside his crutch, and he made in that month a visit to the family of his uncle in Lexington, prior to his intended return to his post. During the interval of his absence he had been elected Lieutenant of his company.

He found a heavy shadow hanging over the household in Lexington. Already on that fatal field where he had received his own wound, his young cousin, William C. Preston, had laid down his life; and on the spot where he fell, was filling a soldier's grave. And now a younger brother who was preparing to take the fallen one's place in the ranks, was lying smitten down by mortal disease. Never can it be forgotten how the gallant soldier, still halting from his wound, insisted on lying night after night on a pallet beside the sick couch of the dying Randolph Preston, ever present and ever ready to help; and when the sad blow fell, to sustain by his silent sympathy the hearts doubly desolated.

It was during this visit that he made a public profession of religion. Not that then and there he became a Christian, for such a life as his had long been, could only be modelled upon that of the Great Exemplar.

The purest and most unworldly morality could never produce such fruits as those by which he was known. His brother, Captain Edmund R. Cocke, says in a letter now lying before the writer of these outlines, "William always carried in his coat-pocket, in camp and on battle-field, a small Greek Testament, in which he was seen constantly reading."

With a hallowed memory (upon which it is almost sacrilegious for us to touch) his mother recalls the tender scene of his kneeling beside her at the altar-rails of the little parish church of St. James, to which the family at Oakland belonged, and with her partaking for the first and last time of the holy communion.

The following letter from Captain Harrison to Captain Cocke, bears eloquent testimony to the worth and beauty of the character we are attempting to portray:—

"My intimate acquaintance with your noble brother WILLIAM dates from the commencement of the war, when I had the honor to command the company in which he served; for it was an honor even to belong to that glorious army in which such men enlisted as privates.

"His modest and retiring disposition rendered it necessary to know him long and well to properly appreciate his great worth, that rare union of literary and cultivated tastes with sturdy manliness which so remarkably characterized him. Over and above all this were the Christian faith and sense of duty which rounded and completed his character. These were daily illustrated in the cheerfulness and alacrity with which he discharged any duty assigned him by his military superior. I remember that soon after going into the service, he was detailed with a large party on fatigue duty, involving severe labor — a service at that time peculiarly obnoxious to men unused to labor, for the most part, and strangers to the requirements of military rule. The officer in command of the party, entirely unacquainted with your brother, remarked that 'If all the men worked like *that* man'— pointing to him — 'the task would be quickly finished.' What an example to the rank and file of our volunteer army! A man reared in wealth and luxury setting himself to work with such will and alacrity as to make himself conspicuous among his fellow-soldiers and call forth such commendation, doing 'with all his might whatsoever his hand found to do' at the call of duty.

"At the battle of Manassas, while charging the enemy, he bethought him that his ammunition was expended; and stooping over a dead soldier, he gathered from his belt a handful of cartridges and transferred them to his own box with such quickness and dexterity as not to be thrown out of his place in the ranks — a remarkable instance of coolness in a young volunteer for the first time under fire. When I related this to Colonel Robert Preston of the 28th, 'God bless the boy,' said the gallant old soldier.

"You were not present on the night when we contemplated a surprise of the enemy's outposts near Washington. Our enterprise was frustrated by the disaffection, insubordination, and cowardice of some of our officers. When the temper of the men had become such that it was thought necessary to call for volunteers, company by company, and to take only such as were willing

to go; at the call, *three* men from Company E stepped to my side without hesitation or a moment's deliberation; one of the three was WILLIAM COCKE. Any one who knew him would have counted on him at such a time; *he was always where duty called.*

"On the march, bivouac, outpost, fatigue duty, anywhere, he was cheerful, uncomplaining, patient, and obedient, never seeking or caring for promotion, but only solicitous to do well his part 'in that station to which it pleased God to call him.' He was a noble pattern and example of the Christian soldier and gentleman; and so I ever found him to the close. It was not my fortune to be with him when his well-earned promotion came unsought, nor to be present on that day when his bright career was ended. But I am persuaded that as he lived, so he died; that the faith which had sustained him in life did not fail him in death. Your friend and mine, Sergeant Jackson (now gone to his rest), a short time before his death, speaking of your brother in most touching and affecting terms, told me he was always associated in his memory with *the little Greek Testament* he loved so well and read so constantly. Could a comrade well give a nobler eulogy? Who would not say, 'Let me be thus remembered'?"

When Lieutenant COCKE passed from under the bare branches of his ancestral oaks, that bleak January morning, 1863, it was to see them no more forever. Although still lame from his wound, he persisted in returning to his post: this furlough, which the nursing of his wounded leg necessitated, was his last. In all the rapid, eager, deadly struggles of the next six months, he was a constant participator; marching, fighting, watching, he bore on with the same quenchless endurance and heroic fortitude, even to the end.

As he passed with Lee's army through Frederick City, on its march to Pennsylvania, a young female friend — who in the happy days gone by had been accustomed for months together to share, with other joyous summer guests, the hospitalities of Lieutenant COCKE's beautiful home — stood upon the pavement's edge, and with streaming tears of wonder and pride, gazed on him incredulously as he presented himself before her. It was not strange that in the bronzed, roughened, hungry soldier, she could with difficulty find a trace of the gay companion of many a well-remembered gala-day of old. Alas for the ravages of death! Both have passed away, to meet in that beautiful city whose streets are "*like* a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

The hurry and confusion, the fearul rapidity with which event trod upon the heels of event, in those after crowded weeks, prevent us from knowing much of the closing scenes of this fair and well wrought life, which did not quite reach twenty-eight years.

On the fatal morning of July 3d, 1863, WILLIAM COCKE stood facing the enemy's guns before Gettysburg, ready for that terrible onset which was to send a wail of agony through the entire land. "Never," writes Captain Cocke, "do I remember to have seen WILLIAM more calm, quiet or collected, than he was on that morning, as I had my last sight of him standing within seventy or eighty feet of the enemy's breastworks." He had looked death too often and too steadily in the eye to quail now; and we may feel well assured that if it had been announced to him then and there that the next volley was to be the messenger to summon him from the ghastly awfulness of the battle-field into the pure presence of God, not a muscle of that genial and pleasant countenance would have quivered, not a pulsation of that steadfast heart quickened. He knew "in whom he had believed." We feel sure that the "little Greek Testament" was turned to for strength and solace in that hour of fearful crisis. "Let not your heart be troubled;" "where I am, there shall my servant be." "Whosoever believeth in Me shall never die." And thus comforted and fortified, would he not hide in his bosom again the dear and well-used volume, and with a supreme faith, unconscious of fear, step gloriously forth to his doom?

All we can know is, that when the deadly onset was made, Lieutenant COCKE rushed upon the batteries: clouds of smoke veiled the carnage that followed; cannon belched their fire, the earth shook with the tread of contending armies, the grass grew sodden with blood; and when the rage of battle ceased, and the broken bands fell back exhausted, WILLIAM COCKE *was not among them.* No one had seen him fall, none could give any tidings of him. All who had closely surrounded him had doubtless sunk beneath the same charge; and the silence that came back upon the souls of those who questioned of his fate, was the only answer. Right under the muzzles of the murderous guns, he had heard the Voice which said, "*Come up hither.*"

Captain Cocke was slightly wounded by a ball passing between his ear and his head, which grooved a course for itself in the flesh; so narrow was the dividing-line between life and death! Yet he

was instant in laborious search for the beloved, missing brother: but it was all in vain; "he saw him no more."

We pass over the record of the six torturing months of suspense, in which it remained a question whether he might not be a helpless and wounded captive in some distant fort. We dwell not on the deferred hope that sickened and at length died utterly away; while the hearts that had nursed and clung to it, and kept it alive so long, sank down into silent and acquiescent sorrow. "None knoweth the place of his sepulchre until this day."

Thus meagrely and with scant materials at hand, has the writer of this sketch endeavored to outline the character of WILLIAM FAUNTLEROY COCKE, who, it will be allowed, belonged to that class of men

> "Who, living, are but dimly guessed,
> But show their length in graves."

WILLIAM THOMPSON HASKELL,

Captain, Company A, 1st South Carolina Volunteers.

In a volume of "Memoirs of men educated at the University of Virginia who lost their lives during the war," the omission of few names would leave a more inexcusable gap than that of the name of WILLIAM T. HASKELL. No name is invested with a more fragrant odor in the classic halls in which he was educated, and no more heroic blood consecrated the cause to which he gave his life. He was a man whose character and career were too elevated and noble to be surrendered, without an effort to preserve them, to the oblivion of the tomb.

He was one of those who *inherited* the qualities which he illustrated in his brief career. His Christian name, William Thompson, was that of his paternal great-grandfather, who is honorably mentioned in the following resolution of the First Congress of the United States:—

"PHILADELPHIA, *July 20th*, 1776.

"In Congress,

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the United States of America be given to Major-General Lee, Colonel William Moultrie, and Col-

onel William Thompson, and the officers and soldiers under their commands, who, on the 18th of June last, repulsed with so much valor the attack which was made on the State of South Carolina by the fleet and army of His Britannic Majesty."

His mother was a daughter of the Hon. Langdon Cheves, one of the most prominent of the many distinguished statesmen of the past generation. In mind and heart, as in culture and accomplishments, the worthy daughter of such a sire, she trained up, in all that *adds* nobility to noble natures, eight sons, of whom seven served with distinguished gallantry, and two consecrated with their life-blood the cause which they believed to be that of justice, patriotism, and honor.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, the third son of his parents, was born on his father's plantation, in Abbeville District, South Carolina, December 12th, 1837. With his brothers, he was educated by private tutors; and never left his home — except once, on a visit to his grandfather, on Savannah river, in 1853 — until in October, 1854, he went to Charleston to complete his preparation for the South Carolina College.

One would judge from his own subsequent representations and penitent recollections of his childhood, that it gave but little indication of what he was afterwards to be; except perhaps to *one* whose true maternal insight could penetrate the disguise of a rather unpromising exterior. He was the "disagreeable boy" of the family, irritating to his elders, overbearing to his juniors; whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him; whose indomitable and domineering spirit no superior strength could subdue, and whose dogged tenacity of opinion or of purpose no superior wisdom or skill in argument could shake. He was, besides, comparatively speaking, the "dull boy" of the family, whose fate it was, not infrequently, to be put to shame by the superior quickness and diligence of those younger than himself.

All this is perfectly intelligible to those who, knowing him afterwards, knew not whether most to admire the rare gifts and powers of his mind or the great qualities of his character. Neither his mind nor his character was of the kind to be moulded by others. What he was to be he was to become more by a process of self-development than by the action upon him of forces from without. And self-development is always *slow*; too slow

for the world which, in this quick age, finds it hard to wait on a man who is obliged to have thoughts of his own before he can talk, or principles of his own before he can act.

A very few months after beginning his studies in Charleston, he was seized by a dangerous and protracted illness, by which he lost nearly a year, and from which he had scarcely fully recovered, when, in October, 1856, he entered the University of Virginia. In consequence of the peculiar character of his mind, as well as from his long separation from books and his want of accurate training and preparation, he never became what would be called a *successful* student at the University. His slow and hesitating utterance was at first as much against him in conversation and in the *Literary Society* as his want of accurate scholarship and scientific training in the lecture room. His first effort in the *University Magazine* proved conclusively that he had never before essayed the powers of his pen.

And yet, with all these disadvantages of nature and preparation, no one was at all intimately associated with him without very soon feeling that there were within him undeveloped powers of mind and of character which, sooner or later, would make their mark. One by one the more intelligent students with whom he was thrown, recognized and acknowledged this. And, to their honor be it said, the Professors were scarcely slower to discover in the young man who stammered in his recitations and failed in his examinations, not only a nature of singular elevation and nobility, but intellectual gifts which, though not yet ready to find utterance, were of rare promise for the future. He spent four years at the University, and how much during that period he had overcome the natural and other disadvantages under which he labored, is evidenced by two facts. In the Jefferson Society, numbering at that time nearly one hundred and fifty members, he was at the close of his last year one of the three prominent candidates for the gold medal awarded annually to the best debater. In the *University Magazine* his articles attracted more and more attention for vigor and originality of thought, elevation of sentiment, and especially the most appreciative and discriminating power of literary criticism. A review of Bulwer's *What Will He Do With It?* received honorable mention, and was one of two or three articles which competed for the gold medal awarded by a committee of the Professors to the best article of the year. But these

ngs are as nothing in comparison with that ineffable impression ich the man himself has left upon all those who knew him ring these years of his University life. One who visits, even w, Charlottesville and its vicinity, will find the name of WILLIAM ASKELL enshrined in the memory of many who delight to recall e peculiar attractiveness of his mind and manner, which no one o came in contact with him can ever forget. There was an inde-ibable blending of ease and dignity, a modest self-respect, an pretending self-possession and self-reliance, an "unconscious sciousness" of strength and worth, which it is as easy to recall those who knew him as it is difficult to describe to those who l not. A College contemporary, who knew him only there, ites of him, "HASKELL'S character was one of the most beautiful ever knew;" a judgment in few words, which is here confi-ntly recorded as the unanimous sentiment of all who were as-ciated with him at this period of his life.

In July, 1860, having received certificates of proficiency in olitical Economy and Anglo-Saxon, and diplomas in the Latin d Spanish languages and the schools of Moral Philosophy and istory and Literature; and having served the Society of which was a member both as President and Editor of the Magazine, bade farewell to the University, which he had learned to love a second home, as only that dear old Alma Mater *can* be loved r her sons. He spent that summer at home and in rambling nong the mountains with his brothers; and in October took up s law-books. On the 20th December following, South Carolina ceded from the Federal Union, and a few weeks after, January l, 1861, he and his younger brother went to Charleston and ntered the military service of the State. "From that moment," ys one whose language will appear extravagant to the world, but arcely so to those who knew him best—"from that moment his life as that of the most perfect Christian hero that I have ever con-ived." There was that in the heroic struggle of the next four ars which was calculated to develop the matchless heroism of his ature — the heroism alike of action and of endurance, which ines even more brightly in the midnight of disaster than in the ontide of victory and glory. For six months he served as a ivate in Colonel Gregg's 1st Regiment of Volunteers, on the nds of Sullivan's and Morris Islands, and afterwards in Virginia. he comrades who stood by his side in the ranks, in even those

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early and comparatively inglorious days of the war, recall still, in the language of one of them, "with what cheerfulness and alacrity, nay with what enthusiasm, he endured every privation and performed every duty. We all admired him as the model of every manly virtue, and were endeared to him by his kind, generous and self-sacrificing nature. We respected him, too, for his vigorous, active intellect, enlarged by study and liberalized by culture; proposing to himself the highest models of excellence, and preparing by a proper development and exercise of all his powers to discharge his duty fully to God and his country."

The regiment was enlisted for only six months, and on the 1st of July was disbanded. But the soldierly eye of Colonel Gregg had long since singled him out, and he at once commissioned him to raise a company for the new regiment which he proceeded to form under the same name — 1st South Carolina Volunteers. The re-organization was completed in August. Captain HASKELL found great difficulty in making up his company in the short time allowed him, an almost stranger as he was in his own State after the four years' sojourn in Virginia. Colonel Gregg waited to the very last moment, and at last received him with barely the minimum number constituting a company — and that, perhaps, of the most heterogeneous and unpromising material to be found at the time in our army. And yet this company became in his hands as conspicuous as any in the service for discipline and efficiency. Indeed, he had that rarest but truest quality of a good officer, that he ever distinguished himself even more by what he made his men do than by what he did himself. Regardless of personal distinction and promotion, his eye was upon *them*, not upon himself; upon the work to be done, not upon the glory to be achieved. His principle was, ever to sacrifice himself to the service, never the service to himself. And so he was the same in whatever capacity he served, with or without the recognition of his services or the approval of his superiors; whether he was honorably mentioned in the official report, as by the unanimous verdict of his brother officers he generally deserved to be, or, as sometimes happened, his name was unaccountably omitted. He realized that he was fighting for his country, not for himself; and he knew, as few men did, how to forget himself for the cause.

The company with which he entered Colonel Gregg's new regiment, if otherwise composed of unpromising material, had the

dvantage of being admirably officered. But this advantage was f brief duration. In its first battle, that of Cold Harbor, first ieutenant John G. Barnwell was disabled by a wound, and that most gallant and efficient officer and promising young cit- :en," Lieutenant Grimke Rhett, was killed; Lieutenant C. 'inckney Seabrook, a contemporary and friend of Captain IASKELL at the University of Virginia, "after greatly distin- uishing himself on many fields, fell at Chancellorsville and ielded up his gentle and heroic spirit to the same holy cause to ·hich his brother officers devoted theirs." Thus deprived of his fficers and intimate friends, and with his company again and gain decimated by the iron hail of war, he continued to gather up he fragments that remained after each battle; and never relaxing iis discipline in camp or losing enthusiasm in action, he failed not o distinguish his veterans and himself in every battle of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It was in those hard and bloody campaigns, too fresh in the nemory of all and too full of rapid detail to be even entered upon here, that the perfect man and the perfect soldier manifested themselves so that no one could mistake them. If he was great in the conspicuous qualities which such circumstances are calculated to develope, he was greater still in those rarer and grander qualities which only those who knew him intimately could properly estimate—in endurance, in unselfishness and in the most constant and consistent devotion to principle. He was as great in camp as in battle; on the dusty march as in the glorious charge; amid the gloom of despondency and doubt as in the hour of victory and hope. He was as heroic against heat and cold, and hunger and thirst and weariness, as against the enemy. He could endure neglect or dis- ippointment or failure as calmly and firmly as a charge of infantry or the fire of artillery. And for a long time his life seemed :harmed. His clothes were perforated by bullets, his cap was pierced directly in front, his sword was battered, but his person was unscathed.

In 1863, in preparation for the invasion of Pennsylvania, the sharpshooters of the division were organized into a battalion, and Captain HASKELL was selected to command it. On the 3d day of July following, at Gettysburg, he fell dead at its head, "while leading his men," says one, "with that serene courage and unselfish devotion which had characterized him through life."

We have been kindly favored with the following extract from the unpublished report of Pender's Division in the battle of Gettysburg:

"During a successful charge made to drive the enemy from a road in front of Cemetery Hill, Captain WILLIAM T. HASKELL, 1st S. C. V., in charge of a select battalion of sharp shooters, received a wound from which he died in a few moments on the field. 'This brave and worthy young officer,' says Colonel Perrin in his official report of this transaction, 'fell while nobly walking along the front line of his command, encouraging his men and selecting favorable positions for them to defend. He was educated and accomplished, possessing in a high degree every virtuous quality of the true gentleman and Christian. He was an officer of most excellent judgment and a soldier of the coolest and most chivalrous daring.'"

Colonel Perrin, whose tribute is given in this extract, was at the time in command of the brigade, and was made Brigadier-General for his conduct in this battle. No higher testimony could be given than that of this distinguished officer, who after a brilliant career, subsequently surrendered his own life in defence of his country.

The following is the conclusion of an obituary written soon after, by a superior officer of his own regiment:—"Captain HASKELL, at the time of his death, was one of but three officers who had been through every engagement in which his regiment has participated, in none of which did he fail to distinguish himself. At Cold Harbor, Manassas, and Chancellorsville, his conduct was most strikingly conspicuous.

"Such a character as Captain HASKELL'S deserves far more than the limits of such a notice as this allows. His was indeed no ordinary character. Would that fitter position had afforded a larger sphere for the happy effects of its influence! Fortunate indeed were those who had such an example before them — the example of a Christian soldier! A courteous gentleman, a rigid disciplinarian, a careful observer, constantly attending to the wants and comfort of his men, a brave and heroic leader in battle, prejudice against his discipline, at first new, misunderstood, and not appreciated, melted away before his conspicuous discharge of duty. He who would most rigidly enforce discipline, who knew no compromise in the enforcement of orders, was found to be the first at the

bedside of the sick, bringing with him into the dreary hospital the tenderness of a woman, and with a touch like hers softening the hard pallet to the sick or wounded. Requiring an implicit obedience to his own orders, he yielded a like obedience to the orders of his superiors. Sharing whatever hardships his men were called upon to endure, he repressed all murmuring by his cheerfulness under them. He had no rule for his men which did not apply to himself. Every action, every word, seemed to be measured by his duty to his God and his country. Hardships were to be borne cheerfully, not complained of. He lay in his single blanket in the snow and ate his simple ration with the same cheerfulness as if he were enjoying the luxuries of home. While carefully taking every precaution, he could bear no foreboding of evil.

"Of his conduct in battle no fitter description can be found than his own language, in writing of his friend, Lieutenant Seabrook, after his death:—'He was a brave man — nobly brave! brave as a man can be who has committed his soul to God and given his life to his country.' True words of himself. He too had committed his soul to his God, and, in his readiness to meet his Saviour, death had no terrors for him. Whatever ties there were to life, he was ready to sacrifice them to his country. That life, which he had freely offered on so many battle-fields, was at last taken in the bloody battle of Gettysburg. The loss is his friends', his fellow-soldiers', his country's — the gain his own! Few have served their country so well; none, we trust, rest more happily from their labors."

The same mail brought to Mrs. Haskell the intelligence of the death of Captains Langdon Cheves, Charles T. Haskell, and William T. Haskell, a brother and two sons, one in the vigor of maturity, the others in the prime of youthful manhood. "These men," in the language of a public journal, which, in this instance at least, gave utterance to the public sentiment—"these men were all of the stuff of which heroes are made. They all did the duties of life with earnestness; all died the death of martyrs in a cause to which they had devoted themselves without stint; and of each of them, it is no exaggeration to say, the anxious inquiry has gone forth, Who can fill his place?"

In November, 1866, the remains of William Thompson Haskell were raised from the field of Gettysburg by the hands

of his comrades and brought to his native town. At the depôt they were met by the survivors of the old company with which he had originally entered the service, and escorted to the Episcopal Church, when, with solemn services and amid deep emotion, they were interred in the adjacent cemetery.

We have spoken of his rare gifts, of his heroic qualities, of his unselfish patriotism, and his devotion unto death. Let us add, in conclusion, that all these were animated by Christian principle and illuminated by Christian faith. The spirit of apostles, prophets, and martyrs, and of Him who is Head over all, had made its abode in him. A Divine Power had tempered into harmony and had exalted into heroism the natural qualities of the man. That Power has raised him to a glory infinitely transcending the glory of earthly success or human applause.

JAMES RAWLINGS MAUPIN,

Private, 2d Richmond Howitzers.

Whatever may have been the division of sentiment in Virginia before the 15th of April, 1861, the call of President Lincoln upon her to furnish troops for the purpose of coercing other sister States united her people in one patriotic mass; and as the movement of the State then was the movement of her whole people, so was the costly sacrifice which she offered upon the altar of duty and devotion to right, made up of single jewels, gathered, with scarce an isolated exception, from every household in her borders.

No rank in life was exempted, none shrank from the ordeal, and few indeed failed to pay a part of the costly and noble tribute.

James Rawlings Maupin, eldest son of Professor Socrates Maupin and Mrs. Sally Washington Maupin, of the University of Virginia, was born in Richmond on the 30th of January, 1843. He was not, therefore, eighteen years old when the low mutterings of the coming storm began; but young as he was, they fell with singular distinctness upon his boyish ear: and sprung from the same heroic blood that flowed through the veins of the great Virginia hero of the eighteenth century, it was but meet that he should know, as it were by instinct, where duty and honor called

him. None responded more quickly to the first call of the old Commonwealth, none maintained her cause with more manly courage or in a more unselfish spirit.

An instance of the quickness of this boy's discernment, and the distinctness with which he uttered what multitudes then doubted, has incidentally fallen under the writer's observation.

In a letter written to an absent member of the same family circle, dated January 4th, 1861, occurs this passage :—" I suppose everything is very gloomy there, every one looking forward to a civil war and the hard times to come, for we are really going to have hard times, and when the war is once commenced there is no saying when it will end. . . . All the Northern States are in favor of coercion, and are making preparations for war ; so it is inevitable in two months." This sounds natural and obvious enough now, from our present standpoint; but observe the date, and bear in mind that this letter was written by a boy not eighteen years old. Many older heads read the signs of the times with less of forecast. The very instincts of his manly nature taught him that the effort to coerce a free commonwealth, on the part of her colleagues, would and could only produce war. It was matter of impulse and feeling, not of philosophy, and hence the conclusion reached was like unto prophecy. Nor did he imbibe these opinions from the past associations of his boyhood's home. His father belonged to that large class of quiet, cultivated Virginia gentlemen who, while pursuing the even tenor of a literary and scientific life, kept aloof from the field of party politics, but who yet held and expressed clearly-defined views upon the current politics of the day. He had been from his early days a consistent Old Line Whig, regarding the Constitutional Union our fathers made as the palladium of our civil liberties. His son therefore had reached his eighteenth year free from the influence of those Southern Rights views, as they were styled, erroneously supposed by some to have been universal in Virginia. He was simply a manly, high-spirited Virginia boy, and being himself part and parcel of the very core of Virginia's heart, he felt and knew that she would resist armed violence with all her force, no matter what the odds against her.

In his early childhood his constitution was too feeble for him to be confined as ordinary children, and thus until his tenth year he had never been sent to school, but was left wholly to gather

such instruction from his mother as she thought it judicious to impose upon him. Those, however, who have been privileged to know what Virginia homes and Virginia mothers have been in the past, and, thank God! still are, will be slow to believe that the youthful subject of this memoir lost much from this circumstance. In 1853, his father removed from Richmond to the University, and his son was placed in one of the schools in that vicinity, in which, down to his seventeenth year, he made the usual progress in the English branches and classics. In September, 1859, he entered the excellent academy at Bloomfield, under the charge of Messrs. Broun and Tebbs, and studied with them one year. In October, 1860, he matriculated as a student of the University, entering the schools of Ancient and Modern Languages and Mathematics, and his diligence and success were such as to satisfy the reasonable expectations of his friends.

On the 15th of April, 1861, the proclamation of President Lincoln calling out 75,000 troops to suppress the "rebellion," and requiring Virginia to furnish her quota, gave the final blow to all hopes of a peaceable solution of existing troubles, and left this State the choice only of which side she would fight on in a purely sectional war. There was not the slightest hesitation or shrinking. Within less than forty-eight hours the ordinance of secession was passed by the Virginia Convention, and volunteer troops were moving upon Harper's Ferry and the Gosport Navy Yard. There were then assembled at the University of Virginia six hundred and four high-spirited young men from every part of the South. The excitement and enthusiasm amongst them can be easily imagined, but not easily described. It is no part of our purpose to enter into details. It is sufficient to say that a large number of them took part in the expedition against Harper's Ferry, together with other volunteer companies, and when this was accomplished they hastened to their homes to enter the service in their respective States. Less than one hundred remained till the close of the session on the 1st of July. Before the month of June was out, Dr. Maupin, yielding to his son's earnest entreaties, and moved doubtless also by his own high sense of duty to his country, gave his consent, and without delaying a moment to ask for an appointment, or look for a soft place, this high-spirited youth, just eighteen, and accustomed to all the comforts of a refined and elegant home, entered the ranks as a private in the "Albemarle Artillery," a volunteer

mpany then rapidly forming in Charlottesville. On the 3d of ıly, 1861, this company, under Captain William H. Southall, of lbemarle, was received into service and sent to join General agruder on the Peninsula, near Yorktown; and there remained, ing at times much hard, and sometimes perilous service, until e army fell back before McClellan's overwhelming force in May, 362. During this period his letters from camp were generally ritten in fine spirits, are often racy and graphic, but occasionly exhibit his restlessness at being kept so long in that quarter hilst more active fighting was going on elsewhere.

In March, 1862, he received a letter from his father giving an count of the fall of Fort Donelson, and just about the same time e Confederate army was reorganized, and a call was made upon e volunteers to re-enlist. Young MAUPIN was among those ho at once came forward, and knowing full well the practical ardships and dangers that lay before him, he re-enlisted as a rivate in the ranks for the war.

In July, 1862, he was transferred to the 2d Company of Richıond Howitzers, Captain David Watson, and during the latter art of that month he was among those who took part in the exedition under Colonel John Thompson Brown in a night attack ith artillery upon the gunboats and transports lying in James iver. Those who were in this expedition spoke of it as one of e striking scenes of the war; and the hardships of the night arch through mud, and rain, and darkness, and in the midst of terrific thunderstorm, are said to have been more trying than the dinary dangers of the battle-field. Following the Army of orthern Virginia through the brilliant and glorious campaign of 362, and always taking more or less part in its conflicts, he ıssed with his company in the early days of September, after the tal rout of Pope's army at the second battle of Manassas, ross the Potomac into Maryland. It is not appropriate here to arrate the stirring and rapidly shifting scenes of that brief but ıemorable campaign.

When the battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam took place, his ompany was on detached service, and did not therefore participate ı that fearful struggle, where less than 35,000 all told, throughut a long summer's day, hurled back again and again, in broken nd routed columns, more than 120,000 men, led in person by the est officer who commanded the Federal forces during the war.

As a mere casual illustration of the heroic spirit animating the Southern people at that period, it may be mentioned that although the subject of this notice was not in this terrible fight, yet a younger brother, a beardless boy of sixteen, was, and gallantly doing duty as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, under the eye of Stonewall Jackson. Such was the spirit and such the metal of which was made the "Army of Northern Virginia." Is it any matter of wonder that under the guidance of Lee and Jackson, it became one of the most renowned armies the world has ever seen?

Returning to Virginia with Lee's army, our young friend followed its fortunes and movements until the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, where he was again engaged and under fire, his company losing nine men killed and wounded and twenty-three horses. In the spring of 1863 the armies were once more in motion, and young MAUPIN was at his post with his company, sharing in full measure its perils and its glories.

In the early days of May was fought the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, a splendid illustration of Southern skill and valor. In this glorious fight the 2d Richmond Howitzers was heavily engaged and rendered most important aid, and within a day or so our young friend, amidst the turmoil and the stirring scenes of a victorious battle-field, wrote a graphic account of the events that passed under his own eye.

Early in June he moved with the Army of Northern Virginia for its second campaign across the Potomac. His company attached to Early's Division of Ewell's Corps, by a forced march reached Winchester about the middle of that month, and participated in the capture of that post, though Milroy had made his escape an hour or two before. On the 21st of June they were at Shepherdstown, and shortly afterwards along with the division crossed the Potomac and moved rapidly forward to York and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and then suddenly reversing its course, the division fronted the enemy at Gettysburg on the 2d of July, 1863. In the fearful fight of the 3d of July occurred the most terrific cannonade of the war. Its reverberations were heard in the mountains in sight of the University of Virginia, not less than one hundred and fifty miles from the scene of action. JAMES R. MAUPIN and a young comrade of kindred spirit, H. T. Pendleton, a nephew of General Pendleton, were at the same gun, and in the lan-

ge of their superior officer, "gallantly doing their duty as sol-
's," when the same cannon-shot cut them both down. Young
UPIN died instantly, Pendleton in the course of half an hour.
ey fell in the evening near the close of the battle, and their com-
es in arms with affectionate sorrow buried them side by side on
field of glory, not twenty yards from where they fell. The
ves were so located and marked that the spot was afterwards
nd and identified without difficulty, and the mortal remains of
youthful hero and patriot were removed, and interred among
se of his maternal kindred at Washington City, to be at some
ire time placed at rest in the family burying-ground at the
iversity of Virginia. Many and touching were the testimo-
ls to his worth and character received by his bereaved family.
: can find room for only a single one, and that a brief extract
m a letter from one of the commissioned officers of his own
iment, and under whose eye he had often fought. He says:—
He died as he had lived, an unflinching soldier of his country,
ays at his post in the hour of danger and of duty. His officers
l brother soldiers all testify to the gallantry and coolness with
ich he conducted himself. Such an exhibition of fortitude and
rage was rarely seen in one so young. He was much beloved
all, and universally respected for his upright, courteous, and
norable deportment. For myself, I feel that I have lost a friend
t cannot be replaced."

Not often does an officer in time of actual war, just after the
se of a fearful and disastrous though glorious battle, write
vn stronger commendation of a private soldier, a boy scarcely
: of his teens. So soon as his own company reached a suitable
ting-place after their hazardous retreat, they too expressed in
olutions unanimously adopted, and in feeling terms, their sense
his worth and conduct as a soldier, and their own loss and grief
his untimely fall.

Thus fell a noble youth, a martyr in the cause of liberty, at the
ly age of twenty, a fitting type of countless others who offered up
ir lives in defence of rights transmitted to them from their
efathers. Like so many others of the noblest in the land, he
ved his country, struggling for that independence which was
rs of right, in an apparently humble capacity, but with a devo-
n and fidelity, a constancy and courage, surpassed perhaps by
ne of any rank.

Withdrawn from his studies at the period of life most important to intellectual discipline and culture, he had not, of course, acquired that mental development which his native endowments and his position in life unmistakably promised. He had done but little more than indicate what he might have been. He possessed from boyhood a great taste for reading, and before entering the army had stored his mind with a great variety of historical information. His memory was especially accurate in reference to the dates and leading events of general history. No one can even glance over his numerous letters, written from the camp and the battle-field, in the unreserved and unaffected freedom of familiar family correspondence, without being struck with the moral side of his character; not only with the warm affection that breathes through them, but often with the genuine spirit of reverence and devout acknowledgment of a merciful Providence, whose guiding hand he felt and acknowledged to be over him, at times as a protecting shield.

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of one of Virginia's noble youth; and many there were cast in the same mould who dedicated themselves in the very morning of life to their country's cause and their country's service. We would be recreant to our common lineage and to our heritage of glory, if we could let their memory pass from us or from our children's children.

BURDITT W. ASHTON,

Private, Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry.

BURDITT WASHINGTON ASHTON was born February 27th, 1840, at Mt. Lebanon, the residence of his parents, in King George county, Virginia. He was the second child of Charles H. Ashton and Mary Smith White, who were married in 1837.

His paternal ancestors emigrated to Virginia from England immediately upon the overthrow of the House of Stuart and the usurpation by Cromwell. They were of the Cavalier party, and upon the success of the Roundheads they sought safety on this side of the Atlantic, bringing with them in the way of property what they were able to save from the rapacious grasp of the dominant party. Upon reaching this country, they settled in that por-

tion of Virginia known in the Fairfax Charter as the "Northern Neck," and devoted themselves to agricultural pursuits, preferring with reason this peaceful calling to that of arms, in which they had risked all and lost.

His maternal ancestors removed from England to this country at a later period, and engaged in similar pursuits. In the war of the Revolution, however, his maternal grandfather entered the army at its inception, and served with honor and distinction under General Greene until its close. His paternal grandfather rendered efficient service as a partizan in the "War of 1812."

BURDITT ASHTON was therefore about the sixth direct lineal descendant of the paternal line after their settlement in Virginia. The reputation and honor of the ancient house could scarcely have fallen on one more worthy.

Discovering at an early age a decided taste for study, which made him seize eagerly upon whatever books came to hand, he was gratified to the fullest extent in this regard by his parents; and as soon as it was practicable and expedient, he had the usual facilities for instruction in English, at the hands of both public and private tutors. The country at this time, however, afforded but few advantages for the study of the classics and polite literature, and at the age of fifteen he found himself greatly deficient in these branches of learning.

He was then sent to Hanover Academy, and placed under the instruction of that genial gentleman and profound scholar, Lewis M. Coleman. Having now a favorable opportunity to gratify his early taste for study, and a fair prospect of realizing his fondest literary ambitions, he devoted himself with energy and close application to his duties. He remained three years at Mr. Coleman's school, preparing himself for the University of Virginia, which institution he entered in the fall of 1859, with the intention of pursuing the requisite course for the degree of Master of Arts. Here he evinced the same devotion to study, at once took rank as a man of mind, and met with considerable success in his classes, graduating the first year in the school of Latin, and attaining to distinction at both examinations in the Intermediate Class of Mathematics; and the second year, graduating in the school of Pure Mathematics. In December, 1860, he sustained a severe loss in the sudden death of his father, an event which necessitated a temporary withdrawal from college, that he might make suitable

provision for his mother and sister. He had scarcely recovered from this shock, when, in the first months of 1861, the great political issues began to occupy the public mind, and the consequent excitement which swept the whole country invaded even the quiet domains of the University and unfitted the student for his work.

When the tocsin of war was sounded, BURDITT ASHTON was not slow to know his duty. He saw that Virginia was menaced, and needed all her sons for her defence; and with those patriotic thousands who rushed to her aid in her first hour of danger, he identified himself as a private soldier. Not that he was fond of war or delighted in its bloody horrors, but from a calm sense of duty to the land that gave him birth he enrolled himself among her defenders. He became a member of Company K, 30th Virginia Infantry, in July, 1861, but in the spring of '62 he was transferred to Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, in order that he might be with his younger brother, Charles Ashton, who belonged to that company.

Like most of those who had been unaccustomed to hardship and exposure in their previous life, he soon became an efficient and hardy soldier. He participated, with the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, in nearly all of those brilliant exploits which struck such terror into the ranks of their enemies, and won for them the admiration of both armies, and a glory that can never fade. He escaped, however, unscathed, until the summer of 1863, when General Lee moved his army upon Gettysburg.

On that bloodiest day in the calendar of our short national history — the 3d of July, 1863 — in the cavalry charge ordered by Fitz Lee, he sealed with his blood his devotion to his country's cause. But, like many nameless heroes whose bones lie bleaching from the hills of Gettysburg to the waters of the Rio Grandé, his grave is unknown and unmarked. Immediately upon his fall, our troops were forced to retire, and their dead were left in the hands of the enemy. As, in the excitement of the charge, no one saw him fall, his name was placed in the list of the "missing," and his family and friends fondly hoped he had been made a prisoner and would be restored to them; but no tidings of him have ever reached them, and now no doubt is entertained that he sleeps among the unknown braves who immortalised that bloody field.

Thus, as briefly as the facts admit, the literary experience and military career of BURDITT ASHTON have been sketched. It

remains now to glance at his private character, which was as comely as it was honorable. "The whole of his short life," says one who was intimately connected and associated with him from his childhood till his death—"the whole of his short life was as pure and as free from stain or blot as it is in the power of mortals to attain. As a son, there was none more dutiful, loving, or obedient, none more solicitous to merit parental approbation and the affection which was lavished upon him; as a brother, he was affectionate and unselfish, with always a kindly word for his elder sister and younger brother; as a friend, he was generous and impulsive. Quiet and easy in his deportment, he was popular with his associates, both at home and at college. Always securing the esteem of his instructors, he numbered many of them among his warm personal friends. Of these, the late Colonel Coleman, and his successor at Hanover Academy, Colonel H. P. Jones, might be mentioned."

But these accomplishments and these fine points of character which adorn the outer man are as nothing when compared with the jewel which he wore in his heart, and which was his confidence in the hour of death. The crown of his life was his trust in God. At the early age of fourteen, under the training of his pious parents, he had committed his soul to the Saviour; soon afterwards he was confirmed at the Old Fork Church, in Hanover county, by the Right Rev. Bishop Johns, and thenceforth his life was eminently Christian. Had his life been spared, it was his purpose, after making the needful preparation, to preach the Gospel. A gentleman who formed his acquaintance and friendship while a school-boy at Hanover Academy, and afterwards roomed with him at the University, uses the following strong language in regard to him:—

"I never saw a more beautiful Christian in my life. Truly pious and conscientious, he was prompted in every act by duty and principle. By close application, he was storing his strong and vigorous mind with knowledge, to be used in the Master's cause. Uninfluenced by any worldly or personal consideration, and with an eye to the glory of God, he had dedicated himself to His work and service. Had he lived, he would have entered the ministry as an Episcopal clergyman."

"It is well," then, with him. His ministry has only been transferred to a higher sphere. Up, there, away beyond the stars, they that wait for the Lord shall meet him "in the morning."

WILLIAM SINCLAIR BOOTON,

Private, 8th Georgia Infantry.

It is not intended that the merits of men whose names are found in this volume, shall be measured simply by pages of printed biography. Such a standard would do gross injustice to many of them, concerning whom it has been found impossible, after the most diligent search, to secure material for a proper memorial record. Thus only the most fragmentary information has been obtained touching the career of WILLIAM S. BOOTON, of Rome, Georgia; a man whose talents and promise, whose piety and patriotism alike render him worthy of an extended notice.

The youngest son and child of Sinclair and Mary J. Booton, he was born in Madison county, Virginia, November 9th, 1838. His father having died when he was an infant of only one year, his training and education devolved upon his pious mother. In October, 1857, he matriculated as an academic student at the University of Virginia, registering himself from Rome, Georgia, to which place his family had removed some years before. His reverence for sacred things, his habitual attendance upon the public services of the Sabbath, and his exemplary conduct, gave abundant evidence of the healthful influences under which his moral character had been formed.

The following year the writer became more intimately acquainted with WILLIAM BOOTON, and learned to admire his well-rounded character. A man of vigorous intellect, he was also an industrious student, and had taken rank for proficiency among the first in his classes. His associations were among the Christian young men of the University, whose cordial friendship he had won, though not himself a professor of religion; many of these "passed over the river" before him, but of them such men for example as William P. Louthan, Robert T. Estes, William S. Wright, and Walter F. Shepherd, would not, if living, blush to have their names associated with his. Among his associates who still live are prominent representatives of the pulpit, bar, and lecture-room.

In the early winter of 1858–9 there was considerable religious interest in the Charlottesville Baptist Church, of which Rev. John A. Broaddus [now of Greenville, South Carolina] was then pastor.

This interest extended to such students of the University as were in the habit of attending services in the Baptist Church, and WILLIAM BOOTON, among others, made a public confession of his faith in Christ and was baptized by Mr. Broaddus. During the remainder of the session he was a punctual attendant at the prayer-meeting conducted by the students in the vicinity of his boarding-house, taking such part as his duty required, but always with apparent diffidence. And thus he lived, in the full confidence of his young brethren, and commanding the respect of his large acquaintance.

At the close of the session of 1858–59, WILLIAM BOOTON received diplomas in the schools of Latin, Natural Philosophy, and Mathematics—a handsome testimony both to his ability and to his application; and taking leave of his friends, he returned to Rome and quietly settled down as a teacher.

Once afterwards the writer saw him. It was when Johnston, camping his army about Centreville and Fairfax Court House, was holding the heights in front of Washington with regimental pickets. BOOTON, then a private in the 8th Georgia Infantry, was standing under arms with his regiment at Mason's Hill, awaiting orders to march, he knew not whither. A cordial grasp of the hand and a few words of greeting were all the time allowed to friends who were to meet no more on the earth. His nut-brown uniform contrasted strongly with the burnished musket he held loosely in his hand, but with the air of a man who would not shrink from using it. No one who knew him doubted that the air was the prophecy of the deed.

The following brief statement, too brief for those who loved him and would fain hear all the story of an unpretending yet glorious career, sums up his military life:—

"At the breaking out of the war in 1861, he promptly volunteered for the war in a company formed in Rome, and marched with his comrades to Virginia; was actively engaged in his country's service from the day of his enlistment; participated in all the battles in which his command was engaged, from First Manassas to Gettysburg; where, nobly and bravely battling for his country's rights, he fell and died instantly on the 3d of July, 1863."

GEORGE R. BEDINGER,

Captain, 33d Virginia Infantry.

GEORGE RUST BEDINGER was the son of the Hon. Henry Bedinger, a representative of Virginia in the United States Congress, and at one time Minister to Denmark. He was born on the 10th of July, 1840. At the age of eighteen, he entered the University of Virginia as a student, and remained there till the beginning of the late war in 1861. His student-life was one of much pleasure to himself and to all who knew him. He was social and genial in his disposition, full of life and gaiety, cheerful and generous and manly. On one occasion, in the lecture-room, he was guilty of some indiscretion, by which he was causing merriment among his companions, and for which he was reprimanded by the Professor. Yielding to an impulse to resent a reproof which, in his boyishness, he construed as an insult, he left his seat, and, with defiant strides and an angry countenance, traversed the whole length of the room, and passed out at the door near to the Professor's stand, casting a contemptuous look, as he closed the door, upon the courteous gentleman who had found it necessary to reprove him. Before the close of the lecture, however, the door was opened, and in he boldly walked, to the astonishment and delight of such of his fellow-students as had applauded his angry exit. They little suspected what was to follow. He took his seat quietly and respectfully on the front row of seats, facing the Professor, and sat in respectful silence till the close of the lecture. He then rose, and without shame-facedness or hesitation, stated to the Professor that he had returned to apologize, not only for his violation of the rules which should regulate the students in the class-room, but for his rudeness in resenting the reproof which had been given him. He made no promises, but felt that he had given offence, and that an acknowledgment of his error should be made then and there. The boldness and frankness of his apology, and of his manner of making it, endeared him more than ever to his former friends, and gained for him the most hearty good-will of every young man present. This incident was related to the writer a few years ago by a distinguished graduate of the University who was present at the time, and not personally acquainted with BEDINGER. In his relation of it, he recalled the looks and tones of

the boy (as he called the young hero) when he came back and when he addressed the Professor, and enthusiastically pronounced the whole scene as splendid. By qualities such as are indicated by this incident he endeared himself to his fellow-students and teachers during his student-life, and to his comrades and acquaintances during the few years of his life in the army.

On leaving the University, early in the year 1861, he joined a company from the county of Jefferson, in which he resided, and was enlisted as a private in the 2d Virginia Regiment of Infantry. Just before the army of General Joseph E. Johnston left Winchester to join the rest of the Southern troops at Manassas, in July, 1861, he, with several other intelligent members of his company, was assigned to duty temporarily with the Rockbridge Artillery, then commanded by Captain (afterwards General) Pendleton. The occasion of this detail was the addition of a gun to the battery, which required more men than at that time belonged to it. He found in this command many congenial companions, some of whom he had known at the University; and soon after the first battle of Manassas, he was regularly transferred from his regiment and enrolled in the Rockbridge Artillery. He served with it on the 21st of July, 1861, was a member of it during the winter campaign of General Stonewall Jackson to Bath and Romney, during the rapid marches and countermarches along the Valley of Virginia in the spring of 1862, at the battle of Kernstown, near Winchester, on the 23d of March, 1862, and throughout the fatiguing and brilliant strategic movements, skirmishes, and battles of that year, in which the genius of "Stonewall" first shone out to the delight of the Confederacy and the astonishment of her adversary. In camp and on the march, BEDINGER was always gay and cheerful, and, though reared in ease and affluence, made himself and his comrades merry amid their privations and discomforts. During the long, vigorous artillery duel in which his battery (then commanded by Captain McLaughlin) was engaged at Kernstown, he was always in the right place, and, in spite of the dangers to which he was exposed and of which he was fully conscious, could not resist the temptation to be merry and to provoke merriment in others, at his own and his companions' occasional impulses to dodge the noisiest shells with which the enemy were making the day hideous.

In the summer of 1862 he left the battery, having received from

the Government at Richmond a commission and authority to raise a company of cavalry in the Valley. He failed in his attempt to organize this new force, and was appointed, during the fall of that year, Captain, and assigned to duty in the 33d Regiment of Virginia Infantry. This regiment was composed mainly of Valley troops, and was attached till the close of the war to the "Stonewall Brigade." He was an entire stranger to the Lieutenants and men of his company when assigned to duty over them, but soon gained their respect by his impartial and vigorous discipline. Many of the men of his company were Irishmen, whom he humorously referred to as his myrmidons. He was in command of this company till his death, in July, 1863, at Gettysburg. His fate, like that of many others who fell on that bloody field, was not known certainly throughout the army for months afterwards. His friends, who could hear no more than that he had fallen on the field, hoped that he had been wounded only, and that he would be cared for with other wounded prisoners. As the news through the Northern press found its way to us here, many a heart inquired for him most anxiously. At last, however, this hope failed, and his many friends, to whom he had been endeared at school, at the University, and in the army, were forced to know that they had lost another companion and friend, distinguished by mental accomplishments and splendid virtues.

He was of medium height, active, strong, and graceful. His face was attractive, more by reason of its expression than of any regularity of feature. His countenance was, in the main, a merry one, but could change with wonderful readiness. His voice was pleasant and musical in conversation. He showed great fondness for music and drawing, and his taste in both had been cultivated. He was said to have closely resembled his father in all those delightful social accomplishments which are attributed to the latter by those who knew him well. His friends who survive him delight to recall his features and the incidents of his life, and will dwell on the pleasures of a friendship, sundered so early, with ever-increasing regret at his bloody fate.

WRENN BROTHERS.

WALTER WRENN, M. A., Captain, and A. A. G., Pryor's Brigade; and FENTON ELEY WRENN, 2d Lieutenant, Company I, 8d Virginia Infantry.

"Alas, for both, both mine!
* * * * * * * * * *
What stays had I but they? and they are gone!"

Captain WALTER WRENN, Assistant Adjutant-General of ryor's Brigade, was a son of Dr. Albert E. and Mrs. Eliza arroll Wrenn. He was born in Isle of Wight county, Virginia, 1 the 29th of May, 1836, and fell at the second battle of Ma-assas, August 30th, 1862, aged twenty-six years, three months nd one day.

When quite young, though well advanced in his studies for his ge, he was sent to the school of Mr. Frederick W. Coleman, in aroline county; and when that gentleman retired from the usiness of teaching, and his nephew and assistant, Mr. Lewis M. oleman, opened the Hanover Academy, WALTER WRENN fol-owed him, and continued with him until he was prepared to enter ollege.

In October, 1853, he matriculated at the University of Vir-inia, and at once took rank among the best students at that in-itution. During the session of 1854–55 he was a member of ie Washington Literary Society; and at some time during his llege course (though the date is not remembered by the writer), e became a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is leasant to believe, with those who knew him intimately in after-ife and had opportunities of judging concerning his Christian haracter, that he walked in the light of God even until the end.

In June, 1856, at the close of his third term at the University, nd before he had reached his majority, WALTER WRENN was raduated Master of Arts.

It was no mean compliment to him that he was now invited to eturn to Hanover Academy as an assistant. He had already iven abundant proof of his powers of acquisition; but, as is ell known among professional teachers, the ability to acquire is ot always nor even commonly accompanied by an equal skill and acility in imparting instruction. The keen eye and penetrating udgment of Mr. Coleman had, however, marked him as one who

would be no less apt to teach than he had been to learn; and accordingly he offered him a position in his school.

WRENN accepted the invitation, went back to the scene of his school days, and entered upon a new and more intimate relation to his old teacher. Among his colleagues at that time was H. P. Jones, M. A., who graduated in the same class with himself at the University, and who succeeded Mr. Coleman as Principal of Hanover Academy.

For two years he remained in this school, discharging all the while the trying duties of an assistant with such fidelity and urbanity as to win upon both teachers and pupils. At the end of this period, having determined to qualify himself the better for his profession as teacher by a course of study in Europe, he gave up his position in the Academy; but before leaving for the home of his parents in Isle of Wight, he received from his pupils a handsome gold chain and seal as a testimonial of their affectionate regard for him.

In the fall of 1858 he sailed from New York to Liverpool, and, after a brief sojourn in England, crossed over to the Continent. There he studied in the Universities of Paris, Dresden, and Berlin; spending most of his time, however, in the latter place, where he received several diplomas, and became intimately acquainted with some of the Professors. Before returning to America he made a tour through southern Europe, visiting in Rome our artist, Galt, who was then engaged on the statue of Jefferson which now graces the library of the University of Virginia. Then sailing *via* Calais and Havana, he reached New Orleans in the spring of 1860.

The writer is not informed how Mr. WRENN spent his time until the opening of the civil war; but in 1861, when Virginia withdrew from the Federal Union, he was one of a party of gentlemen who raised the first company in Isle of Wight. Upon its organization the late Colonel A. D. Callcote, who was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, was elected Captain, and himself 1st Lieutenant. The company was assigned, as Company I, to the 3d Virginia Infantry, Colonel Roger A. Pryor, then on duty at Day's Point, on James River.

Lieutenant WRENN soon became a favorite with Colonel Pryor, who, in July, 1861, appointed him Judge-Advocate of a regimental court. In December of the same year, while Company

I was on duty at a sea-coast battery, some fifteen miles from camp, he was made Judge-Advocate of a general court-martial for the 1st Brigade.

When Pryor was promoted to Brigadier-General in the spring of 1862, he chose Lieutenant WRENN as his Assistant Adjutant-General, with which office he took the rank of Captain. In this capacity he served at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, and for gallantry in action he was, with an Alabama Lieutenant, highly complimented by General Pryor in his official report of that engagement. In consequence of severe illness, brought on by the exposure and fatigue of the march up the Peninsula, Captain WRENN was not present at the battle of Seven Pines, nor in the seven days' fight before Richmond.

Shortly after the army returned to camp near the capital, he was appointed Judge-Advocate of a court-martial for Longstreet's Division, Brigadier-General Wilcox being President; but when the army left Richmond to co-operate with Jackson against Pope in Northern Virginia, he was left behind to superintend the forwarding of supplies. He rejoined his command, however, about four days before the second battle of Manassas, when he met his untimely end.

Here, on the 30th of August, 1862, while cheering on a charge of the 4th Alabama, he was shot through the region of the heart, and died almost instantly. Those who saw him afterwards say that his face bore no mark of pain, but an expression of calm, unfaltering determination.

After the battle his old company, commanded by his old Captain, who was then Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Virginia, was detailed and left behind to bury him. This was done with all the honors of war. They made his grave about a hundred and fifty yards immediately in rear of the old Stone House, and some three-quarters of a mile from where he fell. On the board they put at its head was written :—

CAPTAIN WALTER WRENN,

A. A. Gen'l, Pryor's Brigade;

Killed Aug. 30th, 1862, while leading a charge.

To his chivalrous conduct and glorious death on the field, General Pryor made reference in his official reports of that battle,

dated "Headquarters near Winchester, October 5th, 1862." We give his words:—

"..... Among the killed, however, was my Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain WALTER WRENN; a young gentleman of the purest and most amiable character, of a genius developed and adorned by rare attainments in every department of polite learning, and of a courage which had serenely confronted death on more than one battle-field. He fell in the moment of victory and in the act of cheering on a charge. .....

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ROGER A. PRYOR,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

One sacrifice like this, so rich, so costly, was enough, it would seem, for a single family to make. It was, indeed, enough for grief, enough for glory, enough to write in imperishable characters the name *Manassas* upon every heart in that stricken household, but not enough to purchase the liberties of a noble but oppressed people. And so in this case, as in hundreds of others, this stern lesson had to be learned, how to suffer and be strong, how to drink to the dregs the cup of affliction, and then hold it to be filled again by the hand of the oppressor; so *Manassas* and *Gettysburg* were to be synonyms, binding together in the hallowed but glorious memories of the past the names of WALTER and FENNY WRENN.

FENTON ELEY WRENN, WALTER'S younger brother, was born in Isle of Wight county, on the 19th of October, 1839. He too was a *bookish* child. When only seven years old he was sent to a neighboring boarding-school, and hence, in part, arose that self-reliance which was a characteristic of his after-life. At the age of thirteen he joined his brother at Hanover Academy, and continued there for six sessions, maintaining a creditable standing among Mr. Coleman's best pupils.

In the fall of 1858 he became a student at the University of Virginia, and there the beginning of hostilities found him. He had up to that time graduated on a sufficient number of subjects to justify the reasonable expectation of taking the Master's Degree

at the session of 1861–62. Instead of returning to college, however, he felt it to be his duty to enter the service of his country. Indeed, some time before the close of his last term there, he had directed his name to be placed upon the roll of his brother's company.

He served until after the battle of Williamsburg as a private in Company I, 3d Virginia Infantry; but on the march up the Peninsula he was appointed Sergeant-Major of the regiment, and in this capacity he participated in the battle of Seven Pines.

Shortly after this engagement he was stricken down with an aggravated form of camp fever, and was carried to Richmond for treatment. During his absence from the regiment he was informed by letter of his election as 2d Lieutenant of his old company. At the expiration of a furlough which was granted him when he became convalescent, he returned to his post, rejoining the army at or near Leesburg, and crossing with it into Maryland.

At Sharpsburg he was severely wounded, and he thought at first mortally, by the bursting of a ball in his overcoat which happened to be hanging on his arm. A piece of it penetrated to the bone just over the heart, and caused him to spit blood profusely. By the direction of his commanding officer he went to the rear, and on the way met General Longstreet, who with his staff was endeavoring to rally the stragglers and fugitives. The General upon seeing him said with bitterness, "And here is an officer coming to the rear!" Lieutenant WRENN immediately went to him, told him his condition, his name, and his regiment. General Longstreet at once apologized, and directed him to go on, adding very kindly that he hoped he would soon be fully restored. WRENN was sent to Staunton, where he was furloughed again, but returned to meet his regiment about the 1st of October, at Culpeper Court-House.

The 3d Virginia had then been assigned to Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, of Longstreet's Corps. In this command he participated in the battle at Fredericksburg, went with Kemper to Kingston, North Carolina, took part in the investment of Suffolk, and returned thence through Petersburg and Richmond to its camp near Hanover Junction — the scene of so many of his schoolboy pleasures. He accompanied the expedition down the Northern Neck to chastise marauders after the burning of Tappahannock, and made thence the immediate and incessant march *via*

Culpeper Court-House to Snicker's Gap. With the corps which was accompanied by General Lee, he waded the Potomac at Williamsport and camped near Chambersburg with Pickett's Division, which was left behind to tear up the railroad. Early in the morning of the 2d of July the division marched to the vicinity of Gettysburg and bivouacked.

On the morning of July 3d he was with the division on the field quite early, and was immediately in rear of our artillery — one hundred and forty-five pieces — posted on Seminary Ridge. During the duel which opened the battle on that part of the line, and lasted over two hours, he was engaged in ministering to the wounded around, whether of his own company or not. It required courage of the highest order to enable him thus to do, for the enemy at one time had the exact range, and the scene was rendered fearful by the bursting shells which literally mangled the bodies of the men.

In the terrible charge which Pickett. then led, Lieutenant WRENN was the only officer with his company, and hence had much to do. That was his last duty, and he performed it well. He passed unhurt with his thinned line into the captured works on Cemetery Ridge, and when the order to fall back was given, although against his judgment, he attempted to obey. Only four of his men were willing to follow him, and with these he passed out into the valley of death.

He was seen no more by friendly eye. For fifteen months his friends hoped he had been taken prisoner and that he would be restored to them. Nothing was ever heard concerning his fate, and by degrees they began to think of a reunion in heaven. Before the evil days came he had remembered his Creator; while a student at the University he had given his heart to Christ, and confessed Him before men, joining, like his brother, the Episcopal Church. We believe he has realized the promise, "Him that confesseth me before men will I confess before my Father and His holy angels."

JUNIUS B. FRENCH,

Adjutant, 23d North Carolina Infantry.

JUNIUS BUTLER FRENCH was born near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Virginia, August 7th, 1837. He was of Virginia parentage of the old stock, his father's family having come from Ireland, and his maternal great-grandfather, James Henry, from Scotland, many years before the Revolution. The latter was a Judge under the Crown, and after independence a member of the Assembly from Accomac.

Stephen French, his grandfather, a native of Prince William county, Virginia, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and though only eighteen years of age, endured the hardships of Valley Forge, and participated in the memorable battle of Yorktown.

JUNIUS was a high-spirited and promising boy, having a great thirst for information and a love of study. As an instance of his fearless disposition, the writer of this memoir saw him, when a small boy, hold the bottom of a tin cup in his fingers while an elder brother, in his boyish rashness, shot several bullets through it with a pistol; and so steady did JUNIUS hold it that the holes were nearly joined in the centre. During his eighteenth year, while living on the frontier of Western Texas, he was one day practising with his six-shooter on horseback, when he accidentally shot himself in the leg, and, though painfully wounded, he treated himself, without the least concern or desire for surgical aid, which could not be easily procured on the frontier.

His first schooling began at the age of five years, at the Warren Green Academy, under the tuition of Mr. Richard M. Smith, the well-known war-editor of the *Enquirer* and *Sentinel*. He remained seven years at the Academy, and his parents removing to Washington, D. C., at the age of twelve, he was entered at the Columbian College. He remained at that institution until the death of his father, after which he was sent to a boarding-school in Prince William county, kept by a brother of General Ewell. In 1853 his mother and sisters went to live in Brooklyn, New York, and JUNIUS accompanied them as their only protector, his two older brothers having emigrated to Texas the year before. Being now sixteen years of age, his mother thought it best to put

him to business in New York. For this, though of a business turn and of an industrious and energetic nature, he was entirely unsuited, on account of a temper which rendered him utterly incapable of occupying the place of a menial or of enduring the insulting treatment which all boys must expect who wish to qualify themselves for business in the Northern cities. In consequence of this disposition he soon lost two excellent situations, having had difficulties on account of what he considered disrespectful treatment. About this time, one of his brothers being on a visit to New York, he went with him on his return to Texas, where he remained over a year on the Western frontier. Here many incidents happened which would show his bravery and resolution as a youth, but as that was sufficiently demonstrated during his service as a soldier and at his death upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, they may be passed over. In the spring of 1856 he left Texas and returned to his mother and sisters.

In 1857 he entered upon the study of Law at the University of Virginia. After leaving the University, in 1859, he went to the law-school of Judge Pearson, in North Carolina; and in 1860 he commenced the practice of law with Judge Osborn, in the city of Charlotte, in that State. He gave great promise of success in his profession.

In 1861 he took the stump in favor of Secession. As soon as the first gun was fired in South Carolina, he hastened thither to do his part as a defender of the South, and saw the fall of Fort Sumpter. Upon his return to Charlotte he enlisted in the "Hornet's Nest Rifles," a volunteer company which was one of those organized into the 1st North Carolina Regiment, Colonel D. H. Hill commanding. With his regiment he participated in the first battle in Eastern Virginia, at Big Bethel. He served in that regiment until the reorganization of the army in 1862, when he was appointed Sergeant-Major of the 42d North Carolina Regiment. He was afterwards appointed Adjutant of the 23d North Carolina Regiment, and served with gallantry wherever his command was engaged, in the Army of Northern Virginia, until his death.

The 23d North Carolina belonged to Iverson's brigade of Rodes' division, Ewell's corps. This division, and Early's of the same corps, along with Pender's and Heth's divisions of Hill's corps, were the only Confederate troops engaged in the first day's action

at Gettysburg. In the general forward sweep of the Confederate forces, after Ewell had forced Barlow back and Rodes had pierced the centre of the Union line, Adjutant FRENCH had his foot shattered by a ball just as his regiment and division were pressing the enemy into the single skirt of woods that cut the plain. At the moment, he was walking along his line, and urging forward his men. While lying on the field he was struck with two other bullets, one of which entered the thigh, and ranging upward, penetrated his abdomen. From this wound he died calmly at daybreak on the morning of the 2d of July, having lived long enough to witness and rejoice in the victory of his countrymen.

LESLIE MOSBY,

Lieutenant, and A. D. C. to General Wharton.

LESLIE MOSBY was the youngest son of Charles L. and Mary Eliza Mosby, of Lynchburg, Virginia, where he was born on the the 31st of July, 1839. From earliest childhood he was literally the darling of a most affectionate home circle, the pride of his father's heart, "the well-beloved of his mother." Of remarkably handsome person, great sprightliness of mind, modest and attractive manners, and most amiable and unselfish nature, he grew up a rare combination of manly excellence, and went down to the grave in the very dawn of a most bright and promising manhood. At the commencement of the war, having recently returned from the University, he entered the service as a private in the "Home Guard," 11th Virginia Regiment, then commanded by Captain (afterwards General) Garland. On the far-famed field of Manassas he performed for months the duties of a common soldier, not only without a murmur, but with cheerfulness and alacrity; and returning home soon after the battles of July, '61, in which he participated, he was seized with a malignant typhoid fever, from the effects of which it is believed he never fully recovered.

Subsequently, on the formation of the Virginia State Line, he was invited by General Floyd to become a member of his staff, and received a commission of Lieutenant of cavalry. How ac-

ceptably he filled the duties of his new position may be determined by the following letter, addressed to his father by an associate of the staff on receiving intelligence of his death. After expressing the deepest sympathy and sorrow at the sad event, he says:—

"In addition to the proper duties of aide, LESLIE usually discharged those of Provost-Marshal, and often of Adjutant-General. In the latter office he displayed marked ability. His orders were drawn with an ease, clearness, and brevity which called from the General the remark, 'that whatever he directed him to write, he did with an accuracy and propriety unequalled by any one he ever knew.' . . . .

"He usually acted as the General's confidential secretary, and was regarded as his favorite aide. . . . Indeed, the old soldier always treated his young friend with fatherly tenderness, but at the same time with a delicate respect and consideration equally honorable to both."

At the time of his death Lieutenant MOSBY was attached to the command of General G. C. Wharton, by whom he had been kindly sent home a few weeks previous to recruit his health. A call being made, however, for forces to repair to New River Bridge to meet an expected raid of the enemy, he joined a company for the campaign, regardless of his enfeebled condition, and alas! never returned. Stopping in Wytheville for a few days, after the command was ordered back, he was taken suddenly ill on the evening of August 30th, '63, and died in a few hours of apoplexy. Thus, in the bloom and vigor of his years, when life offered none other than a bright pathway for his onward steps,—

"The angel pale
Came at the midnight hour,
And snatched him hence, and bore him where
Nor storm nor cloud may lower.
Aye, snatched him in his youthful prime,
From discord and from strife,
Ere cruel thorns had sprung beside
The frail, sweet flowers of life;
And bore him to that radiant land
Where war and tumult cease,
Where angels pure and souls redeem
Wait round the Prince of Peace."

RICHARD CORBIN,

Private, Co. B, 9th Virginia Cavalry.

HARD CORBIN was born at Laneville, King and Queen
, Virginia, December 1, 1833. With his brother, S. Well-
orbin, he entered the University in the fall of 1854, where
genial disposition and pleasant address he made many warm
s. At the close of the second session he left college, taking
him several distinctions and a diploma from the school of
istry. In September, 1857, he was married to Miss Roberta
of Lewisburg, and about that time settled at "Moss Neck,"
e landed estate in Caroline county given him by his father,
P. Corbin, Esq. Here he was devoting himself with un-
industry to the development of his property and the welfare
appiness of his slaves, when the tocsin of war was sounded.
the 25th of April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company
1 Virginia Cavalry, and continued in that position until his
He persistently refused office, often remarking that he
v no more honorable position than that of a private in the
derate States army;" that there he was conscious he was doing
ity, and there he would remain until the end of the war, if
aw fit to spare him so long. Though a private, he was
y beloved in the regiment. A steadfast advocate of military
line, he sought to influence his comrades as much by example
precept; and by his fidelity to his duties as a soldier he
buted no little to this end. RICHARD CORBIN was with the
y in all the raids in Virginia, and fought gallantly at Ma-
, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Winchester, Brandy
n, and Gettysburg.

er the second campaign in the North, General Lee retired to
per, and Longstreet's Corps was sent to aid Bragg in Ten-
. General Meade, then commanding the Army of the
ac, learning that the Army of Northern Virginia was thus
ned, advanced his forces, and Lee accordingly retired to the
er position behind the Rapidan. Stuart's cavalry was em-
l to cover this movement. When about three miles from
per Court-House, the 9th Virginia was dismounted and de-
l as a skirmish line, and unfortunately for RICHARD CORBIN,
s posted within one hundred and fifty yards of the Federal

battery which was shelling our troops, and immediately in front of it. The position was hotly contested by the enemy, and during the progress of the struggle CORBIN was killed by a shell, which, exploding just in front of the skirmish line cut him almost in two.

Appreciating his condition, he said to one of his comrades, "Broaddus, tell Pa I died at my post, with my face to the enemy." Then adding a few words for the comfort of the stricken ones at home, with a fervent prayer to God to provide for his eternal welfare, his brave spirit forsook its mangled tenement, and took its flight, let us hope, to a purer, happier realm. His remains were left on the field, and the Federals coming up within a short time after his death, forbade a humane woman and her little son of ten years to give "burial to the d—d rebel," as they pronounced his inanimate body. But during the following day, after they had passed on, these sad offices were performed for him by this charitable lady. Wrapped in his blanket, and without coffin or burial services, save the unspoken prayers of that patriot mother, he was laid in his temporary grave. The spot was not marked, lest it should be desecrated; but in 1866 it was identified by the little boy, and the remains were removed to the family burying-ground at "Moss Neck."

No purer, nobler man has been sacrificed to his country than RICHARD CORBIN. He was as generous and kind in his social and domestic relations as he was faithful and devoted in his public duties. The very soul of patriotism and hospitality, he believed in making sacrifices for his country and his friends. After the battle of Fredericksburg the Southern army went into winter quarters, General Jackson's corps "stretching from the neighborhood of Guinea's Station towards Port Royal." Near the centre of his troops lay Moss Neck, the residence of Mr. CORBIN, which was at once tendered by the owner to the General for his headquarters. Declining the use of the mansion house, the latter established himself in the office on the edge of the lawn, and there spent the winter. During this period he manifested a very lively interest in Mr. CORBIN, and became especially attached to his little daughter, Jane Wellford. "He requested of her mother," says Dr. Dabney, in his *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, "that she should visit him every afternoon after the labors of the day were finished, and he always provided himself with some present suitable for

her child's taste, which he laid away in his drawer — an apple, an orange, a bundle of candy, or a gay print. Sometimes the interview was passed with his little friend sitting upon his knee, engaged in eager converse, while at others the noises which proceeded from the office showed that they were engaged in a good hearty romp together. One evening when she came he had no gift for her. At the close of their play his eye fell upon a new cap which Mrs. Jackson had lately sent him, which was far plainer than that appropriate to a Lieutenant-General, but which still was encircled with one band of broad gold braid. Taking his penknife he ripped this off, and saying to the child, 'This shall be your coronet,' fastened it with his own hand around her fair locks, and then stood contemplating her with delight. . . . This gift, the reader will say, Jane Corbin doubtless preserved with jealous care, to be the most cherished ornament of her womanhood. Alas! no. The sweet child was destined to precede her hero friend to that world where they both wear a purer crown; and the sad mother, now also a soldier's widow, guards it as the memorial of her bereavement. The very day General Jackson left Moss Neck to prepare for the spring campaign, little Jane was seized with that fearful scourge of the innocents, scarlet fever, and expired after a sickness of a day. The General felt her loss with a pungent grief, but the sterner cares of the army forbade his expending time in the indulgence of sorrow. He left his quarters for the last time, cumbered with the thousand wants of his great command, while the child lay dying." Mr. CORBIN was tenderly devoted to his little daughter, and her sudden death saddened his life. Little did he reckon that she was anticipating her father and her "hero friend" by so brief a period. In less than two months the great Captain had "crossed over the river;" scarce four more moons had waned ere the faithful private soldier followed him. Let us think of the three as now reunited, walking together by the Tree of Life, rejoicing evermore in the face of Him who is "altogether lovely."

By the members of the 9th Virginia Cavalry — than whom none knew better how to appreciate the genuine qualities of a soldier, because none served their country with more fidelity or efficiency — DICK CORBIN'S name will not be allowed to perish. Without losing their honor, they have laid down their battered swords and put off the insignia of war. With the magnanimity

of brave men they have rendered fealty to the Government they so long defied; and with a dignity that graces human nature, they have betaken themselves to the arts of peace; but they have not forgotten, they will not forget, their struggles in the great canvass for constitutional liberty. They will cherish with brotherly affection the memories of their veteran dead; and even after many years they will grow young again, as now and then to the children who meanwhile have gathered about their hearthstones, they tell of their virtues, their chivalrous bearing, and their nervous blows for the honor of Virginia and the South. Then will the name of DICK CORBIN be mentioned with genuine pride, and the old soldier's face will glow with the fire of youth as he recounts briefly the story of his military career. Perhaps he will picture him as he came first to the camp, buoyant and hopeful, mounted on his sinewy steed, "Red Bird," and followed by his faithful man-servant, Bill; if so, he will not fail to tell how Red Bird, after many a gallant tramp and charge, was at length captured and turned against her rightful owner; nor how Bill, shaming his master's enemies by his long faithfulness, was afterwards taken from him by death. Perhaps with lower tones, as he looks upon his own children, he will tell about Jane Corbin, and how the shadow of her little grave seemed to rest upon her father's face, until death, ploughing through his vitals at Culpeper, claimed him too. And then, with his eye turned towards the mother of his children, he will speak of that noble woman who came — came when friends and foes alike were gone — to perform for him that sublime charity which, honoring the dead soldier far beyond the power of muffled drum or martial salute, made her sister to those heroic matrons who gave burial to Latané and Hull.

JOHN A. NELSON,

Surgeon, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

JOHN ALEXANDER NELSON was born in Campbell county, Virginia, on the 3d day of January, 1836, and was a twin-brother of the late Captain Hugh Nelson, of Lynchburg, whose death in that city soon after the war was the occasion of so much sorrow and regret to a large circle of friends and relatives.

ıeir father, Dr. Thomas H. Nelson, of Bedford, was a son of ate Judge Hugh Nelson, of Albemarle, and a grandson of the nted General Nelson, of Revolutionary memory, and was no distinguished in the community in which he lived for his llent moral worth than for his skill and success in his profes-

He was spoken of by the late Rev. Wm. H. Kinckle, who v him and who assisted at his funeral obsequies, as "the ved physician," a title recognized by all present as singularly opriate and deserved. His son, JOHN A. NELSON, the subject ır sketch, was in all respects a worthy scion of this most noble c. Brave, disinterested, fearless, full of the ardor and hopes outh, inheriting by a long line of distinguished ancestry that and lofty patriotism which the history of Virginia has proved e eminently characteristic of the name he bore, he stood promi- among the young men of his State who rushed to her pro- on and standard when the earliest invaders made their foot- ts upon her soil.

is early education was conducted at the High School near :andria, then under the able supervision of Rev. Mr. Maguire. 854 he attended the University of Virginia in company with twin-brother, his devotion to whom through life formed one ıe most striking features in his disposition. From the Uni- ty he went to Philadelphia and attended the Jefferson Medical ol, where he graduated in '57. He was afterwards assigned ition in Blockley Hospital, where he remained about a year, then returning to Virginia, located at Campbell Court-House. e he entered upon a successful practice, which continued until ather's declining health made it necessary for him to remove s home in Bedford, where he remained until the breaking out ıe war. Though engaged at this time at the bedside of a ved and, indeed, dying parent, he no sooner heard the call for nteers than he conferred with his father, and accepting his otic response, "Your country first, my son," enlisted as a ıte in the 2d Virginia Cavalry, in which position he served fully, shrinking from no hardship and shunning no duty h fell to his soldier lot. How painful that duty was, under ircumstances, how often and how tenderly his heart wandered to the sick-bed at home, no mortal can tell; but this we know, when the sad tidings followed him, alas! too soon, that his ved father was no more, he faltered not for an instant, but

gathering new energy from the remembered counsels of that excellent sire, he became more and more ardently and earnestly interested in the cause of Southern independence. Never did a young heart in the face of danger evince greater coolness, daring, and intrepidity than did his. And for this testimony to his soldierly bearing we are indebted not only to commanding officers, but to those brave and gallant comrades who stood with him on many a field of death, and who shared with him the dangers of battle and the privations and hardships of camp. But all this while those who knew him as a physician felt that his talents and skill entitled him to a different sphere of duty, and representations to this effect were made before the authorities at Richmond. The result was a call before the examining board and a commission as Assistant Surgeon. He was assigned to duty with Dr. A. R. Meem, then Post-Surgeon at Mt. Jackson, Shenandoah county, Virginia, where he remained until the demonstrations of the enemy in the Upper Valley made it necessary to remove the sick to Harrisonburg, to which place he likewise followed. How far his characteristic unselfishness of disposition, his untiring energy, and unwearied devotion to duty had endeared him to his hospital associates, may be best understood from the fact that when the Department at Richmond ordered him to the field, numerous letters were despatched at once from his superiors, begging that he be retained in hospital service. The reply of the Medical Director to a communication of this sort from Dr. Meem, was itself a beautiful comment upon the appreciation in which he was held. After setting forth his reasons for refusing to revoke the order, he says, "While we regret that you should lose from the hospital so popular and efficient an officer, we cannot disregard the fact that the field needs just such surgeons."

Soon again with his old regiment, though in the higher and far more responsible capacity of Surgeon, he devoted himself to his duties with a kindness and sympathy of manner, an energy and promptness of action, and unselfishness of spirit which won for him the growing confidence, love, and admiration of all with whom he associated. Indeed, this unaffected forgetfulness of self in his sympathy and interest for others, was a prominent and beautiful trait in his character, and one which prompted him at last, despite the protection thrown around him by his office, to share the fate of his companions and rush to the engagement which terminated

his life. He fell mortally wounded in a volunteer charge at Raccoon's Ford, Culpeper county, Virginia, on Sunday morning, 11th of October, 1863, and expired the day following at 4 o'clock P. M., in the twenty-eighth year of his age. His sufferings during the brief hours that preceded death were intensely great, yet he realized the full emergency of his fate, and died as he had lived, a noble embodiment of dauntless courage and manly excellence.

Thus perished, in the hey-day of life's bright promise and golden hope, a true and worthy son of our mother Virginia, who in the making up of her jewels will exhibit no name more worthy of honor or more conspicuous for modest worth and virtue than that of JOHN ALEXANDER NELSON.

A quiet grave, in a lonely forest churchyard in the county of Bedford, marks his resting-place. To this simple mound of earth patriot and friend may point, and dropping a tear of tender regret, say truly, "Here lies one who to his country was faithful, firm, self-sacrificing; to his friends, gentle, loving, and true."

It was after a visit to this grave in the autumn of '65 that the author of this memoir wrote the following lines, which may be not inappropriate to its close:—

THE FOREST GRAVE.

I know a spot, a lonely spot
  Where autumn winds are sighing,
And where upon the withered sod
  The drifted leaves are lying;
Where busy insects lately hummed,
  And summer birds were singing,
As through the air the butterfly
  Its gladsome way was winging.

The wild-wood violet blossomed there,
  Its tender smile unheeded,
And clinging vines their shelter gave,
  Alas! no longer needed;
But now no joyous note is heard
  The solemn stillness breaking,
Low whispering winds a dirge instead
  Seem for the lost one making.

He slumbers there, for whom we wept
  With yearning hearts and broken,
When in the dust we laid him down,
  Our deep, dumb grief unspoken.
All full of hope we sent him forth,
  No joy had love denied him;
Ah! soon they brought him back to us,
  A broken sword beside him.

'Twas hard to look upon his face
In its calm, marble beauty,
And feel that resignation now
Was but our simple duty.
Alas! with quivering lip and pale
We tell the mournful story
Of how he fought and bravely fell
Upon the field of glory.

Ah! God knew best; for him we mourn
Remains no bitter token,
The while we tread life's altered paths,
With chastened hearts and broken.
But we will mingle praise with prayer
To Him who ever liveth,
That after toil, sleep, blessed sleep,
To His beloved He giveth.

WILLIAM B. NEWTON,

Captain, Company G, and acting Colonel, 4th Virginia Cavalry.

WILLIAM BROKENBROUGH NEWTON was born in the city of Richmond, on the 15th of April, 1832, at the house of his maternal grandfather, the late Judge William Brokenbrough, of the Court of Appeals, while his father, the Hon. Willoughby Newton, was attending the session of the Legislature as delegate from the county of Westmoreland. In a volume of this kind, in which the articles are necessarily limited, it would be a difficult task to portray the character and talents of this gifted young man in a manner that would be most grateful to his many devoted friends, or a fitting tribute to the memory of one of the most gallant, chivalrous, and accomplished spirits ever sacrificed on the shrine of his country's liberties. An elaborate sketch of his life, and the many interesting incidents of his brief but brilliant career in the forum, before the people, and in the field, would occupy many more pages than could be expected at the hands of the publisher. It would be pardonable in the writer, who knew the subject of this memoir from his earliest childhood to the moment of the 11th day of October, 1863, when his life was yielded for the cause he loved, if feeling were to give impulse to his pen. He will endeavor, however, to confine himself strictly within the pale of truth and accuracy, knowing that nothing could be more inconsonant with

the modest and unassuming character of the man of whom he writes than what approaches extravagance in his praise.

From earliest childhood he was remarkable for a gentleness and amiability of temper that endeared him to his family and school-mates; and combining a taste for study and devotion to books which seemed to be a part of his nature, with a habitual deference for all legitimate authority, he was equally a favorite with his teachers. Without essaying to be a model boy — for under that gentle manner was a high spirit when the occasion called for it — nature seemed to have given him an unusual balance of character and temper, combined with activity and strength of mind. This, with the example and training of Christian parents, was an earnest of the future usefulness and probable distinction of the man. Till his sixteenth year he was educated by private teachers under the sacred influences of a well-ordered home. In the fall of 1848 he was placed at the Episcopal High School near Alexandria. Here he remained two years, gaining each session the highest distinction in his classes and the medal at the termination of the second year.

He entered the University in October, 1850, and took at once a high position for character and talents among Professors and students. A strong attachment sprung up between himself and several of the students, who afterwards vindicated together, by action on the battle-field, the sacred principles of constitutional liberty bequeathed to Virginia by its founders; and their names occupy kindred places on this sad but glorious record of the sons of the University who sealed their devotion with their lives. Mr. NEWTON remained at the University two years, graduating in Ancient and Modern Languages, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, and taking the Law ticket during the second year. At the close of the session of 1852, he delivered the Valedictory Address before the Washington Society.

It was the wish of his friends that he should return to the University the third year and take the degree of Master of Arts; but an ardent desire to enter early upon the arena of life induced him to resume the study of law under his father's direction immediately after leaving college. This was continued till the following February, when he was examined by the Judges of the Court of Appeals at Richmond, and licensed, with the pledge that he would not go to the bar till after attaining his majority.

The following May he went to the Westmoreland bar, and passed through his novitiate of a few months in a manner most creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends.

In November he settled in Hanover and came to the bar, having been united in marriage on the 15th of the month with Miss Mary M. Page, the only daughter of Mrs. L. A. Page of that county. From the outset of his career in Hanover, crowded as was its bar at the time with some of the best legal talent of the State, he took a high position, and had in a few months acquired, in spite of his youth, not only a high reputation for talent and legal acquirements among his professional brethren and the people, but was gaining an unusual share of the profits of his profession. In all his efforts at the bar he displayed legal acumen, and when the occasion called for it, an eloquence of the highest order, combined with a faultless taste, and a force, clearness and elegance of diction that could not well be excelled. Full of wit and the richest humor, he was at times brilliant in satire, and could wield the blade of Saladin, but in a style that never wounded his adversary. In his argument he was terse, pungent, and logical, showing the most accurate study and acquaintance with the subject, ready in illustration, and prompt without being tedious in his references. In person, when warmed by debate, he was very striking, with a commanding physique, an interesting face, which bore the blended impression of truth, sincerity, and genius, and a fine black eye that literally flashed with expression; his manner was animated, graceful, and easy; and these traits of the orator were not a little enhanced in their effect by a deep-toned, rich, and well modulated voice. In a large and populous county, some fifty miles in length, and with a great diversity of interests, he had in twelve months acquired an unprecedented popularity; he seemed as it were to have taken the affections of the people by storm, and that without regard to party or social condition, for literally none "named him but to praise." It was, too, the only kind of *popularity* that is permanent or worth having, that founded on purity of morals combined with intellect, strength of character, and goodness of heart. Its effect on the character of a young man of twenty-three years might have given his friends some solicitude, for he seemed in danger of incurring the "woe" of our Saviour, "when all men shall speak well of you." It would have been dangerous to a man of less strength of mind and firmness of

inciple, but on NEWTON'S character popular applause seemed to ake as little impression as the ocean spray on its rock-bound ast; for whether in the court-room, amid the plaudits of the owd, at a political gathering, or in the densely packed throng of e legislative hall at Richmond, he was ever the same unassum- g "child in meek simplicity."

We must pass rapidly in review the events of the next few ars of his life, till his election to the Legislature in the spring of 9. During this period he was frequently before the people as a mocratic speaker in the canvass in which Mr. Wise was elected overnor, as assistant elector in the Presidential election of 1856 id '60, and in the gubernatorial canvass in which Governor etcher was elected. Suffice it to say that, in the opinion of all ho heard him in the country and district, he had no superior power before the people; in every part of the county and dis- ict he represented the democratic party with great spirit and ility. In the spring of 1859 he was nominated for the Legisla- re by the democratic party; and, as another evidence of his ex- aordinary popularity, it may be mentioned that in this county, here parties had always been closely divided, all opposition was ithdrawn, and he was elected without a dissenting vote. He id now attained his twenty-seventh year, and was the delegate ect from the county where he had arrived a stranger some five ars and a half previously.

During the period just mentioned, Mr. NEWTON had not con- ned himself to the duties of his profession, his agricultural terests, or his political engagements, but was devoting all his isure to general literature, and had been an occasional contribu- r to periodicals and the Richmond papers, wielding a fertile id nervous pen. Among his articles may be mentioned his *houghts on Social Philosophy*, in which the profound and philo- phical order of his mind is shown; an elegant and elaborately ritten review of *Cralle's Life of Calhoun*, which occupied several lumns in successive copies of the *Examiner;* a review of *Ran- all's Life of Jefferson*, and a series of articles, signed "Virginius," n the great issues of the day, addressed to John Minor Botts. It to be regretted that our contracted limits preclude the introduc- ion into this memoir of some extracts from these articles now efore us, illustrating the character of his mind. They are all dmirably written, and we know not which most to admire, the

logical precision of his arguments or the grace, ease, and classical beauty of his style. We have never seen anything from his pen that was commonplace or an infringement of the canon of good taste. From his address when a very young man, before the Young Ladies' Seminary at Ashland, to his great speech before the Legislature in the called session of 1861, there is not a word which you could wish erased, or a sentence of which the most fastidious critic could complain. He entered the Legislature in December, '59, with his reputation established as being the most brilliant and rising young man of the day, and well did he sustain it. Without being often heard, he always spoke well to the point. In the month of February, under a resolution of the House, a committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of adopting such action "as may be necessary to encourage a direct trade between Virginia and foreign ports." NEWTON was placed on this committee, associated with three of the oldest and most experienced gentlemen of the House. The report, written by NEWTON and adopted by the committee, is before us, and was commented on by the papers of the day for its force and lucidity.

The time had now come when all were looking with apprehension to the threatening cloud on the Northern horizon. The John Brown raid had recently occurred, and the true men of Virginia began to reflect whether it was not prudent from this "nettle danger, to pluck the flower safety." The animus of a large number of the Northern people was not to be mistaken; societies and combinations had been formed, from the troublesome "Athens" of America in the East to Chicago in the West — from New York to Washington — composed of men of wealth and talent, who subscribed large sums of money. In the language of a leading New York paper of that day, "The South was to be throttled and the negroes freed." Such men as Thurlow Weed, Greeley, Governor Morgan, Judge Peabody, Dudley Field, Cassius Clay, Gerritt Smith, and others, were united for the coming campaign; the Abolitionists and Republicans had combined, and the *famous* and yet *infamous* work of Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, entitled, *The Impending Crisis of the South: How to Meet It*, was to be everywhere circulated by subscription. The election of the sectional candidate for the Presidency was a foregone conclusion. Was there nothing alarming in all this to a true Virginian of that day? Let Virginians of this unhappy period who

condemn as rash and ill-advised the action of the men of '59 and '60, look back to the records of the day, and, remembering that there is no such thing as foreknowledge, blush as countrymen of Henry, Mason, Wythe, and Washington, before giving a negative answer!

In view of the threatening posture of affairs, early in January a proposition was made in the House to arm the State. The bill reported from the Military Committee recommended an appropriation of $500,000 for this purpose. Mr. Boreman, of Wood county, offered an amendment to reduce the expenditure. When the question for the adoption of the amendment came up, Mr. NEWTON made a thrilling speech in opposition that enhanced the already high reputation he had gained. In regard to it, lest the writer should render himself obnoxious to the charge of extravagance in his estimate of its power and eloquence, he prefers quoting some contemporary notices. The *Examiner* of January 17th, 1860, says:—"We make no apology for the space given to-day to the speech of Mr. NEWTON, the accomplished and gifted representative from Hanover county. The speech is one of *great* ability, and we commend it to the consideration of the people of Virginia." The Gainesville (Alabama) *Independent* of January 28th, 1860, under the caption, "A Model Speech," says:—"'Tis but seldom we read speeches published in newspapers — unless, forsooth, they have for us a peculiar interest, such as an acquaintance with the speaker or an admiration for his talents; but we have just departed from our custom by carefully perusing one made in the Legislature of Virginia by Mr. NEWTON, of Hanover. As the subject is one of vital interest, not only to Virginia, but to Alabama and every other Southern State, we feel that every man in our section of the country who has its prosperity at heart should read it in the *Richmond Examiner* of January 17th. The movement made in the Virginia Legislature, and upon which this unsurpassed speech was made, is one of vast importance, and should be imitated by every State south of Mason and Dixon's Line. In the indignant language of Mr. NEWTON, 'You must arm, you must organize; and when thus armed, thus organized, you cannot — you will not — in God's name, you dare not — imitate the folly of the timid traveller, who, seeing the glaring eyes and glittering teeth of the tiger springing to his prey, delays the fatal shot till he is felled to the earth by his terrible foe.' Various schemes seem

feasible to effect this object, but none as much as the one proposed by Mr. NEWTON. Listen further to his words of inspiration:—'While one school is clamorous for the intervention of the faggot, the pike, and the rifle, the other, more moderate in its tone if not more vindictive in its temper, suggests schemes quite as efficacious, though not so startling to the moral sense of mankind. Encircle the Slave States with a wall of living fire; prohibit the transportation of slaves from one State to another; extinguish the servile relation in the District of Columbia, the dock-yards and arsenals; reform the judiciary; purify the executive — in a word, throw the immense power of the Federal Government in the scale against this doomed institution, till the South, finding it a cloak for her weakness and not a covering for her defence, shall be compelled to abandon the system, or permit it, like the ill-fated tunic of the Grecian demi-god, to drive its subtle poison through all the arteries of its social life. These are some of the peaceable means by which modern philanthropists aim to accomplish all the ends of abolition. Here, then, on one hand is a clearly-defined object; on the other, a party powerful in numbers, defiant in temper — willing converts to the doctrine of an irresistible antagonism between the obstacle in its path and a perpetuation of its own rule; blind worshippers at the shrine of an idolatry which teaches that there is an obligation more sacred than the pledges of a written Constitution; standing within easy reach of the sceptre which completes the insignia of its power. And here, Sir, I might pause and claim that the argument is finished.' With regret we leave this masterly effort of the young member from Hanover, and hope and expect to hear from him in a more extended field of labor. Let Alabama, then, follow the example of her sister State. Mr. NEWTON is not an acquaintance of ours, but we can admire talent, come from what source it may. We close by giving his last beautiful remarks, and commend him to the future as a bright and rising star:—'Virginians, let us not disgrace this noble heritage. The hopes of patriotism are with us, the eyes of history are upon us. With hearts prepared for either fate, let us await the event without waiting the opportunity; and when the hour for action comes, if come it must, Virginia, true to the instincts of her generous nature, true to the traditions of her noble history, shall lead the triumphal march of Southern independence, or leave here, upon the very spot upon which the spirit of Revolutionary freedom

once raised its infant voice, some new Thermopylæ, to bear the stainless record of a gallant people, who, when abandoned by fortune, yet vanquished disgrace; though deserted by the genius of the public liberty, preserved unharmed the shrine of the public honor.'"

At the close of the session Mr. NEWTON returned to his farm and the practice of his profession, and was not called to the field again till the fall, when he acted as assistant democratic elector for the district. The election of Mr. Lincoln, on the 6th of November, filled the minds of the people with anxiety; his election by an entirely sectional vote, and the foreshadowing of his policy by the published "platform" of the convention which nominated him, brought conviction to all minds that the crisis long foretold by Southern statesmen was at hand, and the naked question would soon be, unqualified submission on the one hand, and throwing ourselves on the mercy of our avowed enemies, or separation and probable war. Meetings were held in Hanover, as well as every other county of the State; and it is not strange that a people, brought up with a reverence for chartered rights, and where the sparks from Henry's genius had kindled the flame of the first revolution, should have advocated resistance and separation in the event of the failure of the proposed compromises. In one of these meetings, the largest perhaps ever held in the county, in which the historical old Court-house, whose walls had reëchoed in the days of '76 the voices of the patriots of that day, was thronged to its utmost capacity, NEWTON held the crowd spell-bound for two hours by a strain of impassioned eloquence, the impression of which can never be erased from our memory.

The Legislature was called together in January, and important events followed each other in rapid succession; South Carolina had seceded, her commissioner was in Richmond, and so far from any spirit of compromise and conciliation being shown by the people of the North, scarcely a day passed without some new exhibition of their uncompromising and arrogant tone. Vermont spurns all concession; Ohio refuses conciliation; Pennsylvania rejects all offers of peace; and New York adds insult to injury by sending from Governor Morgan to Governor Letcher and the Virginia Legislature the tender of men and money to the President of the United States to murder Southern citizens and ravage Southern States; the zealous efforts of Crittenden, Douglas, Hun-

ter, Boteler, Cochrane, and Millson, had all failed in Congress, and the remote contingency of the successful issue of the "Peace Convention," to which Virginia had sent commissioners, and which was to meet on the fourth of February at Washington, presented the only hope for peace. Every possible disposition was shown by Virginia for conciliation and compromise; and if the haughty insolence of the North could have restrained itself at this time, and the mad counsels of the extreme and violent leaders of the Republican party been kept in abeyance, the terrible consequences would have been prevented. But the North, with an overweening confidence in its own strength, had conceived the absurd notion that the Southern people had become effeminate under the influence of slavery, and that the blood of its great men of a former day had become *effete* after coursing so long through the veins of slaveholders. Hence they were told by their papers that the rebellion was to be crushed in sixty days, or at the most, in ninety days. On Monday, January 28th, Mr. NEWTON made the great speech of his life, upon the amendment offered by him to "the report of the Committee on Federal Relations." The occasion and his reputation had drawn together an immense crowd; the commissioners and many other gentlemen were present from South Carolina; the galleries were crowded; the occasion was an exciting and momentous one, and rarely has a young orator received such a rapt and absorbed attention of such an upturned sea of heads, and with a silence so profound. We could only do justice to it by free quotations, and these we have no space to give. Mr. Memminger, the commissioner from South Carolina, told a friend of ours that in his judgment it was one of the finest efforts he had ever heard, and he had heard Hayne, McDuffie, Preston, and others, in their palmiest days.

But we must glide rapidly along with the current of events. A convention of the people of Virginia was called, and the 4th of February set apart for the election — the same day the Commissioners from Virginia met the Commissioners from North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky, and other States, in the famous "Peace Convention," where the efforts of the high-minded and dignified Southern gentlemen assembled there were practically derided and laughed to scorn. Six of the Southern States had now followed South Carolina out of the Union. The Virginia Convention, though opposed for a long time to secession, was committed from

the beginning against the coercion of a sovereign State by force of arms. The attempt to reinforce Fort Sumpter, its bombardment and capture by the South Carolinians in April, and this soon followed by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation and call for seventy-five thousand men, produced, as a necessary consequence, the almost unanimous severance by the Convention of Virginia from the Federal Union. Richmond not long after was to be the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and Virginia to become the principal centre and battle-ground of the war. Virginia seceded on the 17th of April, and the fact was announced by a committee sent by the State Convention to a convention of the people assembled at Metropolitan Hall, producing a profound sensation of solemnity becoming the gravity of the occasion, and of relief and joy that under the menaces of Northern insolence and the distant mutterings of Federal cannon, Virginia refused to take counsel of her fears. For after trying all expedients for peace to the furthest verge of honor, she had marched into line for the defence of those principles which had been so distinctly enunciated by her on the adoption of the Constitution in '87. It was a memorable day; but while its recollection brings sadness to the heart, it leaves no tinge of shame on the cheek. On that night, as the writer was wending his way up the almost deserted streets of the city destined to be the "Richmond on the James" of many a future song and story, the quiet stillness of the night was only broken by the muffled note of preparation above his head as he passed the military and other public halls, where the dull thud of the musket on the floor and the solemn and deep-toned "Order arms!" "Shoulder arms!" was heard. It was indeed significant; for some of the young heroes who fell on Malvern Hill and Gettysburg were going through the elements of a soldier's training.

The next day the Hanover company of cavalry, of which NEWTON was 1st Lieutenant and Williams C. Wickham Captain, was offered for service and accepted by the Governor. By the 10th of May the company was at the camp of instruction at Ashland, with many others, undergoing cavalry drill, and on the 27th they were ordered to Centreville, and were constantly in service to the end of the war. They were near at hand when the first blood of the war was shed at Fairfax Court House, when a company of Federal cavalry made an unexpected dash, and Cap-

tain Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, was killed. The Hanover company arrived in time to pursue the retreating troopers. The company was next a participant in the Vienna skirmish, in which a Confederate reconnoitering party, commanded by Colonel Maxcy Gregg, caused the famous General Schenck to gain his equivocal laurels for the most rapid, if not the most masterly retreat of the war. The company was engaged in the heavy skirmish at Bull Run on the 18th (Thursday) of July — the Quatre Bras of the subsequent battle of Manassas. It was held in reserve on the famous 21st of July, with many other disjointed companies, and did noble service when ordered up to attack the retreating columns of the enemy. In these attacks it lost its gallant 2d Lieutenant Bowles, the brave Sergeant Edmund Fontaine, and a noble private whose name we regret not to be able to recall.

This battle, which excited such an intense interest at the time, was described so graphically and with so much spirit by NEWTON in a letter to his wife, that a friend begged leave to copy it for the Richmond papers. It was accordingly published, not only in Richmond, but appeared in all the prominent papers of the South. The cavalry was organized into regiments on the 15th of September, and the Hanover company became Company G of the 4th Regiment. Captain Wickham became Lieutenant-Colonel, Lieutenant Beverly Robinson, of the old army, Colonel, and NEWTON the Captain of Company G. The regiment was incorporated in Stuart's brigade, and remained doing heavy picket duty with General Johnston's army till his evacuation of Manassas and march to the peninsula. During this time nothing of especial interest occurred in the cavalry command. The 4th Regiment was not engaged at Ball's Bluff or Dranesville, though at the last-mentioned heavy fight NEWTON'S heart was saddened by the death of his maternal first cousin, bearing the same Christian name, the gallant William B. Phelps, formerly of Virginia and latterly of Covington, Kentucky, while serving as a private in the 1st Kentucky Regiment. The memorable evacuation and march to the peninsula took place in April, 1862. The re-enlistment of the twelve months' men for the war having taken place a short time before leaving Manassas, the delicate task of re-electing company and field officers had to be made while the regiment was in the presence of the enemy. Here NEWTON'S nobleness of soul and the disinterested, unselfish nature of his patriotism came out in

bold relief. To quote the communication of a gallant comrade, then the Major of the regiment, and the Brigadier-General at the close of the war,—"In the spring of 1862, when intrigue was in danger of disorganizing the regiment, when the army was on the verge of mutiny, regiments disbanding, electioneering raging in every quarter — my noble friend might have been tempted, like many others, to advance his rank by the votes of his comrades. He was the most popular man in his regiment, and could certainly have supplanted his field-officers; and yet (I speak from personal knowledge, for our feelings and thoughts were in common) he put aside every temptation for the good of the cause, and, as an example to others, refused any promotion except such as came from the battle-field. He was by far the truest, the most gallant, and most gifted man that it was my fortune to know from the beginning to the end of the war. When disabled by wounds myself, and as it was thought, permanently, I felt that it was unjust to my noble comrade to bar the path to promotion. NEWTON would have been immediately advanced by my retiring. I consulted him, and putting a case hypothetically, told him of an officer who was supposed to be disabled from command in a regiment, but who could perform staff duty and had an offer of an appointment. NEWTON cut me short by penetrating the disguise, and refusing, in his unselfish and soldierly instinct, to sanction any such act on my part."

On May 3d, while NEWTON'S company was stationed at "Blow's Mill," York county, about five miles from Yorktown, he was ordered to take position on the Williamsburg road till the rear of the column of our retreating army had passed. The fourth regiment was then ordered to cover the rear of the army. The enemy pressing on with energy as it approached Williamsburg, the 4th Regiment was forced into the open plain in front of the town before the rear of our infantry left it. To arrest them at once was an absolute necessity in this emergency, for the infantry might have been caught on the reverse side of our works. The 4th dashed at them under cover of the Richmond Howitzers, and drove them into the woods. The regiment then divided into two squadrons; one commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wickham, and the other by Major William Payne, moved forward on parallel roads. Wickham's column encountered the enemy, was driven back, lost one of its Virginia colors, and had its com-

mander wounded. Payne's column receiving no notice of this reverse, continued its march till confronted by a formidable body of troops. Payne's command was about charging when a soldier rode out with a Virginia flag, and exclaimed, "Don't fire, we are friends." We now continue the narrative in the language of our gallant correspondent:—"NEWTON and I started forward to see; we had ridden but a few paces when our suspicions were aroused, and I reiterated the command to charge. NEWTON in his generous apprehension that they might possibly be friends, begged us to halt for a moment. In his utter fearlessness he galloped right into their ranks, which were instantly closed around him. The next day I was stretched myself on a bloody blanket, and this was the last I saw of my gallant friend for six months." NEWTON'S diary of the incidents of his capture and confinement is the best sequel of his friend's narrative. Finding himself in the power of a heavy ambuscade, he halloed back to the squadron not to come on, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the squadron retreating from what would have been the scene of their inevitable capture. He found in the woods into which he had been decoyed, besides the capturing party, two regiments of cavalry and two batteries of artillery in reserve. His diary, kept during the three months of his imprisonment, covers more than seventy pages of manuscript; it is filled with matter of an intensely interesting nature, written with great vivacity and humor, and embraces the time from the period of his capture on the 3d of May to his release from Fort Delaware the last of July. Without space for quotations, or giving any of the interesting particulars of his confinement in his own graphic language, we are compelled to mention one incident, the only notable exception to the generally proper treatment received by him. On May 8th, while Captain Conner of the "Jeff Davis Legion," and Captain Lee of the 32d Virginia Infantry were his fellow-prisoners at Yorktown, he received orders through Captain Revere, purporting to come from General McClellan, that the Confederate officers should next day superintend the privates, also prisoners, in removing all the torpedoes left by General Johnston at Yorktown. This order, in direct conflict with all the usages of civilized warfare, brought out an admirably written protest from NEWTON, representing himself and fellow-prisoners. In this paper they decline to superintend the removal of the torpedoes by the privates, but would take an equal share

"with their brother soldiers" in the common danger. This protest brought the comment from the Provost Captain, "Dam'd well written, but very stubborn." The removal continued for a day and then the order was revoked.

In the first part of August, NEWTON gladdened the hearts of his wife and little ones by his unexpected arrival at his home in Hanover. His joyous welcome had not grown cold, when true to his country he reported two days afterwards to his regiment at Hanover Court House. On taking command of his company he was welcomed in a manner as unexpected as it was gratifying and acceptable. The company was drawn up in line, and their Captain requested to take a position on foot in front of them; this done, a sergeant made his appearance leading a superb horse fully equipped, which was duly presented as a mark of their affection and esteem. The day after this incident, the regiment was on its march to join General Lee. It was with the army during all the fights and hardships of this severe campaign, the second battle of Manassas, at Sharpsburg, and in the cavalry raid through Maryland, and subsequently in the series of skirmishes near Leesburg and Aldie, previous to the advance of Burnside, and afterwards on the line of the Rappahannock. It is not invidious to say that in all enterprises where daring and judgment were required he was the leading spirit of his regiment, had its *perfect* confidence, and to use the language of one of the officers who served with him to the day of his death, was the Chevalier Bayard of his division, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" We have no space to give the details of the numerous cavalry engagements in which he acted a gallant and important part in '62, and the terrible campaign of '63. He was with General Stuart in the Pennsylvania campaign, and all the subsequent cavalry engagements after the retreat of General Lee's army, before and after the advance of Meade. Refusing to apply for promotion or to accept promotion in the regiment at the expense of wounded, disabled, or imprisoned brother officers, he was, in fact, for many months previous to his death the commander of the 4th Regiment without the pay or technical title of Colonel. How he deported himself in action may be inferred by another extract from the communication on which we have before drawn. "I can never forget dear NEWTON at Kellyville. Averill crossed the Rappahannock with from 2500 to 3000 well equipped and well armed cavalry,

accompanied with artillery, at daybreak. We had by the morning's report only 794 fit for duty; the 4th had been reduced to 120. The fight was hot from the beginning, and almost entirely with the sabre. NEWTON was preëminent everywhere — his company at the head of the column and he at the head of that, attacking the enemy on one quarter, repelling them in another. Once in the agony of the combat we were ordered to attack a line at least four times as large as ours with a battery bearing on us. We attacked through an open field, every spot of which could have been pitted with a bullet. When within four hundred yards of the enemy we had to pull down a fence to get at them; (strange as this may read, it is literally true). NEWTON and Peter Fontaine were at the head of the column. The men, inspired by NEWTON'S heroic example, dismounted, tore down the heavy fence in a trice, and rushed on the enemy with flashing sabres, when suddenly the batteries opened with canister, and I do not exaggerate when I say actually shot away the head of the column, every horse struck, Lieutenant Harriss killed, Fontaine and many of the men badly wounded. Nothing daunted, NEWTON cheered on the men, and I am proud to remember we were in a few moments interlaced with the enemy. I remember that in the thick of the fight, (and we were near enough to help each other, for it was purely a fight with steel,) NEWTON'S generous friendship thought of me and served me to good purpose. After a desperate combat, in which we drove the enemy, being entirely unsupported we were compelled to retire. Through the whole, NEWTON was the animating spirit; two-thirds of his company were disabled, and amongst them I remember particularly the gallant Kimbrough and Gilman. But it was not alone as a soldier that I loved him. After such a fight as I have attempted to describe, we would lie awake half the night thinking of the dear ones at home and talking poetry and sentiment. In the Gettysburg campaign, being again wounded and falling into the hands of the enemy, I never saw my friend again, and the saddest news on my return was the story of his gallant death."

Late in August, '63, NEWTON obtained a short furlough and visited his home in Hanover. There were as many charms at that sweet home as ever welcomed back a weary soldier — a devoted wife, three lovely children, fond relatives and warm friends, whose hearts were gladdened by his coming, enhanced by every

domestic comfort that could add a zest to life. Without indulging in gloomy forebodings, the fine sensibilities of our friend, realizing the perilous service in which he was engaged, made him feel that he might never see his loved ones again, and cast a shade of thoughtful sadness on his bronzed and manly face. But nothing could woo so true a man from the rugged path of honor and duty, and in a few days we heard the lingering tramp of his horse's feet as he left the hallowed spot forever.

In October, 1863, General Lee, while his army and Meade's confronted each other on the line of the Rapidan, conceived the idea of making a flank movement on the latter, "to get sufficiently between him and Washington, by means of concealed and wooded roads, as to stop him long enough" to bring him to an engagement. From various causes the flank movement was not successful in bringing Meade to a stand, but had only the effect of driving him further back towards Washington. While making it, General Fitz Lee's Cavalry Division was left on the line of the Rapidan, with directions so to post his pickets as to leave Meade in ignorance of General Lee's movements. In this position General Buford crossed the river with his cavalry early on the morning of the 11th of October and made a fierce attack on Fitz Lee. He was quickly driven over the river again, but made a stand a short distance beyond its northern bank. He was quickly followed by Lee, "after ordering Lomax with his brigade to make a demonstration at 'Raccoon Ford' as if to force his way over. General Lee with Wickham's Brigade succeeded in crossing at an unfrequented ford higher up, and appeared on the flank of the Federal cavalry opposing Lomax." The enemy quickly dismounted a brigade of their cavalry, armed with the Spencer rifle, to oppose Wickham's brigade. We now quote as much of the communication of a gallant participant in the fight as our space will allow: — "The enemy's sharpshooters were strongly posted in our front; their flank nearest the river rested on a farm-house and outbuildings, and thence extended along a fence resting on the embankment of a ditch. The ground too between us was very much broken, and partly in woods and bushes. Clearly it was our policy to dismount and attempt to dislodge them with our carbines. General Fitz Lee thought otherwise, and ordered the 1st Virginia Cavalry to make the attack. This gallant regiment charged the line; but being met by a galling

fire, and finding it impossible to pass the obstacles of a fence and ditch, had to fall back. The 2d or 3d Regiment (I have forgotten which) was then ordered to charge, and did so with no better success, both regiments being sharply punished in the loss of men and horses. Finally the 4th Regiment, commanded by Captain NEWTON, was ordered to charge and break the line if possible. I have heard Colonel Randolph say that the attack was made against the judgment of NEWTON, and that he so expressed himself to him during the conflict; but when he received his order, like a true and gallant soldier he placed himself at the head of his regiment and prepared to make the attack.

> "'Some one had blundered:
> His not to make reply—
> His not to reason why—
> His but to do and die.'

"Without a moment's hesitation NEWTON drew his sabre, gave the word to his men, and with impetuous courage spurred his horse upon the enemy. By his side rode Captain Williams, of the Prince William troop, and the brave Orderly Nash, of his own Hanover troop. The enemy seemed in a measure to have reserved their fire until Captain NEWTON and the front of the regiment were within a few feet of the ditch and fence, when a deadly and concentrated fire was poured in upon the head and both flanks of the regiment. The attack was made in columns of squadrons; and the Federal line being much the longest, overlapped both of our flanks. The front rank went down; NEWTON, Williams, Nash, and others with it: the fatality of the attack and severity of the fire threw the regiment into some confusion, and no officer urging it forward (at first NEWTON'S fall was not known), it fell back in some disorder. At length the cry, 'NEWTON is missing!' passed down the column as the regiment was falling back, and dismay was depicted on each countenance. The regiment was brought to a halt, Captain Randolph having assumed command, and it then became certainly known that NEWTON had fallen, either killed or wounded. A universal desire seized the men to be led again to the attack to rescue their beloved commander if wounded, to avenge him if dead. The regiment was re-formed and again ordered to charge the enemy. I came to the front to command the squadron which Randolph relinquished. Usually in the heat of battle, death, no matter of whom, though

the dearest friend, is little heeded. Not so on this occasion. I believe that, throughout the whole regiment, so much had NEWTON endeared himself to it, every thought and feeling was lost in the absorbing anxiety to know his fate. As I rode up the column I read grief in every countenance, and a fixed determination at all hazards and at every cost to recover our lost commander. Fortunately the enemy had abandoned their position, and without resistance the regiment rode rapidly up to the place where NEWTON fell. He was found in a dying condition, a bullet having passed through his brain. He was taken up from the tall grass and bushes and borne to the rear insensible. I have never known in the army so profound a sensation to pervade a command: eyes long unused to weeping were filled, and the fountain of sorrow, well-nigh dried up in every breast, was unlocked; rude hands that had for three years been unused to anything but the sabre and the pistol, took him up and handled him as tenderly as a mother would her infant. We laid a bloody hand upon the enemy in the after conflict of that evening, and the recollection of our beloved NEWTON lent an energy to every blade that gleamed on that unhappy day. I only regret that the lapse of time has effaced from recollection many incidents connected with that glorious soldier and noble gentleman. It was my good fortune to have known him well. I say good fortune, because no one could come in contact with so much elevation of character without being benefitted. He was the truest and best man I ever knew in my life. His heart, with all the tenderness of a woman, had the firmness of the hero when the occasion required it. He had the highest order of intellect, united with the most unselfish and purest character. As a soldier he was the nonpareil of his division. Had he been spared, I have no doubt he would have attained, as a soldier and as a civilian, the highest distinction."

The morning that the news of NEWTON'S death reached Richmond, it was the occasion of the following special message to the Legislature from Governor Letcher:—"Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Delegates: Another young and gifted son of Virginia has fallen in defending the honor of his native State. Prior to the opening of the war Captain WILLIAM B. NEWTON represented the county of Hanover in the House of Delegates with distinguished ability, and his political career gave assurance of great future distinction. His conduct during the war has been

marked by great gallantry, courage, and devotion to the cause. In private life he was amiable, gentlemanly, and courteous. His character for honor, integrity, and virtue, public and private, was irreproachable. When such men die, it is proper that their names and services should be held in grateful remembrance, that their virtues should be held up before the rising generation for emulation, and that their memories should be enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen."

On the evening of the 12th of October, the honored remains of our soldier and patriot, under the care of two of his old company, were placed on the platform at Hanover Court House depôt. A few of the neighbors and disabled soldiers had been called together by the expectation of its sad arrival. The lid of the pine coffin was removed, to gratify their natural wish to gaze once more on the face of one whom they had loved for himself, and whose character they more than admired. His sudden and violent death had not disturbed the expression of that placid face, on which the lines of manly beauty yet lingered; and the firm compression of his finely-chiseled lips alone bore evidence of his last gallant charge for the altars and firesides of his native land. A sad cortége attended him back to the home he had so lately left; and two days after, amid evidences of unaffected sorrow from all, his body was consigned by his beloved pastor to its quiet country grave. He and many others have thus passed away — fallen in defence of a "lost cause"; but if the cause has been "lost," the eternal principle, older than the days of '76, has been vindicated, and "is not dead, but sleepeth," and will never be "lost" as long as a love for chartered rights has a place in the Anglo-Saxon heart. Virginia may never raise her mailed hand again; but to repeat the eloquent and prophetic language of NEWTON, "When abandoned by fortune, she yet vanquished disgrace; though deserted by the genius of the public liberty, she preserved unharmed the shrine of the public honor."

LOMAX TAYLOE,

Adjutant, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

It is not matter for surprise that the gaze of men should be mainly fixed on those fields where have been fought the great battles of history; for a great battle, where thousands grapple in deadly strife, if the most horrible, is at the same time the sublimest and most fascinating spectacle that the world affords. But many times the richest abundance of the best and bravest blood of a State reddens a field not to be known in history but by casual mention, as the scene of some slight preliminary skirmish. This is singularly true of the locality known as the Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan. There, on the 11th of October, 1863, in a cavalry fight, fell Dr. John Nelson, William B. Newton, and LOMAX TAYLOE, all Virginians, and all representatives of the most ancient and the best blood of the Commonwealth.

LOMAX TAYLOE, son of G. P. and M. E. Tayloe, of Roanoke county, Virginia, was born September 22d, 1842. The Tayloe family of Virginia is descended from William Tayloe, of London, who came over to the colony about 1650. For two hundred years the members of this family have been conspicuously identified with the interests and history of the State. Connected by marriage with the Corbins and the Lees, the Pages and the Carters, the Beverlys and the Washingtons, the Tayloes have, by their personal qualities, shown themselves not unworthy of a lofty lineage. Perhaps it is praise enough to say that LOMAX TAYLOE was true to the traditions and fame of his family.

We have no reminiscences of his boyhood. At an early age he became a pupil at the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, then under the charge of Rev. Edward McGuire. That he was both a student and a gentleman is evidenced by the fact that he passed through a four years' course there without a single mark of demerit.

From the High School he went to the University. He remained here but one session, for his patriotic ardor did not allow him to pursue the quiet paths of learning while his native State was calling her sons to arms. His first military duty was in the expedition to Harper's Ferry, whither he went, in response to the call of the Governor, with many of his college mates. In the summer

of 1861 he joined the 2d Virginia Cavalry, under the command of Colonel Radford and Lieutenant-Colonel Mumford, afterwards so distinguished. As a private in this command, he shared in the first battle of Manassas, conspicuously displaying the coolness and daring bravery which marked his whole military career. At Leesburg, while acting as Sergeant-Major of the regiment, he was particularly distinguished, and was one of seven who pursued the routed foe to Waterloo. Such, indeed, were his courage and conduct that all the commissioned officers of the regiment heartily joined in recommending him for a commission. Accordingly, he was made Adjutant of the regiment. In the fight at Harrisonburg he was known to have slain two of the enemy with his sabre and to have captured a Federal Captain. At Bristoe Station he was slightly wounded. At the Second Manassas his horse was killed under him. But time would fail were we to enumerate all the special acts of gallantry which, together with his high-toned character, won the admiration and respect of all who knew him.

LOMAX TAYLOE was a rising man. Equal to the duties of any position to which he was called, he seemed to possess that expansive power of mind which would readily have adjusted itself to the demands of a rank much higher than any he lived to attain.

The writer of this sketch is not in possession of the data to enable him to form anything like a critical estimate of LOMAX TAYLOE, morally and intellectually. The following are the closing sentences of a graceful tribute paid to his memory soon after his death, by a gentleman well known in Virginia:—"A more high-spirited and chivalrous youth never graced a saddle nor flashed a sabre. He possessed a gentle and generous heart, a cultivated mind, and most affectionate disposition, which won the cordial good-will of comrades and friends. This is another noble sacrifice from the same family circle in defence of the sacred rights of Virginia. . . . . Thus has passed away another glorious youth, who contributed to the high reputation of his regiment as much as any other spirit in it, and added another sparkling gem to the jewels which adorn Virginia's brow."

CARNOT POSEY,

Brigadier-General, Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps.

General CARNOT POSEY, second son of John Brooks Posey and Elizabeth Scriven, was born in Wilkinson county, Mississippi, on the 5th day of August, 1818. His father, Judge Posey, was a native of Virginia, a man of superior mind and extensive attainments, and in politics a States' Rights Democrat. His mother, a descendant of the Huguenots of South Carolina, was a noble model for her sex; and under her careful training, and with her example before him to illustrate her precepts, his character was inwrought with that chivalric regard for woman which marked his life as a man.

His education was conducted chiefly by his father, until, at about the age of sixteen, he was sent to college in Jackson, Louisiana.

In 1836 he became a student of Law at the University of Virginia. He was a member of the Jefferson Society, in whose catalogue for that year were the names of W. W. Boyce, of South Carolina, Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, John B. Baldwin, Thomas M. Isbell, and F. Lewis Marshall, of Virginia. When, at the close of the session, he returned home, instead of practising his profession he pursued for some years the life of a planter in his native county. He did not forget, however, to cherish the friendships he had formed in Virginia; and towards his Alma Mater he had always a student's warm attachment.

In 1840 he married Miss Mary Collins, of Adams county, who died in 1844, leaving him two sons. Of these, the elder, Stanhope, became a Captain in the Confederate service, and Jefferson, the younger, a Lieutenant. After the death of his wife, Mr. POSEY entered upon the practice of law in the town of Woodville as a partner of Colonel George H. Gordon, a lawyer of high standing and with a lucrative practice.

In 1846, when Congress passed an act calling for volunteers for the war with Mexico, he was among the first to respond. He was elected 1st Lieutenant in Company B of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Jefferson Davis, and in this capacity he served for one year. At Buena Vista, where this regiment immortalized itself by restoring General Taylor's line, which had

been broken on the left flank, Lieutenant POSEY was slightly wounded.

In 1849 he was married to Miss Jane White, of Wilkinson county. The fruit of this marriage was six children: four sons and two daughters, all of whom survived their father.

A man of noble impulses, and ready to espouse any interest which he thought would increase the amenities of life, he was an ardent Mason. For two years he presided as Master of Asylum Lodge, No. 63, of Ancient, Free, and Accepted Masons; and in 1854 he was chosen Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi. When he had filled a patriot's grave, that body placed upon its records the following testimony to his worth:—

"Singularly mild in character, he was energetic in action, wise in council, brave, temperate, good. His diffidence of manner was the result of the innate modesty of the gentleman. No Harry of England was quicker or more resolute when duty called or obligation summoned; no patriot has ever died more deserving of remembrance. With tears of affection we bedew his grave, and leave his name as an example for men and a bright star in the crown of Mississippi Masonry."

Under the administration of President Buchanan he was appointed United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Mississippi. He held this office until his State seceded from the Union, and then promptly resigned it. He afterwards received from President Davis the same appointment for the Confederate States.

When it became apparent that the secession of the Southern States was to be followed by war, Mr. POSEY organized a volunteer company, "The Wilkinson Rifles," the members of which elected him Captain. He at once offered the command to the Confederate Government, and, after a few weeks of drill, the "Rifles" went into service. Their departure from home is thus referred to by the *Woodville Republican*:—

"On Friday last, this company, commanded by Captain CARNOT POSEY, broke up camp and marched into town under the escort of the Woodville Cadets and Home Guards. Arrived in the Court-House Square, where was assembled a large concourse of ladies and citizens generally, they were formed into line, when the Rev. Mr. Millsaps, of the Methodist Church, in a brief, spirited, and appropriate address, on behalf of the ladies of the

Bible Society, presented the company with a neatly-bound copy of the New Testament for each member. Rev. Mr. Rose, a member of the company, on their behalf received the gift of the ladies with a handsome acknowledgment. The company was then escorted to the spacious rooms in the Masonic Building, where the liberality of our citizens of town and country had provided for them an excellent supper. Here they spent the night, and after an early breakfast they next morning took up their line of march to the cars. There, formed in two ranks, open order, the parting scene took place, and one more affecting is seldom witnessed. Mothers, sisters, wives, fathers, brothers, friends — all were there. Again and again was the anguished good-bye faltered forth with broken voice, amid sobs and tears.

"And yet, there was not a mother, father, brother, sister, wife, or friend there who would have had it otherwise. All felt that it was a sacrifice cheerfully made in the holiest of causes. . . The loud voice of military command broke the spell at last. Ranks were closed up, and stepping on board the cars, they were soon off, cheered to the last by hurrahs of the men and waving handkerchiefs of the ladies. And thus we bade adieu to the Wilkinson Rifles; but we shall hear from them again. Their record will be a gallant and brilliant one."

Their arrival in New Orleans was thus noticed by the *Picayune*:—

"We are glad to welcome the arrival of the Wilkinson Rifles from Woodville, Mississippi, under command of Captain CARNOT POSEY, 1st Lieutenant J. S. Hamilton, and 2d Lieutenant A. M. Feltus, Jr. This is a picked company of Mississippians, numbering 100 rank and file; and it will be sure to imitate the celebrated and heroic charge made by the Mississippians at Monterey in the taking of that city when led by the heroes Davis, Quitman, McClung, Cooper, and others."

From New Orleans this company was transferred to Corinth, Mississippi; where, about the first of June, the 16th Mississippi Infantry was organized, and Captain POSEY elected to its command. A member of "The Defenders"—a company from Smith county, belonging to the new regiment — writing from "Camp Posey, Corinth, June 15th, 1861," to the *Eastern Clarion*, thus speaks of the impression made upon the men by their commanding officer:—

"Your readers are doubtless informed of the organization of the 16th Mississippi. Colonel POSEY and Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke are splendid officers. They have already endeared themselves to the entire regiment; and although their election was quite warmly contested, I don't believe there is a man in the regiment *now* that would exchange them for anybody." Another correspondent of the same paper — a member of another company of the 16th — wrote from "Corinth, July 17th," to the same effect:—"It is gratifying to know that our regiment is considered in point of efficiency equal to any that Mississippi has furnished. The best feeling exists between the soldiers and the officers. Colonel CARNOT POSEY is a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman, who wins the esteem and regard of all who approach him. Besides all this, he served with distinction in Mexico as an officer of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, and no one doubts that, if the opportunity is afforded in the present war, he will win new laurels."

Some ten days thereafter the regiment was ordered to Virginia. It reached Lynchburg about the first of August, and was thus complimented by the *Virginian* of that city in its issue of the 5th:—"The 16th Mississippi paraded our streets yesterday, preceded by their brass band. This is a noble body of men, admirably equipped, one of the companies having the improved rifle, with sword bayonets. The regiment will leave here for Manassas next Tuesday. They will do good service anywhere."

The 16th spent the winter at Manassas, where it was put in the brigade of General George B. Crittenden. In November, when Crittenden was promoted and sent to Kentucky, POSEY, as senior Colonel of the brigade, took command of it. It does not appear how long he acted in that capacity, but he was not promoted at that time, although it was expected by some that he would be. A correspondent said of him in this connection:—"Great regret would be felt at being deprived of him as Colonel, while his promotion would otherwise be pleasing to those under his command."

No startling event marks the history of the Army of Northern Virginia during this first winter of the war. Rumors there were, now and then, of an advance, at one time of the Federals, at another of the Confederates; rumors which occasionally begot a feverish excitement in camp; but apart from the drill and picket duty, there was little for the soldiers to do except to fortify themselves against the severity of the season. The monotony of the

Iississippi was scarcely broken; and the men having settled n their winter quarters, seemed content and happy.' Of :tters at this time the writer will be pardoned for giving a :racts. One is so well pleased with his mode of life that he :s to moralize on its superiority:—"It is a queer life we :re, yet not unpleasant. We have become accustomed to its, and often wonder why houses were invented. The lication of conveniences and luxuries has multiplied wants and tastes without materially increasing human ts. A man never realizes this fact until he has been a a few months, and found within the walls of a tent ten feet a camp-kettle, a knapsack, a frying-pan, and a blanket, all :essaries of life. The tent shelters from sun and rain, a t and knapsack on the ground make as comfortable a bed ever slept soundly upon; the camp-kettle makes our coffee, e frying-pan cooks our bacon and bread. The fresh air s our constitutions, prevents cold, and gives us health, he pure mountain streams supply water, cool and delicious. more should man desire?" Another extract will be ex- for evident reasons:—"One of the boys from Woodville d a few days ago a letter bidding him be of good cheer, for lkinson girls had resolved not to marry until after the war. ar creatures! They will have to conquer their aversion to hard hands and swarthy faces, if they are waiting for the ison Rifles; for a tougher set of rough and ready chaps ie *eau-de-cologne* young gents who left Woodville a few ago, would be hard to find. Heaven bless the Wilkinson – I mean the old ladies too; we have heard with grateful of the hours of labor they are devoting to our comfort. are no privations we bear, no hardships we undergo, that sweet to us, from the thought that they are for our country loved ones at home."

regiment was unusually healthy, but now and then it was :o bury a comrade whose system was not strong enough to the hardships of this primitive life. Mention is made of r Davis, who "died as he had lived, a sincere Christian," io "sleeps on the margin of the battle-field of Manassas, morn and eve echo the tread of armed hosts and the strains tial music, fit resting-place and fit requiems for the boy ;" and of Hugh Connell, son of William Connell, Esq.,

and nephew of Colonel POSEY. Young Connell, who was a member of his uncle's staff at the time of his death, volunteered in the Wilkinson Rifles before he was seventeen. He was buried on the 14th of November, 1861, on the adjacent farm of Mr. Weedon, "whose hospitable house had become the home of the sick, especially of the Louisiana and Mississippi troops, as far as he was able to accommodate them."

On the 8th of March, 1862, General Johnston evacuated Centreville and Manassas, and withdrew his army first to the line of the Rappahannock, and thence to the Rapidan. On the 18th of April the 16th Mississippi left the Rappahannock, reaching Gordonsville on the 21st. From Gordonsville it was transferred with Ewell to the Valley of Virginia, and participated under his lead in the great campaign of General Jackson against Shields, Banks, and Milroy. After marching and countermarching probably two hundred and fifty miles, filling up the strategic plans of Jackson, we find the 16th at Front Royal on the 22d of May, where it was under the fire of the enemy's artillery, but not engaged. During this campaign, closing with the battles at Cross-Keys and Port Republic, it is said that Ewell's command marched at least four hundred and fifty miles, much of it in rainy weather, and often at night the men sleeping on the ground without tents, and of course not unfrequently with short rations.

At Cross Keys (or Union Church), on the 8th of June, the Mississippians were hotly engaged, and proved themselves worthy of the prophecies that their friends had made. Says the *Richmond Dispatch*, in commenting upon the action of that day:—

"At the battle of Union Church, on Sunday the 8th, the 16th Mississippi, Colonel POSEY, greatly distinguished itself, and the Colonel was badly wounded. The regiment was placed in the woods to support a battery; but the enemy, discovering the position, shelled the ground occupied by the Mississippians. Under this heavy fire they calmly stood, waiting for the word to advance, until a Yankee column deployed into line of battle directly in their front, only some forty yards distant. The 16th now delivered their fire, which was most deadly in its results. No less than two hundred and fifty Yankees bit the dust, and the column was completely broken. The Mississippians then closed upon the enemy, who fled in the utmost disorder. The conduct of the regiment throughout the conflict is much applauded."

Another journal says, in the same connection.—

"We learn from Captain O. P. Miller, of Wheat's battalion, hat the charge made by Colonel POSEY in the battle of Cross Keys was one of the most brilliant and heroic efforts of the war. His regiment charged an entire Yankee brigade and cut the New York 8th to pieces, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded on the eld. The Colonel, in this engagement, received a severe though ot serious wound in the arm. He is now at Charlottesville, and n a fair way of recovery. Captain Miller states that Colonel 'OSEY and his regiment covered themselves with glory in this esperate and daring charge. He further says that it was one of ne most admirably managed affairs of which the progress of this ar furnishes any instance. The 16th Mississippi was temporarily etached from the brigade, and waited under cover till a Yankee rigade had come within fifty yards; then rising, they gave the 'ankees one volley, and, with a yell, rushed upon the whole rigade with their fixed bayonets, utterly routing them."

In this battle, Colonel POSEY made a very narrow escape. While at the head of his regiment he was struck by a ball which ut the skin on his breast and passed through his right arm, aking, however, only a flesh wound. He was sent to Waynesoro' in an ambulance, and thence to the University of Virginia, here, under the skilful treatment of his friend, Dr. J. Staige Davis, he was before very long restored to his command.

After returning to the field, Colonel POSEY led his regiment ith his accustomed gallantry until January of the following year, 1863,) when he was promoted Brigadier-General, and placed in ommand of the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Mississippi regiments. His influence over his men was not less potential in this wider phere than it had been when he was a regimental commander; nd his industrious attention to discipline rendered the brigade ne of the most efficient in the Army of Northern Virginia. One f his men, writing from camp, thus expressed the feeling of his ommand towards him:—"They love General POSEY like a father; nd he has such complete control over his men that in camp all ings glide along as smoothly as any General could desire. You ay know something about the General's character at home. As to that, I am a stranger; but I can testify as to his good qualities n camp, and the camp is the place to learn a man's true character. He is sociable at all times, ready and willing to converse with any an, to hear his complaints, and to give advice to those who sk it."

At the time of Hooker's advance, POSEY'S brigade, which formed part of Anderson's division, was on picket duty on the Rappahannock. It was recalled from the river at the approach of the enemy, and was among the first troops that engaged that "fighting" General at Chancellorsville. The part which Anderson's division played in that great battle is matter of history; but the following letter, taken from the Richmond *Sentinel*, will give, somewhat in detail, the action of POSEY'S command in that series of engagements concluding with the storming of the heights at Fredericksburg:—

"*Bivouac on the Battle-field, near* FREDERICKSBURG, VA., *May 8th*, 1863.

"Among the many brigades that have rendered their names immortal in the recent engagements along the Rappahannock, none have acted a more conspicuous part than POSEY'S brigade of Mississippi regiments—the scarred heroes of Seven Pines, Cross Keys, Williamsburg, and Gaines' Farm. Previously to the commencement of the late battles, this brigade was encamped near United States Ford, doing outpost duty. From this place they were withdrawn, and were constantly on the alert for eight successive days. On Friday evening, May 1st, they repulsed the enemy's skirmishers, and drove a column three times their number pell-mell before them. Again, on Sunday morning, May 3d, they charged the enemy in their breastworks before Chancellorsville, capturing 700 or 800 prisoners, and covering the earth in every direction with killed and wounded. Generals Lee and Anderson were present at this daring exploit, and expressed their admiration of the courage of the Southern braves. The Yankee Vandals could not endure the shouts and terrifying yells of the gallant Mississippians, but fled ignominiously before the onset, not, however, until many of the 'bravest of the brave' had fallen upon the crimson field.

"This brigade was also engaged Monday evening, May 4th, near Fredericksburg, and that added another gem to her glittering diadem of victorious achievements. Wherever the battle raged hottest, General POSEY, at the head of his brave little command, was sure to be seen doing good service. About three hundred and fifty gallant men, killed and wounded in the recent battles, bear testimony to the part this brigade bore in this series of brilliant successes."

The military life of General POSEY from this time until his death, is closely connected with the history of Anderson's division, Hill's corps. The writer is not sufficiently familiar with its details to attempt to follow him step by step; but it is enough to say that it sorted well with his previous career of gallantry. He passed unhurt in battle until the engagement at Bristoe Station, on the 14th of October, 1863, when he was wounded in the left leg. Turning to Captain Posey he said, "Well, son, they have got me this time!"

He was removed from the battle-field to Culpeper Court House, and thence, at his own request, to the residence of his friend, Dr. Davis, at the University of Virginia. His wound, which was from a very small shot, was not at first thought to be serious; but it was not long before alarming symptoms appeared. He received all the aid that medical skill and friendship could offer, but it presently became evident that he could not recover. Amid the classic scenes of his boyhood, in the very room he occupied when a student in 1836, and surrounded by generous, hospitable friends, he died calmly on the 13th of November, 1863. His body rests in the University burying-ground; the spot, which is sacred to many besides his bereaved wife and children, being marked by a handsome shaft upon which is this inscription:—

GENERAL CARNOT POSEY,
Born August 5th, 1818,
Died November 13th, 1863.

From an obituary notice, written by one who knew him, and published in the *Daily Mississippian* shortly after his death, the following passages touching his private character are taken:—

"The death of CARNOT POSEY will carry a pang to the heart of every one who knew him; for to know his pure and unselfish character was to honor and to love him. Singularly simple in his manners, warm in his attachments, honorable in his purposes, he was at once the model of a soldier and of a gentleman. In his nature all the elements of a true manhood were admirably blended; for while his heart was of the bravest, it was yet filled with the gentleness and tenderness of a woman. So true is it 'the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.' Peace to his ashes! honor to his memory! which, at least in the State of his birth and affection, will live long and grow greener with the lapse of time."

General POSEY's mind was by nature reverential, and this tendency was strengthened by his education. Religion had been with him a lifelong study; and his well-worn Bible, carried through the war, attests the fact that he gave constant attention to the testimonies of God. He died in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church.

His death created a profound impression both in the army and in "the State of his birth and affection." Resolutions of strong character, expressive of regret at his loss and of sympathy with his family were passed by the bar of Wilkinson county; and in his brigade, as soon as his death was known, the men who had "bound him with bays of their own winning," held a meeting. Colonel N. H. Harris, commanding brigade, was called to the chair, and Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. Harris, of the 12th, Colonel S. E. Baker, of the 16th, Lieutenant-Colonel T. J. Harden, of the 19th, and Colonel J. M. Jayne, of the 48th Mississippi Regiment, were appointed Vice-Presidents, and Major S. B. Thomas, of the 12th, Secretary. Whereupon the following committee was appointed to draft preamble and resolutions expressive of the deep regret felt for the loss of our late worthy and efficient General:—

COMMITTEE.

Staff, Major H. J. HEARSEY,
12th, Sergeant P. A. BOTTO,
" Sergeant-Major WM. O. CHAPMAN,
16th, Captain S. M. BAIN,
" Sergeant J. J. KIRKPATRICK,
P. R. LEATHERMAN,
19th, Captain R. W. PHIPPS,
" " J. H. DUNCAN,
" " W. E. DOOLY,
48th, " L. C. MOORE,
" " W. R. STONE,
" " JAMES ELLETT.

The committee retired, and in a few moments reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

"WHEREAS, God in His divine providence has seen fit to take from our midst our late commanding Brigadier-General CARNOT POSEY, of Wilkinson county, Mississippi, who died of wounds received in the late engagement at Bristoe Station, Virginia; therefore.

"*Resolved*, That while deploring the loss of so gallant and efficient an officer, who, by his disinterestedness, by the faithful discharge of his duty in the camp and on the field, by his courtesy to the officers of his command, and by his solicitude for the comfort and welfare of his men, endeared himself to all connected with him, we cannot but feel that he has been taken from us to fill a higher and a nobler place before the Throne of Him who ever worketh for His own glory.

"*Resolved*, That the officers and men of this brigade tender the family of the deceased their sincerest sympathy in this their great bereavement, hoping that He from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, may send them strength to bear with patience their great affliction; and in the knowledge that the deceased died in a holy cause, and as became a patriot and a soldier, they may find some consolation.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be furnished the *Richmond Enquirer*, *Atlanta Appeal*, and *Mississippian*, for publication; that a copy be spread upon the records of the brigade, and that a copy be furnished the family of the deceased. N. H. HARRIS, *President*.

"S. B. THOMAS, *Secretary*."

The soldiers who paid this tribute to the memory of their fallen chieftain, continued during the subsequent years of the war to sustain under their new leader, General N. H. Harris, the reputation they had acquired under Featherston and POSEY. When in 1864 the time for which they had enlisted expired, they used the occasion only to reiterate their devotion to the cause of the South. Their action was communicated to the Confederate Congress by the following dispatch, which Mr. McRae, of Mississippi, read in the House of Representatives:—

"ORANGE COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA,
February 13th, 1864.

"*Honorable J. J. McRae:*

"POSEY'S old brigade, consisting of the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Mississippi Regiments, have this day re-enlisted for the war unanimously. "STANHOPE POSEY,
"Captain, and A. A. G."

The following letter from Lieutenant-General Ewell forms a fitting conclusion of this article. It speaks in almost unmeasured terms of the heroism of the "old brigade" in one of the severest trials of the war; and, at the same time, it pays a handsome compliment to the 16th Mississippi, which General POSEY led through the Valley campaign:—

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF RICHMOND,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *December* 27, 1864.

"GENERAL N. H. HARRIS, *Commanding Brigade.*

"*General:*—I have omitted to acknowledge the services rendered by your brigade on the 12th of May last at Spottsylvania, not from any want of appreciation, but because I wish my thanks to rest upon the solid foundation of official reports.

"The manner in which your brigade charged over the hill to recapture our works, was witnessed by me with intense admiration for men who could advance so calmly to what seemed and proved a most certain death. I have never seen troops under a hotter fire than was endured on this day by your brigade and some others. Major-General Ed. Johnson, since his exchange, has assured me that the whole strength of the enemy's army was poured into the gap formed by the capture of his command.

"He estimates the force engaged at this place on their side at forty thousand, besides Berney's command of perfectly fresh troops. Prisoners from all of their corps were taken by us.

"Two divisions of my corps, your brigade and two others (one of which was scarcely engaged), confronted successfully this immense host, and not only won from them nearly all the ground, but so shattered their army that they were unable again to make a serious attack until they received fresh troops. I have not forgotten the conduct of the 16th Mississippi Regiment while under my command, from Front Royal to Malvern Hill. I am glad to see, from a trial more severe than any it experienced while in my division, that the regiment is in a brigade of which it may well be proud.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. S. EWELL, *Lieutenant-General.*"

JOSEPH C. CABELL, JR.,

First Lieutenant, Company H, 49th Virginia Infantry.

A family so numerous and so honorably connected with the history of Virginia, and of other States, as the Cabells, could hardly fail to be represented in a work like this. The first of the name in this country was Dr. William Cabell, a surgeon of the British navy, who emigrated to Virginia about the year 1723 or '24. He purchased extensive lands on both sides of the upper James River, and settled on the Swan Creek Plantation (on which the village of Warminster was afterwards built), and which has since been known as Liberty Hall. Acting as his own executor, he distributed his lands among his elder children long before his death, which occurred in 1774, reserving only the plantation on which he resided, and which he bequeathed to his youngest son, Colonel Nicholas Cabell.

Dr. Cabell had four sons, of whom the eldest, Colonel William Cabell, Sr., born in March, 1730, became the owner of the estate called Union Hill, in Nelson county — a baronial establishment, which, for its extensive appointments and admirable management, Dr. Grigsby has fitly compared to Mount Vernon. He was associated with Washington in all the great political bodies of Virginia, previous to the year 1776. "He served in the Colonial House of Burgesses, in the Committee of Safety, in the Convention of '76 (which formed the *first written* constitution of Virginia), was the first Senator from his district under that constitution, and was a member of the convention which accepted for Virginia the Constitution of the United States." He also had four sons. The eldest of these was Colonel Samuel Jordan Cabell, of Soldier's Joy, the estate on the river next below Union Hill, who served with credit in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards in the House of Delegates of Virginia; sat with his father in the Convention of 1789, and voted with him *against* the Constitution of the United States, and served as member of Congress from his District from 1795 to 1803.

William, the second son, and known as Colonel William Cabell, Jr., succeeded his father in the possession of Union Hill. He too served in the latter scenes of the Revolutionary War under General Stevens. He married Anne, daughter of Judge Paul Car-

rington, and was the father of Edward A. Cabell, Mayo Cabell, and others.

Lieutenant JOSEPH CARRINGTON CABELL, JR., son of Mayo Cabell, was born at Union Hill, Nelson county, in June, 1837. His mother, Mary Cornelia, was a daughter of the late Judge William Daniel, Sr., of Lynchburg, Virginia.

In 1852 he became a student at the University of Virginia, and continued there through three consecutive years. During this time he graduated on several subjects, and was distinguished at the intermediate and final examinations on others. "He was known," says a friend, "by almost every young man attending that institution, and was universally beloved." During his entire college course he was a member of the Washington Society, in which he was honored twice with the office of President.

The following sketch of his military career is from the pen of D. S. G. C., an intimate friend, who served with him in the field:—

"At the opening of the late war he was both a lawyer and a farmer, but he cheerfully and promptly abandoned both pursuits to obey what he conceived to be the call of his country. He was one of the most active in getting up a company in his neighborhood, called 'The New Market Volunteers.' At its organization in the spring of 1861, he was elected Junior 2d Lieutenant. The company after drilling a while at New Market, Nelson county, rendezvoused at Charlottesville. From Charlottesville it was moved to Culpeper Court House, and thence, after a short stay, it was advanced to the front at Manassas. Lieutenant CABELL participated with his company in the great and memorable victory of the 21st July, a battle which will forever illustrate the valor of the Southern people. When General Johnston evacuated the line of the Rapidan and went to the peninsula to meet the advancing columns of McClellan, Lieutenant CABELL went with his company, then attached to the 49th Virginia Infantry, Colonel William Smith, and faithfully discharged his duty amid the hardships and dangers of the campaign around Yorktown; and without a murmur bore manfully his part in that long and wearisome retreat, in dreary weather, from the peninsula to Richmond. The writer of this sketch was a fellow-soldier with Lieutenant CABELL, was with him in the same mess and company, and can of his own knowledge testify as to the devotion with which he

discharged his duty as an officer and a patriot. Reared as a gentleman and accustomed to all the luxuries of life, he never complained of the scarcity or hardness of fare, nor murmured on account of toilsome marches or exposure to weather. In the retreat from Yorktown, when the spirit of the army was much depressed, his voice was often heard to speak a language of stern resolve and patriotic encouragement. He had a noble and manly spirit which never faltered or cowered in the presence of danger, but willingly made every sacrifice in the performance of duty. The winter's cold and the summer's heat, the perils of the battle and the fatigues and the exposure of the march, never in any degree diminished his zeal and devotion to the cause which he had espoused, and for which he was willing to lay down his life.

"In the battle of Seven Pines the company and regiment to which Lieutenant CABELL belonged bore a distinguished part. The brigade — Featherston's — had to charge the right wing of Casey's division in its entrenched position on the south side of the Chickahominy; it was victorious, but with heavy loss. In this fierce conflict Lieutenant CABELL was severely wounded, both in the arm and in the breast. He was taken to a Richmond hospital, and, so soon as his wounds permitted, allowed to return home to recuperate.

"But one with his spirit and self-sacrificing disposition could not long remain contentedly at home while the fate of the South still rested on the decision of the sword. In October, 1862, he rejoined his regiment, it having been transferred to Early's brigade of Ewell's division soon after the conclusion of the battles around Richmond. He was not with his company at the first battle of Fredericksburg, having a short time before been appointed Judge-Advocate of a special court-martial. As soon as this was adjourned, he rejoined his company and participated in nearly all the operations of Jackson's corps. He was at the retaking of Marye's Hill by Early, at the capture of Winchester by Ewell, and at the great but disastrous battle of Gettysburg.

"Lieutenant CABELL was of a warm and generous disposition, of a character incapable of any meanness. He deserves to be cherished in our memories as one who took the sword not from ambition, but from a sense of duty. On the battle-field his courage was of the cool, available kind. No one could be kinder or more considerate than he was to the sick and wounded, for he had a heart which

loved to relieve the distressed. Upon the reorganization at Yorktown he was promoted by election to the 1st Lieutenancy, and such was the esteem in which he was held that he only lacked a few votes of being elected Major of the regiment.

"While the Confederate army was in Culpeper county, he was attacked with violent diarrhœa about the beginning of November, 1863. He was sent to a hospital at Culpeper Court House, and thence to one at Richmond when the army fell back from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan. He died at the Richmond hospital soon after his arrival, on the 11th of November, 1863, and in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was buried at Union Hill, Nelson county, the family seat of many of his paternal ancestors.

"The gallant soldier rests from his labors, the kind and generous heart beats no longer; but some still live who loved him, and one of them now offers this brief sketch in the spirit with which he would lay a memorial-wreath upon his grave."

WILLIAM S. WRIGHT,

Adjutant, 61st Virginia Infantry.

William Stephen Wright was born in Nansemond county, Virginia, on the 26th of March, 1841. He was the third son of William Joseph and Martha Eley Wright.

While yet a boy, and almost unconscious of her worth and watchful care, it was his misfortune to lose his mother. He was thus deprived of that maternal guidance so essential to develop and train to perfection those finer traits of character which were so manifest to all in his maturer years. At the age of six he was sent to the neighborhood school, known as "Yeates's Lower Free School." Here he soon exhibited a strength of intellect which gave him preëminence over his fellows, and promised distinction in any profession he might select. At this stage of his life, a distinguishing characteristic was his energy; he possessed, for one so young, an almost unnatural determination to accomplish whatever task was set him. A prominent feature of the school

was the weekly declamation, in which all the pupils participated, and in which there was a wider field for competition than in any other department. Well do we remember the anxiety with which those gala days were regarded — days when other faces than those of pupils were familiar in the school-room, and the presence of strangers gave new force to the zeal with which each competitor contended for the meed of praise. It might reasonably be supposed that an awkward timidity was the chief feature in the efforts of such youthful orators; but with WILLIAM there was even now a surprising degree of confidence. There was a punctilious regard for correct articulation of words and modulation of voice, and an accuracy of gesture seldom seen in boys of maturer years.

It must not be imagined, however, that in the development of his oratorical powers he neglected the cultivation of other faculties. All his studies were prosecuted with an energy which gained the commendation of his teachers and secured for him a prominence in his classes. This prominence did not have the effect, as is apt to be the case, to make him haughty, or carry even the slightest appearance of thinking himself above his class-mates. On the contrary, his conduct was uniformly such as to win their highest regard, and we hazard nothing in saying there was not a more general favorite in the whole school than he. In all the sports of the campus he was a most active participant, particularly in those games which required a fine physical development. And here we find the same energy and determination to excel which characterized him in the school-room. Possessed of an even temperament, but full of life and activity, he would almost allow himself to be overcome with fatigue rather than yield the contest to an opponent. If conquered, he would challenge to another contest, and never seemed content until he had won a victory.

It was during his continuance at this school, under a frequent change of teachers, that a deep religious interest was awakened in the community under the preaching of the Rev. J. S. Reynoldson. At this period WILLIAM was about twelve years old, and became deeply interested in the sermons to which he was a regular listener. In the great revival which followed, he made a public profession of religion and connected himself with the "Shoulder's Hill Baptist Church," of which the Rev. William M. Young, D.D., now of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was then pastor. In connection with the Sabbath School of the church the pastor had established a

"Youth's Missionary Society," which held its sessions regularly once a month. Its meetings were held exclusively by the members, under the supervision and counsel of the pastor; and among the prominent features of interest was an address at each meeting by some one of the members. WILLIAM was frequently selected to deliver the monthly address. It was a task from which we never knew him to shrink, but one in which he took pride and always acquitted himself with credit. He was always ready for the performance of any duty, and almost a constant incumbent of some one of the offices connected with the society.

As a member of the church his life was entirely consistent, and to human eyes without reproach. There was manifest in his acts a conscientious regard for the right and an earnest devotion to all religious duties, without in the slightest degree exhibiting any spirit of self-righteousness.

While we have not claimed for WILLIAM WRIGHT that he was in any respect a prodigy, we believe that his was an order of talent considerably above mediocrity. There was, however, one talent which he developed purely by self-culture, and to an unusual extent. In his early childhood he exhibited a fondness for music which did not attract any particular attention, until with the toy instruments which fell in his way he absolutely made music. He was then supplied with such instruments as his fancy might suggest, and rapidly acquired a proficiency which was the wonder and admiration of his friends. Music was a passion with him, and all his leisure moments at home were devoted to it, though not to the exclusion of any duty. This talent was inherent; and without any assistance other than such as he could procure from the few books within his reach, he became an accomplished performer on several instruments. Vocal music constituted no less an attraction than instrumental, and his knowledge of the former, coupled with an unusually fine voice, made him a leader in several social clubs, and also of several church choirs at different times. In the social circle this gift made him an ornament, and rendered his presence always especially welcome. He composed music with considerable facility, and it was his design to have his productions published, but circumstances which he could not control prevented the accomplishment of his purpose. Many of his associates at school and in society can remember his sweet piano-touch, and his comrades about the camp-fire still remember the merry notes with

which he was wont to enliven the glowing surroundings of winter quarters. And when the men of the camp were assembled for worship, his voice could be heard above all others, sending up a melody of praise.

Music is said to carry with it a softening, refining influence; and it may be that the great gentleness of his disposition was in a measure attributable to his fondness for it.

In September, 1855, in company with two older brothers and three other young men from the same section, he left home for Columbian College, Washington, D. C. WILLIAM was the youngest of the party; and arriving at the college, passed with credit the preliminary examination, and with the oldest of his companions was admitted to the freshman class, where he soon took rank among the best. His personal deportment was without reproach, as was attested by the fact that during his continuance at the college he never received a demerit or reproof from one of the officers, nor was there the least feeling of unkindness on the part of his associates. The literary societies in connection with the college soon attracted his attention, and with a natural fondness for debate, he availed himself of the privileges thus conferred. Here he had a wider field for development, and he engaged in the debates with all the energy of which he was capable, applying himself rigidly during his spare hours to the preparation of his argument. Whenever opportunity was offered, as was frequently the case during the sessions of Congress, he did not fail to attend the debates of that body. Those were days when the affairs of the whole country (and not of a party or a faction) demanded and received the consideration which was their due. The days of the giants had not quite passed away, nor had pygmies entirely usurped the seats of statesmen of rare merit. Pierce, and afterwards Buchanan, gave dignity and intellect to the executive office. Fitzpatrick and Breckenridge in succession presided in the Senate, and the incorruptible Judge Roger B. Taney was the Presiding Justice of the Supreme Court. In the Congress and before the Supreme Court, there were intellectual efforts worthy of the best days of the Republic. Upon the occasion of any extraordinary debate before either of these tribunals, WILLIAM was an eager and attentive listener, and seldom failed to carry to his study valuable lessons derived from the discussion of the question at issue. He had in early life expressed a preference for the legal

profession, and it is probable that his attendance upon these debates, particularly before the Supreme Court, confirmed his choice. The Congressional Library, as also that of the Smithsonian Institute, were favorite places of resort for him, and he often wished that he could through life have uninterrupted access to them.

He was an active participant in all the intellectual contests in which his class was permitted to take part, as it was in the direction of forensic discussion that his energies and talent swere more particularly turned. He would rather gain a distinction in oratory than in ancient languages. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that he heard in his third collegiate year of the appropriation of a fund, the proceeds of which were to be devoted annually to the purchase of a gold medal, to be awarded to the best orator of the senior and junior classes. He at once determined to contest for the prize, and in the graduating class of 1859 the orator's medal was awarded to him.

Only a few days after he had thus distinguished himself, he was declared a full graduate of the college with six others who had entered at the same time; the original number having been twenty-five. He was the youngest of his class, and had taken some of its highest honors.

Returning to his home his thoughts were now most intent upon the question of his profession in life. In a few weeks it was decided that he should attend the law course at the University of Virginia; and, accordingly, with one older brother, he entered that institution in the autumn of 1859. He was not long in surrounding himself with warm personal friends, men who were drawn to him by his amiability, and to whom he was most strongly attached.

He often expressed the wish that he had leisure to devote to essay writing; but in his anxiety to realize the largest benefit from the single session allotted to him here, and the absence of any preparation for the course rendering a close application necessary, he rarely found time for such occupation. He was, however, an occasional contributor to the *University Magazine*, and his articles bore evidence of the fact that he wielded a ready pen. Here he connected himself with the Washington Society; and though very much interested in its exercises, the same causes deterred him from an active participation in its debates. Indeed, the study of

the profession he had chosen engaged his almost exclusive attention.

After spending the session here, he determined, upon the advice of friends, to spend a year in the office of some practitioner of law. Accordingly, he was in the summer of 1860 admitted as a student in the law-office of Hon. James Lyons, of Richmond. The bench of the Hustings Court was at this time occupied by the lamented Judge William H. Lyons, son of Hon. James Lyons. He had been elevated to the bench at the early age of 28 years, and was a distinguished ornament to the profession.

The office of Judge Lyons adjoined that of his father, and the benefit of his extensive library, as well as of his counsel, was freely extended to the students in his father's office. In him WILLIAM found a valuable assistant, and the assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies here soon won for him the confidence and esteem of his distinguished preceptor. The extensive practice of the father gave him little time in his office, and from a more intimate association with the son, the young men there began to consider him as their teacher. Under the instruction and practical knowledge acquired here, WILLIAM had rapidly prepared himself for the practice of his profession, and was looking forward with satisfaction to the day when he should enter upon it.

But in the immediate future there appeared the probability of a strife far different from that in which he had hoped to engage. Upon the election of a *sectional* President, political excitement became at once intense in Richmond. When Virginia called together her sons to consider in convention the duties of the hour, vast throngs attended upon the deliberations of that body, and awaited with anxiety the vote which should decide the destiny of the old Commonwealth. Appreciating fully the wrongs which had been heaped upon his section, and anticipating still greater wrong in the Union, WILLIAM WRIGHT was deeply solicitous concerning this decision, and attended daily upon the sittings of the convention. When the result was announced, he left at once the quiet pursuits of a student's life and repaired to his native county.

Here his earnest efforts were directed towards the formation of a company for service in the "Provisional Army of Virginia." In the excitement then raging, this was a task of easy accomplishment; and on the organization of the "Craney Island Artillery,"

a few days after his arrival at his home, he was elected its 2d Lieutenant. The services of the company were immediately tendered to the Governor, and it was directed to report for duty at one of the river batteries in the vicinity of Norfolk. When Virginia joined the Confederacy, and her troops were transferred to the Confederate army, this company was assigned to the 9th Virginia Regiment. During the first year of the war army-life in the vicinity of Norfolk was rather inactive, and without any incident of particular note. Lieutenant WRIGHT'S dignified and soldierly bearing, free from any manifestation of partiality, yet accompanied with a rigid regard for discipline without harshness, had endeared him to all those under his command. Just previous to the evacuation of Norfolk, when the Southern army had become in a great measure demoralized by the reorganization, there was considerable commotion in the camp. He had never sought by any means to advance his rank, and when a re-election was almost unanimously tendered to him, from private and prudential motives he declined it, and enlisted as a private in the "Old Dominion Guards," (Company K), of the same regiment.

With this company he left Norfolk, and was ordered in front of Richmond, as the Federal army, under McClellan, was moving up the Peninsula. The division of General Huger, to which this regiment was attached, was camped near the "Seven Pines," when a portion of the Federal army crossed the Chickahominy, and the 9th Virginia Regiment bore a prominent part in that battle. After the enemy had been driven back, and the fighting of the first day was nearly over, WILLIAM was wounded severely in the left arm. He refused any offers of assistance to the rear, preferring that others worse hurt than himself should have all the care they required. After reaching a hospital in the rear, he was completely prostrated from loss of blood, and was sent to Richmond, where he met his old family physician, and received every attention which kind hands could bestow. After a short time he was able to be moved to Petersburg, where loving hands ministered to all his wants, and under the kindest attention was soon able to move about on the street, though it was several weeks before he recovered the use of his arm.

While awaiting his recovery here, and anxious to rejoin his companions, he was appointed Adjutant of the 61st Virginia Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Niemeyer commanding. A

portion of this regiment was then stationed at Petersburg, and very soon afterward he entered upon the discharge of his duties. The regiment remained at Petersburg until the autumn of 1862, when it was ordered to Culpeper. Here it continued until the return of General Lee's army from the first Maryland campaign, when it was attached to Mahone's brigade. Early in the following spring the active campaign of 1863 began, and the part which Mahone's brigade bore in all the battles of that and succeeding years is too well known to be repeated here. In every engagement the clear voice of Adjutant WRIGHT might be heard cheering the men, and his erect form be seen in the front ranks, as, waving his sword, he charged the enemy's lines. At Chancellorsville his regiment was in the thickest of the fight, and he bore himself with distinguished gallantry. Through all the campaigns of that year, from Chancellorsville, by Slaughter's Mountain, Winchester, Martinsburg, and Harper's Ferry, through Maryland and Pennsylvania to Gettysburg and back, in every battle and skirmish in which his brigade participated he was always ready for duty. Through all that campaign he passed without the slightest wound. Indeed, he did not seem to fear death in this shape; and apart from the natural excitement inseparable from a great battle, he was as calm and collected as when off duty.

In the autumn of 1863, after the return from Gettysburg, the army had resumed its old camping-ground around Orange Court House and the Rapidan. It is a somewhat singular fact that in the last interview between the writer and the subject of this memoir (which occurred while on a short leave of absence with his relatives, then in Petersburg), as he was about taking his leave of us, he exhibited an unusual melancholy at parting, and remarked that he did not expect to see us again; that he did not anticipate death from the bullet, but had no idea that he would survive the war, or if so, it would be only a short time. He thought he would die of disease, though his appearance then indicated the best health, and he had been from childhood exceedingly robust. Could he have had a premonition of his fate? We have heard of similar forebodings in others; and however futile may be the efforts of human intellect to account for them, surely they have been sometimes most painfully and speedily fulfilled. Little did his friends dream how soon they should be summoned to the sad realization of his gloomy predictions. On

the 16th of November, 1863, having just returned from divine service in the camp, and while seated in front of his tent in company with some of his most esteemed friends, he suddenly complained of illness, and the symptoms appearing rather violent, he requested that the surgeon be summoned. Upon his arrival he pronounced the disease a congestive chill, and with all the skill and restoratives which he could command he applied himself faithfully to his relief. He passed through the first attack, and human skill was exhausted in its effort to prevent a repetition, but without avail. On the 17th of November, 1863, the chill returned, and with such violence as to deprive him of his reason. Away from home and relatives, surrounded by all the "pomp and circumstance of war," he breathed his last. Devoted friends watched around his dying bed and soothed his brow. The first intimation his friends in Petersburg received of his illness was through a dispatch from his firm friend, Lieut.-Colonel Stuart, announcing his illness; and a second dispatch, received a few minutes later, announced his death. A gloomy sorrow settled upon the camp, and all felt that one of its most efficient officers had gone. Resolutions of deep regret and of sympathy with his bereaved family were unanimously adopted by the regiment. His body was given in charge to his faithful servant, and by him conveyed to Petersburg, where it was interred in old Blandford Cemetery. A marble slab marks his resting-place, bearing the simple inscription —

Sacred to the memory of
WILLIAM STEPHEN WRIGHT,
Adj't of the 61st Va. Regiment,
Who was born March 26th, 1841
and died Nov. 17th, 1863.
"*None knew him but to love him,*
None named him but to praise."

Thousands more of his comrades sleep within the same enclosure; and on the 9th of June in each year, as the delicate bouquets and wreaths, with vases of all hues, and sprigs of green, bedeck the soldier's mounds in this sadly beautiful "City of the Dead," loving hearts and willing hands bestrew this spot

Typical even unto death are these flowers which each year are freshly laid upon the graves of our dear dead heroes. "Man

cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; like the flower of the field he fadeth, and like the grass he withereth." But there is an immortal amaranth of the heart; a flower that, nurtured in the garden of the soul, and kept bedewed with the sweet drops of tearful memory, can never die. The delicate handiwork which the devotion of friends may scatter above his resting-place, may wither and die; the wanton winds that moan through the dark shadows of the night may steal their fragrance, and the storms may thresh their delicate petals into fragments; time may obliterate the mottoes that mark his grave-stone, and this humble monument of affection may crumble to dust, but the name and the memory of WILLIAM STEPHEN WRIGHT will be ever dear to those who knew him and loved him while living; and they will enshrine it in their hearts as a lasting memorial. "He has fought the good fight." Here let him rest from his labors.

END OF VOLUME III.

THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL.

VOLUME IV—1864.

SUMMERFIELD SMITH, M. A.,

Captain, First Regiment Engineer Troops.

SUMMERFIELD SMITH was born on the 5th of August, 1836, at Leesburg, in Loudoun county, Virginia. Like his celebrated namesake, John Summerfield, he gave early promise of more than ordinary talents. To those who marked his brief career, this promise seemed to be fully verified. Entering the University at the age of nineteen, he obtained in three sessions, and not without considerable distinction, the highest academic honor of the institution; receiving his degree as Master of Arts on the 29th of July, 1868, to which time the session had been prolonged because of an interruption in its course by an epidemic. The three years immediately following were spent in teaching; first in the school of his brother, Edward B. Smith, now Professor in Richmond College, and then, for two years, as assistant to one who had been his instructor at the University, the late Dr. Gessner Harrison. Several of his summer vacations were at the same time pleasantly and profitably spent in making geological explorations partly in the hill country of his native State, partly amidst the mountains of Vermont and eastern New York. To one such tour especially, made in company with a select party, among whom were Professor Clarke, of Columbian College, and Professor Brush, now of Yale College, and led by Colonel Jewett, he often afterwards referred as having combined in an eminent degree the healthful recreation needed by a tired teacher, the social pleasure of congenial company, the intellectual enjoyment of scientific pursuit, and the practical knowledge of the world derived from seeing men under all circumstances.

In September, 1861, in company with his younger brother Howard, he volunteered as a private in the famous Rockbridge

Artillery, then commanded by Captain McLaughlin, and attached to the Stonewall Brigade. With this battery he served through Jackson's memorable winter campaign, including the forced marches over ice-covered roads, and amidst sleet and snow and bitter cold, on the expedition to Bath and Romney. His health, frail from early childhood, broke down under the long-continued exposure and privation. He never fully recovered from the effects, though he soon considered himself fit for duty, and on the 23d of March following participated in one of the most brilliant actions of the war — the battle of Kernstown — in which his company with their field-pieces literally charged the enemy's infantry, and held for some time, without support, the advanced position.

Some months subsequent to this event he was detailed as an engineer at the request of Captain, afterwards Colonel, Alfred L. Rives, acting Chief of the Bureau, who had then a high opinion of his attainments, and who, upon further acquaintance with him, became warmly interested in his promotion to the position for which his ability and devotion to duty plainly fitted him. He was soon commissioned a Lieutenant in the corps of engineers. Engaged at first mainly in making topographical surveys, he was soon entrusted with the more important and difficult problems of location and construction. Among the works successfully accomplished under his supervision was a bridge across the James, near Drury's Bluff, built on piles, and fitted with a draw to allow the passage of gunboats and of the steamers engaged in exchanging prisoners. This structure, adapted as it was to all tides, as well as the other works on which he was engaged, abundantly prove that one who brings to such duties a mind liberally and thoroughly trained, may soon equal and then rapidly surpass those whose education has been exclusively technical and professional. So highly were these services appreciated that when it was determined to organize for the Army of Northern Virginia a regiment of engineer troops, he was commissioned a Captain, and assigned to the division which had been led by Jackson, then by Ewell, and was now commanded by Major-General Edward Johnson. We are indebted for most of the facts and incidents which follow to a diary kept by one who had been his class-mate at college, and was henceforth his Lieutenant and mess-mate in the field.

On the 4th of June, 1863, Captain SMITH reported for duty to General Johnson, and was assigned to command the pioneer corps

of the division until a company of mechanics and others suitable for engineer troops could be selected and detailed from the different regiments. The next morning the whole Army of Northern Virginia was in motion for the expedition into Pennsylvania. During this march we find but few incidents worth recording. On Saturday, June 13th, appears in the diary above mentioned this entry:—

"Moved at dawn with three days' rations. Rodes had taken the right the evening before, Early turned to the left towards Newtown; Johnson moved straight forward, the Stonewall Brigade being by request in front. Our order of march was, first a regiment which some miles from Winchester deployed as skirmishers, then the pioneers, then Carpenter's battery, then the rest of the division."

The next day Winchester was captured, and the army moved on again. On the 18th we find Captain SMITH with his pioneers engaged through a severe thunder-storm, and up to twelve midnight, on the approaches and crossings of the Potomac and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal between Shepherdstown, Virginia, and Sharpsburg, Maryland — a work with which the General next day "expressed himself as highly pleased." From the record of the next two weeks, during which the army was moving without obstruction on macadamized roads, we make a few brief extracts, which seem to indicate the spirit of the times:—

"21*st*. . Couldn't help laughing aloud at seeing groups of men in citizen's dress. . .

"23*d*. . Foraging is profitable, as everything is plenty, and one need give only so much money as he chooses. . .

"24*th*. . The people know nothing, and in politics are nothing. Some complain feebly. Three men only we have found who were really glad to see us — they had just been conscripted. . .

"25*th*. . Spent in camp. . Engaged in selecting men to fill out the company. . .

"27*th*. . Approaching Carlisle. . The citizens are terribly frightened, though few depredations are committed. One old fellow got off a joke about our 'coming into the Union,' but most of them tremble as they speak." . .

In the terrific battle of Gettysburg, July 1st to 3d, we find our pioneers near the left wing — right much exposed but not actively engaged. For the next week we have an account of the retreat.

Officers and men alike wet with the almost continual rain, toiling wearily through mud and mountain, with very irregular and insufficient supplies of food and but little chance to sleep. On the 10th, all the engineer force of the army was assembled under command of Major Clarke, of the General Staff, to collect material and build boats for bridging the Potomac at Falling Waters. Captain SMITH was selected by the Major commanding to assist him in drawing up plans and specifications for the boats, which they agreed to make "6 by 18 feet at bottom, 7 by 30 feet at top, and 3 feet deep, framed with seven bents and covered with two-inch plank, calculated to carry a span of twenty feet." While the pioneers were engaged in building these in the boat-yards of Williamsport, Maryland, he was again honored in being selected to assist in locating and planning the construction of the proposed bridge. We find that, when complete,

"It consisted (beginning from the Virginia shore) of *three* spans on trestles, *nine* on regular pontoons — the remnant of our old pontoon train — *fourteen* on the new boats and *three* more on trestles, making in all about 550 feet long. The depth of water varied from six to ten feet, and the current was so strong that the bridge had to be stayed by a cable, in addition to the anchors, most of which were boxes 36x15 by 15 inches filled with stone."

This structure, though made of such incongruous and rude materials, stood the severe test to which it was subjected in the crossing for thirty hours of one continuous stream of trains and troops, sometimes sunken almost to the water's edge by a line of artillery flanked on either side by columns of infantry. As soon as the bridge was ready for use Captain SMITH was again selected to reconnoitre for a line of defence covering its approaches. His recommendations were approved, and forthwith the whole force was ordered out to construct under his direction the necessary earthworks.

When the army had safely crossed, he was again detained to assist in saving such portions of the bridge as seemed worth preserving, and in destroying the remainder. Thus for three days and nights of rainy weather he had little or no rest. Sunday night, July 12th, was spent at work on the bridge; Monday night, in keeping it in order and superintending the crossing of the troops; and Tuesday night, the 14th, in destroying the structure. The promptness, skill, and fidelity which he then dis-

played added no little to the enviable reputation as an engineer which he already enjoyed, but the fatigue, exposure, and above all, the anxiety which these services entailed, sowed the seeds of fatal disease.

Though never thereafter entirely well, he remained with the army till the 6th of August. Meantime the plan for organizing the engineer troops was changed; all the men who had been detailed were returned to their respective regiments, and the officers were sent out to find recruits among the few men still left in the workshops of the country. As soon as Captain SMITH returned from the field he was stricken down with a severe attack of sickness, and did not recover sufficiently to resume his duties until the middle of January following. At this time the regiment, now partially formed, occupied a camp of instruction near Richmond. On the 7th of February a party of Federal soldiers advanced towards the city, approaching so closely that their guns could be distinctly heard. This caused apprehensions of an *émeute* among the Federal prisoners, and all available forces were ordered out. The engineer troops, called from their comfortable winter-quarters, had to bivouac for several days on a bleak hill overlooking the prison-camp on Belle Isle. Captain SMITH was at the time suffering with a severe and obstinate headache, which he attributed to neuralgia. Visiting the residence of his brother, Major Edward B. Smith, then on ordnance duty in the city, he was pressed to remain, in view of his suffering condition and of the great exposure of the service before him. He replied, with characteristic devotion and firmness, that if he went into sick quarters at such a time, when just ordered upon an exposed and possibly dangerous service, he would seem to his men willing to shirk his duty. Thus deliberately, as we too sadly know in the light of the then fast-coming events, on that wintry and dreary day, he turned away from the comforts and attentions of a home, doubly grateful and needful in his weakened condition, and chose death rather than the appearance of failure in duty.

In a very few days he was carried back to his brother's house, suffering severely. He remained there a week, and though really too sick to travel, his longing to get home was so great that he was allowed to start; but by the time he reached the house of his eldest brother, Professor Francis H. Smith, at the University of Virginia, the symptoms of his disease had become of an unmis-

takably typhoid character. In a day or two delirium supervened, and he expired on the 2d of March, 1864.

In person, SUMMERFIELD SMITH was rather fine-looking than handsome. His frame was well-proportioned and somewhat above the usual stature. His fair skin, light hair, remarkably broad brow, bluish-gray eyes, well-shapen nose, fine rhetorical mouth, and smooth chin, made up a face at once striking and attractive. A noticeable feature was the broad mouth, encompassed as it was by thin, flexible lips, which habitually indicated resolute determination, but readily relaxed into a pleasant smile.

The excellent temper and quality of his mind may be inferred from what has already been said. His rare conversational powers deserve to be specially mentioned. No one was more welcome in the social circle gathered round a blazing camp-fire or assembled in a lady's drawing-room, for none could bring a better fund of sprightly wit, cultivated taste, and extensive general information. It was not this alone, however, which, during his short life, drew to him so many friends from among the best and noblest young men of our land; it was chiefly because they found in him a kindred spirit, a genial nature, and an uncalculating devotion. He was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a faithful friend. Ambitious without envy, brave but not reckless, decided yet never impolite, conscientious in everything, he exhibited a character and bearing worthy of all imitation. His faults — and his most intimate associates rarely saw them — were those of an impulsive and generous heart. So strict was his attention to religious duty that not even amid the distractions of the camp or the weariness of the march did he omit to read the Word of God and bow in secret prayer.

In this connection, a brother, who loved, admired, and was proud of him, claims, under the title of that affection and esteem, the privilege of adding here a testimony to his many virtues:— "Out of no small circle of men, the writer of these lines never knew one with a finer sense of uprightness and honor than was possessed by SUMMERFIELD SMITH — a sense that made him recoil from any act about which the slightest doubt of its rectitude could be suggested. A magnanimous gentleman, he was far above all self-seeking; his was a generous hand and strong but tender nature. In his brief career he acquired no wide renown, it may be; but the devoted esteem of loyal hearts, which is the only

earthly reward worth striving for, the only conquest that endures and repays the costliest sacrifice of self, he won and held till death; and it ever survives to keep his memory green in all the hearts that loved him. His purity of thought, and consequently of life, was one of the most remarkable traits of his exemplary character. With whatever doubts assailed, he had a true faith in Christ, and has most surely proved the truth of that Divine beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

"Some who read these lines will recall him with tender recollections. If any — viewing the dark Providence which swept from our commonwealth, in their early manhood, so many noble sons like him — are inclined to call their end untimely, we may and must confide the inscrutable issue to the Master, who takes the workman but provides for the work. Meanwhile it is consoling to reflect that those lives, however short, are crowned with honor, which set us bright examples of purity and truth, and give new meaning to the old-time words, *friendship*, *patriotism*, and *religion*."

GEORGE B. KEMPER,

1st Lieutenant, Company B, 10th Virginia Infantry.

GEORGE B. KEMPER was the son of Dr. George W. Kemper, Jr., of Port Republic, Rockingham county, Virginia, and Mary Angeline Brown, of Albemarle county, Virginia — his father a physician of high standing, and his mother, deceased many years ago, a woman loved by all for her many virtues, and more especially for the great liberality and gentleness of her character, her good sense and affectionate disposition.

GEORGE was born in Albemarle on the 7th of March, 1841, and at an early age gave such indications of talent as to determine his father to give him a thorough collegiate education. In pursuance of this design he was first placed, in 1855, in charge of his uncle, C. J. Kemper, under whose tuition he remained for one session, and made such proficiency, and showed so great fondness of study, especially of mathematics and kindred subjects, that his father was earnestly recommended to spare no expense to give *him* the best opportunity to complete his academic course.

Subsequently he attended the schools of Mr. Powers, Staunton, Virginia; of Dr. Charles Minor, Brook Hill, Albemarle, Virginia, and of Professor White, at Mossy Creek Academy, Augusta, Virginia, in all of which he acquitted himself with distinction and with a high reputation for scholarship. In October, 1859, he entered the University of Virginia, and graduated that session in mathematics and French. The next session he was found still attending lectures at the University; but the initiatory movements of the impending war having been taken, he felt it incumbent upon him to volunteer for the defence of his native State, and of those sacred rights which had been bequeathed to her people by a noble ancestry.

Not waiting for the close of the session, he volunteered in May as a private soldier in Company B, Rockingham Rifles, of the 10th Virginia Regiment, commanded at first by the lamented Colonel Gibbon, who fell at McDowell, and afterwards by Colonel E. T. H. Warren, who was also subsequently killed at the head of his command. In the same company was his elder brother, Lieutenant W. M. Kemper, who for coolness and intrepidity in battle was highly complimented by his superior officers, and who, occupying an advanced position, was killed almost instantly at the battle of Chancellorsville, falling, it is said, into the arms of his brother GEORGE, who had scarcely time to lay him down in death before he was himself taken prisoner. This imprisonment was, however, of short duration, and he was soon again by the side of his old comrades in arms, battling for that cause in whose justice he believed with heart and soul.

He passed unscathed through the decisive battles of the Valley campaign under Jackson, followed his standards in the bloody fights around Richmond, at Manassas, and Chancellorsville, and accompanied General Ewell in the Maryland campaign. Finally, in the gallant discharge of his duty, acting as 1st Lieutenant, to which post he had been elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of his brother, he fell, instantly killed, on the 5th of May, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness, a martyr to what he believed to be right, and deeply lamented by all of his command.

In personal appearance Lieutenant KEMPER was rather handsome than otherwise, tall, with dark hair and blue eyes, and with a prepossessing though somewhat reserved manner. He appeared to have little of that kind of ambition which seeks alone for honor

on the selfish principle of vanity or personal aggrandizement, and must have been elected to the position he held from a true appreciation of his merits by those who fought by his side. His moral character was spotless, his integrity unflinching, his manners affable when his diffidence was overcome, and his disposition quiet and unobtrusive, seldom ruffled by any annoyance.

As a student he was very calm and patient: hence his acquirements were thorough, based as they were upon a close examination of the subjects which engaged his attention.

He was, in fine, the pride of his family, beloved by all his friends, respected by all who knew him, and lamented and still remembered with feeling and affection by the few brave hearts who survive the fiery ordeal of patriotism through which they passed by his side, under the mutual inspiration of confidence and esteem. As long as the memories of the ennobled dead shall be cherished — as long as the surviving followers of the man of iron will and sublime faith revert with deep feeling, intermingled with pride, to the noble deeds of daring and suffering of their companions in arms, so long will all who knew him also, as friend and comrade, remember with thoughtful sadness his untimely end.

His remains, with those of his brother, were gathered to the old family burying-ground, by the side of a once loving mother, to await in turn the coming of those who were near and dear to him. Like numberless of the Confederate dead, no marble monument marks his resting-place. Perhaps the flowers strewed upon the graves of our dead by the hands of the noble women of the South were a more fitting memorial; for, in the beautiful language of Washington Irving,— "The hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave while affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labor of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble."

WILLIAM WELLFORD RANDOLPH,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding the 2d Virginia Infantry.

Among the brave Virginians who fell victims to their love of country in the recent struggle, none is entitled to a higher place in the admiration and affection of his countrymen than Colonel WILLIAM W. RANDOLPH, of the 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall brigade. Young when he fell, and having had but a brief space to exhibit those great qualities which encircle the heads of their possessors with a halo of glory, he yet made upon all who came within the circle of his influence a profound impression, and lives to-day in the hearts of many as one of the noblest types of a great and courageous race.

Colonel RANDOLPH was the second son of Dr. Robert Carter and Lucy Nelson Randolph, and was born at 'New Market," the estate of his father in Clarke county, Virginia, February 20, 1837. In 1845 he went to school at Oak Grove Academy, near the neighboring village of Millwood, where he received the rudiments of his education from Mr. Samuel Schooler. Mr. Schooler subsequently left the Oak Grove Academy to associate himself with Mr. Lewis M. Coleman, of the Hanover Academy, when the subject of our sketch followed him thither, pursuing his course of studies there, and establishing a reputation for talents and high character with scholars and teachers. Thence he passed to the University of Virginia, and at the expiration of his term there returned to Clarke county, when he took charge of the Oak Grove Academy on the 1st of September, 1856 Here he remained until 1858, when he was offered a position in Colonel Kemper's school at Alexandria, Virginia, at which place he took up his residence.

His chosen career was the law, and he studied for the bar with great diligence, bending every faculty to acquire excellence in a profession which seems to have enlisted all his sympathies. It is a subject of additional regret to the friends who mourn him, that he was not spared to enter upon the great arena of legal and forensic struggle. His intellectual and moral organization peculiarly fitted him for the forum: the clear brain, the vigorous judicial faculties, the magnetic power which is called "force of character," these would, beyond all doubt, have made him eminent in the profession he had chosen.

To his legal studies at Alexandria he added literary and scientific investigations; never becoming, however, a pale and care-worn student, as so many do, but paying, on the contrary, very unusual attention to his physical health and development. He pursued, along with his mental work, a systematic course of gymnastics, and manly exercises generally; and thus developed in the highest degree his energies, both of mind and body. When the war broke out, it found him in the bloom of a manhood, every faculty of which, mental and physical, had been trained as the athlete is trained for some great struggle.

With 1861 commenced the career of Colonel RANDOLPH as a soldier; that career, illustrated by a courage and devotion so eminent as to attract to him the admiration and affection of all who have heard of his name. He at once abandoned all other pursuits, and enlisting as a private in the "Nelson Rifles," a company of infantry from the neighborhood of Millwood, marched on the 18th of April, 1861, to Harper's Ferry, where his company, commanded by that brave soldier and gentleman, Captain William N. Nelson, took part in the earliest scenes of the war. The manœuvring of Johnston and Patterson in the lower Valley followed, and then the rapid passage of the Blue Ridge by the former to join Beauregard at Manassas. In this hard-fought battle, the Nelson Rifles, officially designated as "Company C, 2d Virginia Regiment," bore a prominent part, carrying with their comrades the crest of the Henry House hill which gave us victory; and in this, as in all other movements of the company the subject of our sketch was foremost. One-third of the company were killed or wounded at Manassas; among others the gallant Captain Nelson, who was borne from the field mortally wounded, as all supposed, though he afterwards recovered in a measure, but not sufficiently to resume command When the reorganization in the spring took place, private Randolph was unanimously elected to take his place; and on this occasion a trifling incident occurred, exhibiting very forcibly his energy and promptness. One evening just preceding the election, a loud noise was heard in camp, and going to the spot, WILLIAM RANDOLPH discovered two or three men of the company cruelly beating a negro, whom they had thrown down and had completely in their power. He immediately interposed and succeeded in rescuing the negro at the risk of having to fight his assailants. The matter passed off — was forgotten by

him; and only on the morning of the election, when the company were drawn up in line for the choice of a new Captain, did he ascertain that the persecutors of the unfortunate negro had been busily maligning him in the dark. They had used the young man's interposition in the cause of humanity as a lever against him; represented him as disposed to take the part of negroes against white men; and a strong party was thus formed to defeat him in the election for Captain. It was only on the morning of the election, as we have said, when the company was drawn up to vote, that this plot came to his knowledge, and he ascertained the character of the charge against him. His course was prompt. As soon as silence was obtained, he stepped from his place in the ranks, addressed the men, informing them of the true state of the case in the matter of the negro; stigmatized any other statement as a malicious lie, and offered to decide the matter by meeting his assailants then and there and fighting it out. This straightforward and manly proposition was not accepted, the young man's enemies were completely silenced, and he was unanimously elected Captain of the company.

Thenceforward he went with Jackson on all his celebrated marches, and participated in all the bloody battles which have rendered valley and lowland in Virginia so famous. At Kernstown, Winchester, Port Republic, the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville; then, after Jackson's death, at Gettysburg, and in the Spotsylvania Wilderness, he made a record among the most glorious and brilliant of the war. It was something to be noted among the soldiers of the army in Virginia for courage, but this high distinction Captain RANDOLPH won. The sentiment of fear seems never to have entered his heart, and he exposed his person in battle habitually with such reckless disregard of consequences that his preservation seemed a miracle. It is said that his friends and associates began to look upon him at last as bearing "a charmed life," which no bullet would ever terminate. There was some ground for the belief. He seemed to have secured some "armor against fate." A comrade says of him:—"He was so conspicuously gallant in *all* the fights that I ever saw him in, that it would be hard to discriminate. At Gettysburg, perhaps, he was a trifle more gallant (if it was possible) than usual. When we had used up all our ammunition in repulsing a charge the second day, he went back

under a terrific fire of musketry and artillery, when it was almost certain death, and brought up his gum-cloth full of ammunition, which enabled us to drive the Yankees from their first line of works in disorder; and then mounting the breastworks, he called upon the brigade to follow him. Had the whole brigade gone, the Yankees at that (right) wing would have been routed."

Another incident of this same battle is thus related. The writer, speaking of Captain RANDOLPH, says:—"The part of the line he was on was suffering from a tremendous concentrated fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry, so severe that the men crowded close under the breastworks, and could not be induced by entreaties or threats to rise and repel a charge about to be made by the massed infantry of the enemy. Seeing the danger, the Captain sprang upon the breastworks and coolly walked up and down among a tempest of balls to inspire the troops with courage by his example. Such was the effect produced by this heroic exhibition, that one of the men of a North Carolina regiment lying near, rushed from the ranks to his side, crying out, 'For God's sake, Captain, come down! — you are too brave a man to be killed in this way!' The appeal was unheeded. He persisted in maintaining his perilous position, seeming determined there to die. The enemy's charge was made. Our men could not resist this example of courage, caught the inspiration, sprung from their covert, delivered a deadly fire, and hurled back the foe in confusion and disorder to their entrenchments."

In the year 1863 Captain RANDOLPH was elected to the Virginia Legislature, and represented Clarke in the session of that winter, where his ability and usefulness were soon displayed. An important event in his life belongs to the same period. "This retirement from camp duties," says a paper before us, "for a short interval, while the armies were in winter quarters, afforded him an opportunity which he had long and anxiously hoped for, to consummate a union with the plighted partner of his heart's tenderest affections, with whom, for a few short months, he was spared to enjoy that happiness which he had anticipated as a consolation after all the toils and dangers of war should be passed." He was married on the 9th of September to Miss Ada Stuart, daughter of Dr. Richard Stuart, of Cedar Grove, King George county, Virginia. But with the adjournment of the Legislature and the first movements for the spring campaign in April, 1864, Captain

RANDOLPH hastened to return to his regiment. At this time the Colonel of the 2d Virginia Infantry was on post duty at Staunton, having been relieved from active service in consequence of a disabling disease; the Lieutenant-Colonel had been killed; the regiment was without a commander; and under these circumstances it became necessary to appoint one. Captain RANDOLPH received the appointment — a compliment resulting from the very urgent representations and high recommendations of his superior officers; and the more valuable from the fact that there were others in the regiment who ranked him.

The assignment of the young officer to the command of the 2d Virginia was a compliment highly appreciated by himself and his friends; but a sentiment of painful apprehension — a species of mournful presentiment of coming woe — entered more than one heart. Three commanding officers of the 2d Virginia had fallen at the head of that heroic regiment; the position seemed to be that "path of glory" which "leads but to the grave"; and when Colonel RANDOLPH accepted it, many felt as though his doom was already sealed. All who were at all acquainted with his character knew his reckless courage and that heroic nerve of the man which shrank from nothing. Thus the general sentiment of his family and friends was a painful one. But to swerve so much as a hair's-breadth from the path of duty was not possible with such a man. Rejoicing at the well-merited promotion which he had at last received as the reward of long, arduous, and devoted services, Colonel RANDOLPH took command of the hard-fighting old regiment as one born for leadership; and it was soon called upon to march and meet the enemy. On the morning of the 5th of May, 1864, Grant's vast force had crossed the Rapidan, and Ewell's corps, of which the Stonewall brigade was a part, advanced down the old turnpike in the direction of Chancellorsville to meet the enemy. The opposing forces soon came into collision, and the 2d Virginia held the extreme left, where it met, without flinching, a determined attack of the Federal forces, both in front and flank. Colonel RANDOLPH was here, as everywhere, the guiding head and source of inspiration to all the troops under him. "No one could have seen him moving fearlessly," says a comrade, "to the most exposed points of that fiery circle without a fresh inspiration of courage and a conviction that he was born to command." Born, alas! to lay down his invaluable life, no

less, for the land he loved so well. His hours were already numbered, and in this first collision of the opposing forces in the last great campaign his record was to terminate — his young life to end in a blaze of martial glory. At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and while leading his men in a charge, a bullet struck him in the head, and he was borne from the field by his brother Robert, and his friends, Philip Nelson and Mord. Lewis, mortally wounded. In two hours he was dead — without suffering, and trusting to the last in the mercy of his Redeemer.

His remains were taken to Charlottesville, where they were deposited with martial ceremony in the University Cemetery, "beside General Ashby, Colonel Colston, and a private from the regiment which he commanded. He was carried to his last home by dear friends, and committed to the earth with that dear, sweet, hope-inspiring burial-service which he had read to his wife only two Sundays before." There in the quiet cemetery the remains of the brave soldier rested until after the war, when they were exhumed, and borne to the Old Chapel graveyard, in Clarke county, where they now repose beside the ashes of relatives and friends who fell, like himself, in defence of one of the noblest causes of history.

Such is the unadorned record of the career of the noble young Virginian. Such a recital, necessarily brief, and touching upon the mere dates and leading events, must always be unsatisfactory, especially to those who personally knew the original. For behind the naked statement, the dry and incomplete record, is the living, breathing individual, whose face and form and character survive in memory. These lines can give no adequate idea of WILLIAM RANDOLPH. It was one of the bravest of the brave who thus followed Jackson in all his hard campaigns; marching, musket on shoulder, in the ranks; who mounted the works at Gettysburg, and faced the fire unmoved; who was everywhere in the fore-front of battle, leading, cheering, and inspiring all; and who fell at last on the bloody field of the Wilderness, soon after uttering the grand words:—"Jesus can receive the soul of the warrior on the battle-field as well as on the softest couch."

Of the mere attribute of courage we could give, if necessary, a hundred instances. It is the amount of this testimony which excludes it, and we present but a paragraph or two:—the first from a letter of General Terry, the last commander of the Stonewall

brigade, to Dr. Randolph, after the death at Cedar Creek, in October, 1864, of Captain Robert Randolph, a younger brother of our subject:—

"I knew your sons, WILLIAM and Robert, well;" writes General Terry. "I am proud to say they were my intimate, personal friends. They possessed my unbounded confidence as friends, as gentlemen, and as soldiers. No man has given to the Confederate cause two better soldiers and more gallant gentlemen. As the brigade commander, I feel their loss; and deeply have I to regret the fall of Lieutenant-Colonel WILLAM W. RANDOLPH, so soon after his promotion to a position which, I feel assured, he would have filled with distinguished credit to himself and the service. I was looking forward to the day when still further honors awaited your sons. While you have cause to sorrow over their early graves, yet you have reason to be proud to know that they fell where duty called, at the head of their commands. They fell by no random shot, but where the fire was the hottest."

"As an officer," says Major R. W. Hunter, in an eloquent eulogy delivered upon the character of his dead friend and associate, in the Virginia Legislature, "as an officer, Colonel RANDOLPH possessed the entire confidence of those above and below him. With my own ears I have heard the great Jackson speak in his praise, and his name and daring deeds are still themes around the camp-fire of his regiment." To this we add the eloquent words of another friend:—"The very soul of the Confederacy was in him."

Such was the character, most briefly depicted, of Colonel RANDOLPH, the soldier. He was brave among the bravest; shrunk from nothing in his path; but this mere courage of the soldier was the least beautiful of his traits. Beneath the gray coat which defined the simple outer man, if we may so express it, was the human being of heart so warm, true, generous, and noble, that those who knew him best may almost be said to have thought least of him as a mere soldier; valuing more the character of the man in his private life than the faculties and fame of the officer. Of this private and unofficial character, the writer of this page had ample knowledge; and going back to-day in memory to the past, can recall no human being, among all encountered in this world, endowed with qualities more calculated to endear one to his species. Firm in his loves and friendships, utterly true and

reliable, so that you could always count upon his word; making no professions which he did not feel; cool, resolute, determined to find what was *right*, and to pursue it careless of consequences; giving his heart with his hand, scorning falsehood, and hating it with a perfect hatred; he was a true man in the fullest sense of that word.

Of the mere intellectual faculties, those who knew him had a very high estimate. His mind was one of extraordinary vigor, and he saw clearly into every subject, possessing in no ordinary degree that "judicial intellect" which makes great lawyers and celebrated judges. At the bar he must have taken a very high rank.

Of Colonel RANDOLPH in his private character, too, much might be said. A friend writes:—"He had the most untiring and dauntless energy I ever saw, the clearest views of complicated questions, and withal, such a grand and noble simplicity of character and total freedom from guile, that it brings tears to my dim eyes to think of him as I saw him last, so hopeful, so self-reliant, so brave, so tender, so true." A hundred such passages might be quoted, referring to the individual at every period of his life, from the time when, at Hanover Academy, Mr. Lewis Coleman spoke of him to his old pastor as "a magnificent boy," to the moment when over his lifeless body strong men wept, saluting him as one of the great Commonwealth which gave him birth; but for these details we have no space.

We shall terminate this sketch by some quotations from his letters to his mother and another person very dear to him, which display in an unmistakable light that crowning grace of manhood — perfect reliance upon God, and a sure realization of the only source from which he could expect hope and happiness. We present these passages without comment. Let the careless reader not omit a perusal of them. In every line a pure spirit speaks and shows the loveliness of trust and humility.

From "Newtown, March 23d, 1862. Tell Ma that I thought of her and her teachings; and that if she does hear of my fall, she must not think of me as one who died without hope."

"*April 10th*, 1862. In the thickest of the fight I know that God can hear the silent prayer of the greatest sinner, and through the blood of Him who saved the dying thief upon the cross, can in like manner translate the soul of the warrior from the battle-*field* to a sinless, happy home in heaven."

"*December* 11*th*, 1862. We are on the verge of a great battle or a retreat. . . . . I trust that, if I fall, the great Father of Spirits will take me to Himself, sinner though I am, through the merits of a Saviour whose love I have so often slighted."

"*March* 14*th*, 1863. You must pray for me, as I know you do. I feel, somehow, a need which cannot be supplied in this world. . . . . Yes, it may be the first whisperings of that mysterious voice whose power can yet turn my heart from its stubborn sinfulness, and to that Power I go, with humbler heart and deeper prayer than ever before."

"*March* 31*st*, 1863. These days in camp seem very dreary to me separated from you. . . . . You must redouble your prayers for me, that I may be drawn to Christ. I feel more on this subject than ever before in my life. It is a hard struggle to me, and you cannot know fully the hopeless feeling of one who has been for years so sinful as I have been. But the promise of our Saviour is to the vilest of sinners, and I feel that I am one of them. I have been and am so wicked that I feel as if it is almost impious in me to approach the Throne of Grace and hope for mercy. I trust to be spared to atone, in some measure, in the future for the past; but if God in His wisdom takes me from you, we will hope to meet in that bright world for which you are so well fitted, and for which atoning grace may prepare me."

"*May* 2*d*, 1864. The sweet bright days are gone, and now the stern work of war is to begin. . . . . You must not be more uneasy than you can possibly help . . . but *above all*, remember that in any event I humbly hope and believe that we will meet again in heaven."

"*May* 3*d*, 1864. We have everything to be thankful for since this time last year; let us trust Him for the future. I intend to try and live so that if I am taken we may meet as we must do in that world where there is no more parting, and where sin and sorrow are unknown."

The spirit of trustfulness in the living Redeemer — that spirit whose gradual development may be traced, if we mistake not, in these touching words — is the crowning grace of a noble character.

Do we exaggerate when we say that the death of such a man was a sore and bitter loss, not only to his friends and family, but to his native land as well? The brain to conceive, the heart to dare, the hand to execute — all these went down with him and

are lost to us to-day. The great old Commonwealth has not yet lost, it may be, the "breed of noble minds;" but none of her living sons possess a grander organization than the young soldier whose great qualities we have here so inadequately depicted.

JOHN THOMPSON BROWN,

Colonel of the First Regiment of Virginia Artillery.

JOHN THOMPSON BROWN was born in the city of Petersburg on the 6th of February, 1835, and bore the full name of that distinguished father whose early death fell like a shadow on the State to whose service he had dedicated his splendid powers. Emulating the high example of such a father, the son (the subject of this memoir) was assiduous in his studies, his general education concluding with a course of three years at the University of Virginia, where he graduated with distinction in many of the schools. After an extended tour in Europe, he returned to Virginia and devoted himself to the legal profession with a constant zeal and a generous ambition which gave ample assurance of reward and distinction. He was admitted to the bar in 1856, and in the spring of the same year was united to Miss Mary M. Southall, of Charlottesville, and thus commenced his manly career under the happiest auspices and with every reasonable hope and prospect of fortune, fame, and happiness.

A sense of duty induced him to volunteer as a private when troops were ordered in 1859 to Harper's Ferry for the suppression of the John Brown raid; and he exhibited such soldierly talents and powers of endurance, together with those generous qualities for which he had always been distinguished, that he was elected by a highly flattering vote to a Lieutenancy in the howitzer company in which he served; but with the exception of this episode, the bright current of his life was scarcely disturbed until actual war came with its terrible disillusions, bringing sorrow, destruction, and calamity in its train.

He was among the very first to step forward and offer his services to his native State, and went (after a brief sojourn in the camp of instruction) to Yorktown with a portion of the 2d How-

J. Thompson Brown

itzers, in which he had been made 2d Lieutenant. He had but just arrived, on the 7th of May, 1861, when he was ordered to cross to Gloucester Point, and in less than an hour had a sharp engagement with a Federal gunboat, the "Yankee," in command of Lieutenant Selfridge (now Captain Selfridge, U. S. N.). The engagement lasted only about twenty minutes, BROWN'S men working their guns on the *open beach*, and resulted in driving the gunboat, (which was struck several times), back to the bay. Lieutenant BROWN'S guns were one four-pounder rifled Dahlgren gun and one twelve-pounder boat-howitzer; but they were so well handled that Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was on board of the "Yankee," afterwards published in the *New York Herald* an account of the action, and stated that the vessel was fired on from *works* mounted with *Columbiads!*

On the following day BROWN was elected Captain of the 2d Howitzers; and about the latter part of May his command was ordered across the river to Yorktown, where he was shortly after joined by Major G. W. Randolph, who brought the 3d Company (Captain Stanard) with him, the 1st Company (Captain Shields) having been ordered to Manassas. The battle of Bethel followed on the 10th of June, and Captain BROWN'S command, under his own immediate supervision, was constantly engaged throughout that brilliant engagement. One who served with him on that occasion writes that a more vigilant and dauntless officer he never saw. It was thus his fortune to be engaged in both the actions which marked the opening of the war in Virginia. About the 25th of August he was present at the burning of Hampton, ordered by General Magruder, and accomplished, as we may say, under the very guns of Fortress Monroe. These were the only prominent events of the earlier portion of the peninsular campaign; but Captain BROWN was indefatigable in the discharge of his daily and regular duties, and was constantly engaged in every scouting expedition and reconnoissance ordered by the "ubiquitous commander," General Magruder.

Captain BROWN was made Major in the month of September, and in the spring of the following year became Lieutenant-Colonel of artillery. His health had been seriously impaired by the damps and malaria of the region in which he had been operating, and the undue exposure resulting from the frequent change of camps, which made it impossible to provide for the health and

comfort of the army, and as a consequence he had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism; but such was his devotion to duty that he left his command but once, and that only for a week. In April, 1862, his old company presented him with a handsome sword, as a testimonial of their affection and admiration.

Magruder's army was now reinforced by Johnston, Longstreet, and Smith, to meet McClellan's advance by way of the peninsula; and, while there were no regular engagements, the physical endurance of the Southern troops was sorely tried as they lay for more than a month in the trenches under heavy and constant cannonading. Colonel BROWN'S letters written during this trying season, display a noble spirit of steadfast and uncomplaining devotion to duty. There are no murmurs; every inconvenience and discomfort is accepted as inevitable, and constant gratitude is expressed for preservation from sickness or harm. On the 17th of April he writes:—"This morning two men were killed within five feet of me. We had a terrible fight last night, the enemy charging a part of our lines three times, but each time repulsed." On the 26th of the same month he says:—"Our army will do its duty, although it has to contend against enormous odds." * May 10th:—"I am virtually in command of all the artillery in the second corps, amounting to sixty-four pieces." On the 27th:—"The enemy in large force are within ten miles of us. Our troops have fallen back, and we will fight here. I shall have command of the artillery on the line between Lee's Mill and Yorktown. General Magruder has shown a great deal of confidence in me in this emergency, and I shall endeavor to prove worthy of it."

With the exception of the "affair at Williamsburg," there was only a succession of skirmishes until the army was entrenched at Richmond. In the battle of Seven Pines a portion of BROWN'S command was engaged, and lost heavily; and on the day succeeding the battle he was promoted to the rank of Colonel — the gifted and lamented Lewis Minor Coleman succeeding to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy. Colonel BROWN'S command was placed in the reserve, under General Pendleton, and did not, as far as we know, participate in the "Seven Days' Battles" around Richmond; but after McClellan had retreated to Harrison's Landing, Colonel BROWN,

* McClellan's forces at this time must have outnumbered the Southern army at least three to one.

under an order from General Lee, was entrusted with the responsible and dangerous duty of making a night attack on the fleet of transports lying at that point in James River. In company with his friend and faithful auxiliary, Captain David Watson, he made a careful reconnoissance during the day, and after nightfall proceeded as rapidly and noiselessly as possible to get his guns into position. It is easier to imagine than describe the utter consternation of the enemy when Colonel BROWN'S sudden and unexpected cannonade commenced. The writer once heard from Colonel BROWN an amusing description of the affair, and of the commotion he produced. At one moment, he said, the vessels were resting upon the waters in perfect stillness, a thousand lights twinkling in the darkness, and utter silence prevailing; at the next, as by one hand every light was extinguished, a stir and hum pervaded the whole fleet, as though it were preparing to slip cable and escape from this terrible attack and invisible enemy. No serious damage was done beyond the wholesome terror inspired, and nothing more could reasonably have been expected; but this does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit due to Colonel BROWN and his associates for the skill, energy, and daring so conspicuously displayed in this attack.

In August, 1862, Colonel BROWN, with five or six of his companies (Watson's, Hupp's, Smith's, Brooke's, Dance's), moved from their encampment at Hare's Hill, near Petersburg, and joined the Army of Northern Virginia at Leesburg, just after the second battle of Manassas, being still attached to General Pendleton's reserves; but shortly after the battle of Sharpsburg, in conjunction with General J. E. B. Stuart (the whole command embracing 1000 cavalry, about 300 infantry, and Colonel BROWN'S companies), a diversion was made by crossing the Potomac at Williamsport. Against this force McClellan sent Couch's division, and there was heavy skirmishing throughout a whole day. Subsequently there was quite a sharp artillery duel below Charlestown, resulting in many casualties. After this Colonel BROWN'S command lay inactive so long as to produce the only complaint he uttered during the war, exhibited in a letter he wrote to his superior officer asking a transfer to General D. H. Hill's division, on the ground that his "batteries had been recently but very little in action, and that they as well as himself desired to be more actively engaged, if compatible with the public service." This request, though

"earnestly recommended" by General D. H. Hill, and "approved" by Stonewall Jackson, (demonstrating the high estimate these eminent men had formed of the gallantry and efficiency of Colonel BROWN), was denied; and indeed would have been unavailing, as the army remained inactive until November, when the movement was made to Fredericksburg;· Burnside, the new commander of the Federal army, having adopted that as his line of attack. In the celebrated battle which followed on the 13th of December, Colonel BROWN'S command was conspicuously engaged. In the instructions from Stonewall Jackson to General D. H. Hill, we find these words, "Please include Colonel BROWN'S regiment of artillery in your command." If we are not greatly mistaken, the greater portion of this regiment was engaged on the extreme right, exposed to the heaviest bombardment and suffering many casualties; it was here that Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman received the grievous wound which terminated his valuable life in the following spring.

The artillery now went into winter-quarters near Bowling Green, Caroline county, from which they did not move until the 1st of May, 1863, to take part in the battle of Chancellorsville. At the most critical period of this battle, when Jackson's column was moving around Hooker's army, and the success of the movement depended upon the diversion of the enemy, Colonel BROWN'S command had a severe engagement with their artillery at Catherine Furnace; and without the coöperation of any other arm, succeeded so effectively in masking the flank movement as to elicit the warmest praise from General Lee and other prominent officers. The following night Colonel BROWN was informed of the wounding of Colonel Crutchfield, and immediately went forward and assumed command of Jackson's artillery; reaching the field some time before the position at Chancellorsville was taken.

His command was effectively engaged under General Early in the storming and taking of Winchester, and in the battle of Gettysburg was employed on the left of the Confederate line, and was frequently engaged in the skirmishes on the retreat. With the exception of the bootless Bristoe expedition, in which he was engaged, and the result of which he bitterly deplores in one of his letters, there is nothing in his career during the remainder of that year deserving special mention. His command returned to Orange, and after Meade's demonstration at Mine Run, went into

winter-quarters near Frederickshall, Louisa county. In April, 1864, the command was recalled to Orange, and on the 4th of May was ordered to the Wilderness to meet the advance of Grant.

The writer of this notice happened to be with Colonel BROWN when the order to move was received. The alacrity with which he prepared to obey it was remarkable to one who could but remember that he had already seen three years of active and laborious service, and knew moreover how earnestly he longed (to use his own words) for "home and peace." Alas! he little knew the deep significance of these words! for within two short days he found them both — the "home" which is not of earth, and the "peace" which passeth understanding.

The exact manner and circumstances of his death are here described in an extract kindly furnished from the journal of Major Eugene Blackford, who commanded the battalion of sharpshooters of Rodes' division, Army of Northern Virginia:—

"*May 6th*, 1864. On this day we were stationed on the right of the old stone-road from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg. While skirmishing with the enemy, Colonel JOHN THOMPSON BROWN, of the artillery, came up to my post, looking for a suitable position for a battery. He seemed much interested in what was going on, needlessly exposing himself, I thought. As I was myself firing at the time, he several times looked over my shoulder, and along the rifle at the object. While in this position, with his hand on my arm, he was struck in the head by a ball, which glanced downwards from a limb of a tree just above. The prodigious force of the missile caused him to fall several feet from me, and before I could raise him in my arms he was speechless, and died in a few minutes. I had deemed myself steeled against such feelings; but this sudden calamity for a time completely unmanned me. The hardy veterans around, chosen from a whole division for their nerve and indifference to danger, stood horror-stricken, *involuntarily uncovering* in presence of such a death. Thus this gallant soldier and gentleman breathed his last at the lonely picket-post, but as gently tended as the most sorrowing hearts could prompt. Upon notification of the sad event at headquarters, the body was taken in charge by officers sent for that purpose."

The officer (J. C. Angell) who bore the mournful tidings to headquarters, writes of it thus:—"I sought General Long, and

when informed of Colonel BROWN's death, he was affected even to the shedding of tears, and requested that I would *say nothing of it in the presence of the troops.*" Could we ask for our young hero a more eloquent eulogium than these simple statements, that veterans uncovered involuntarily when he fell, while tears were wrung from his commander, who knowing how he was beloved by the whole army, dreaded the depression which the tidings of his death would bring?

The body was conveyed to Charlottesville, and on the following Sunday, in the presence of a sorrowing community, was buried in the cemetery.

Here might terminate the record of his military life, but we cannot forbear to give some extracts from the letters of those who were associated with him. General Ewell, with whom Colonel BROWN was an especial favorite, in his Gettysburg report said:— "Colonel JOHN THOMPSON BROWN, commanding artillery of this corps, showed himself competent to his position, and gave me perfect satisfaction;" and in a private communication recently written he speaks with peculiar emphasis of "Colonel BROWN's services at the retreat over the Potomac, where he saved the artillery of the corps, not only without orders, but against orders;" the explanation being that he was ordered not to depend upon the pontoons for anything, and yet, when Colonel BROWN found that no boats were provided, after he managed in a stormy night and over a terrible road to get all his guns to the river side, and seeing that to obey orders was to run the risk of total loss, he took the responsibility of violating the letter of instruction, and managed to get his last gun over shortly after sunrise, coolly going to work to put one gun that had broken down in a wagon rather than leave it behind.

General A. L. Long, his immediate commander, says:—"I had frequent occasion to know Colonel BROWN in the Army of Northern Virginia before he came under my command. His position was conspicuous in the artillery of the army. He was placed under my command in the fall of 1863. I soon came to regard him as a man of the purest personal character and of the highest military worth. His own immediate command was composed of three battalions of light artillery, equal in importance to a division of five thousand infantry, and requiring a higher order of talent. The best manner of estimating the worth of a mil-

itary commander is to watch the efficiency of his troops — how they act, and what they accomplish in the field. Tried by these tests, BROWN'S command was not surpassed by any in the whole army, either in efficient service or in gallant action. Its brave commander was always at its head, and wherever hard blows were to be struck, there he was sure to be found. He fell, deeply deplored by the whole army." Another officer, closely associated with him, says:—"It is needless to tell you how much Colonel BROWN was beloved by his officers and men. He was a good disciplinarian, strict, but never unduly hard. He was always just. His decisions were rarely wrong. He saved his command admirably. He was very quick on the field. In my judgment he was among the first artillery officers I met during the war."

These honest and hearty commendations might be indefinitely multiplied from officers in every grade of service, but we have room for only one more, and that must be from his courier, who, after a lengthened detail of the many kind acts he had received at the hands of Colonel BROWN, concludes with this simple but truly touching incident and comment:—"While we were eating breakfast, news came to us that the enemy was advancing, and that the artillery was needed at the front. We started, but had gone but little way when Colonel BROWN noticed that I was riding a white horse; and fearing it would make me too conspicuous for my safety, made me exchange to one of his own. Who," he adds with a touching simplicity and pathos, "but a man of noble heart would have so considered the safety of a *boy* in such a moment?" And not only in the hour of battle, but at all times and under every circumstance did he consider and provide for the welfare of all committed to his charge, nursing them in the hospital, and carrying, when necessary, their food with his own hands; and when his own time was so fully occupied as to prevent his personal attention, invoking the cheerful assistance of his devoted wife (his constant companion whenever possible) in the distribution of the provisions so systematically made for the physical or moral comfort of his men. Such were the quiet but unerring proofs of a devoted sense of duty, always animated and guided by a warm and earnest piety.

His intellect was vigorous, and his opinions, maturely and deliberately formed, were adhered to and maintained with a consistency and firmness eminently characteristic. When the great

struggle came he threw his whole soul into the Southern cause. Born to the prospect of affluence, and with the present means of gratifying every wish, and every allurement to a life of ease and safety, he did not hesitate for a moment, but went forward with cheerfulness to encounter the privations, the exposures and the dangers of an active military life. Without parade or boast or threat, but with stern determination, and an inflexibility of purpose which knew no pause but in victory or death, he advanced along the path of duty, and as we have seen, met the order which summoned him to the last and fatal field with a spirit as high and dauntless as when in the morning of the contest he went forth to fire the first hostile gun upon Virginia waters.

The hand of friendship falters and almost fails in the attempt to portray the features of his private life, for there is no language which can fitly express the magnetic power of that open, frank, and generous nature which, when offered to your embrace, you can only grapple with silent gratitude to the heart. At best it sounds like a cold and formal and inadequate tribute to say that he was as constant in friendship as he was inflexible in faith — that he held you by a spell which sprang from no artifice, for "his virtues were his arts"— that his very presence gave a glow of satisfaction to those who loved him, to whom indeed he was a portion of life, for they drew no picture of the future and formed no plan which did not embrace him.

And now, just as we are closing this imperfect memorial, there comes to us, fortunately, this crowning tribute from his beloved chief, General Robert E. Lee:—

"Colonel BROWN commanded the First Regiment of Virginia Artillery in the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, to which position he had been elected by the companies composing it at its reorganization in the spring of 1862, and operated with the troops that crossed the Chickahominy to attack the Federal right. The efficiency and skill he displayed in these battles, in the night attack on the shipping at Westover from the south bank of the James; his services with General Jackson's corps, to which he was attached after the second battle of Manassas, in the capture of Harper's Ferry, the battles of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, in all of which he evinced great merit; caused him to be prominently considered for the post of Chief of Artillery of the 3d corps at its organization. As second in command of the

artillery of the 2d corps, he acted as Chief of Artillery of that corps after Colonel Crutchfield was disabled at the battle of Chancellorsville, and had special command of a battalion of five field batteries, which he managed with admirable gallantry at Gettysburg, Mine Run, and throughout the campaign of 1863.

"The great care he bestowed upon his battalion in the hard winter of 1863–4, enabled it to take its position promptly at the opening of the spring, with the 2d corps, at the Wilderness on the 5th of May.* On the second day of that struggle (May 6th), at an early hour, as he was seeking a favorable advanced position for his batteries, he was struck by the shot of a Federal sharpshooter, and died lamented by the whole army.

"Colonel BROWN united in his character in a remarkable degree the excellencies of a soldier, the qualities of a gentleman, and the virtues of a Christian. To a cultivated intellect he joined judgment, energy, and promptitude, and was conspicuous for his gallantry in all the battles of the war in which he was engaged. He possessed the love of his soldiers, the esteem of his commanders, and the admiration of his native State."

And thus we close the record of this brave young soldier, painfully conscious of the imperfect manner in which our portion of the duty has been performed, but finding compensation in the reflection that his truest and best epitaph is declared in the multiplied evidences we have given of the unusual and universal grief which his death brought to all his companions in arms, from the great commander to the humblest private; and in the unrecorded sorrow of that other host of friends, who, standing as it were by his tomb, would with one consent inscribe upon it in imperishable characters the declaration, that in the long and mournful catalogue of the victims of the late war, Virginia finds the name of no truer, braver, or better son than JOHN THOMPSON BROWN.

DAVID WATSON, M. A.,

Major of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery.

DAVID WATSON was born on the 25th of November, 1834, at Brackett's, situated in that portion of the county of Louisa known as the Green Springs; a region noted not more for the fertility of its soil and the excellence of its agriculture than for the intelligence and elevated character of its citizens. Conspicuous among these was Dr. James Watson, who had already won the entire confidence and the warmest esteem of his community, when at a comparatively early age he died, leaving to his sorrowing widow the charge of two infant children, the younger being the subject of our sketch.

Fortunately, the mother was in every way equal to the responsibilities of the trying situation; and the writer is glad to avail himself of this opportunity to pay even a passing tribute to a noble woman who not long since completed her earthly pilgrimage, and has gone, as we may fondly believe, to rejoin the child she loved so well, and to receive the rewards of a life dedicated wholly and constantly to the service of the Master, and illustrated in its entire course by steadfast devotion to duty, by a radiant piety, and a perennial charity.

The precepts and prayers of such a mother produced their natural results; her son advanced steadily and surely in the path of wisdom and of virtue. Even in childhood he exhibited a sedateness and propriety which were truly remarkable; and during the period of his youth, whilst entirely free from gloom or despondency, there were about him a gravity and decorum, and, better still, a moral heroism which gave a daily beauty to his life. His boyish associates all unite in the declaration that no temptation could seduce him from what he regarded as the line of propriety and honor, but at the same time he was entirely free from any offensive assumption of superiority. In ordinary matters, and generally, he was modest even to diffidence; but in every moral exigency he was prompt to prove that he was afraid of nothing but of doing wrong; and the law of his life was an earnest purpose to fulfil every wish of that widowed mother, to whom he never brought a pang but in his exposure to danger and in his death. His intellect, solid rather than brilliant, was "rich in

saving common-sense;" and homely as it may sound, there was much of point, and a telling truth, in the simple eulogy of one of his old servants, who, in lamenting his death, said of him that "he seemed always to be considering *what was best to be done.*" It demonstrates too how forcibly the sterling qualities of his character, and especially his strict adherence to principle, had been impressed upon all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

He had an eager thirst for knowledge, was a proficient in many branches of learning, and loved them all. After a thorough preparation at the best schools in the country, he entered at the University of Virginia, and took its first honor with great distinction. Blest by fortune with the means of gratifying every reasonable wish, he now returned to his home to devote himself to agricultural pursuits, with the fairest prospects of a prosperous and happy life; for he entered it under the bright auspices of

> "—— high thought, and amiable words,
> And courteous mien, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Alas! that a life with so fair a morning should be destined to a speedy and melancholy close.

In the discussions and arguments which preceded the terrible war which has desolated our country, DAVID WATSON took that earnest interest which belonged to such a nature; and partly from original bias and partly from association, he soon became the warm advocate for the secession of the Southern States. In the spring of 1861 he took a Southern tour, and happened to be in Montgomery, Alabama (where the Confederate Congress held its meetings), when the news arrived of the decisive step on the part of Virginia to join her sister States; and in a brief letter written from that place he announces his purpose of curtailing his tour, and of his immediate return to Virginia.

He soon demonstrated his characteristic firmness by his determination to enter the army; and having selected the artillery as his favorite arm, enrolled himself as a private in the company then forming in Albemarle under Captain W. H. Southall, of which, when fully organized, he was elected 2d Lieutenant.

This company was ordered to the camp of instruction at Richmond about the middle of July, 1861, and in his first letter, written on the 18th, he betrays something of the impatience of the young soldier, saying, "When I think that the *great fight* is

going on while we are shut up here, it seems like a farce as far as we are concerned." Finally they were ordered to the Peninsula, and from that time forward the military life of DAVID WATSON was entirely coincident with that of his friend and immediate superior, John Thompson Brown — a full statement of which having been made in a preceding portion of this work, we only deem it necessary to give a brief outline here, together with such additions as are suggested by Major WATSON'S letters, or by the cordial testimonials of his associates in arms.

During the fall and winter of 1861 the Peninsula remained very quiet, the monotony being broken only by the marchings and countermarchings ordered by the vigilant Magruder, and by the necessary preparations to meet the threatened descent of the Burnside expedition or suspected sallies from Fortress Monroe. These, however, proved all to be false alarms; and the army at last was left to make itself as comfortable as was practicable in wintry weather and on marshy ground.

The company to which Lieutenant WATSON belonged remained at Fort Magruder until October, 1861, when it was ordered to Young's Mill. Soon after this one section was sent to Ship Point, under WATSON'S command, for a month or two, and it is from this place that most of his communications are dated.

Lieutenant WATSON'S letters written during this period give good-humored accounts of the discomforts and disappointments to which he and his companions were subjected, but which fortunately brought more of mirth than vexation to men who had made up their minds to endure all things for the cause to which they were devoted. Remembering the comfort, ease, and elegance amid which he had been reared, one can scarcely repress a smile to find Lieutenant WATSON writing thus in the middle of December:— "I have not gone into my winter-quarters yet, because the *daubing is not quite dry*, but they would be available in case of a spell of bad weather"— reminding us of the *sang froid* of the Scotch schoolmaster who was seen leading his saddle-horse along the public highway, and when asked what use he had for him, quaintly replied that "he found him very *convenient* in crossing *watercourses!*"

On the 24th of December he writes thus cheerily:—"There is nothing in the appearance of our camp to indicate that it is Christmas-Eve, and I had almost forgotten it. Tell H—— and

S—— they must write me what Santa Claus does for them. My tent has a chimney and a comfortable fire-place, but the chimney is built of mud and topped with a flour-barrel; so I fear *Old Nick* will not come down."

As a specimen of the straits to which soldiers are reduced in their *menage*, and of inventions which necessity brings forth, we give another amusing extract from his letter of January 19th, 1862:—"We have knocked up some bedsteads, and have a large dry-goods box for dinner-table and side-board, and consider ourselves admirably 'fixed.' Our service of plates and spoons is rather limited, to be sure, all hands having to stir their coffee with the *same spoon* — but that is a small matter."

Mitigated by such pleasant communion with the loved ones at home and the companionship of congenial spirits, the winter passed comfortably enough, and with the spring came the interest and excitement of renewed hostilities. General McClellan, with a host sufficient to have overwhelmed the small army opposed to him, landed on the Peninsula, and for a fortnight or more allowed himself to be held at bay by a force scarcely more than a tenth part of his own.

Two sections of the company occupied Fort Raines during McClellan's siege; the remaining section, under WATSON, at a point known as Winn's Mills, where it was constantly exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries of the enemy.

On the 30th of April of the same year, he was chosen Captain of the second company of Howitzers, in the 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, a singularly high and almost unique compliment, and an unerring token of his great reputation, as he was personally unknown to the large majority of the company.

We have no evidence of any active participation on the part of Captain WATSON'S company until the last of May, when it was conspicuously engaged at the battle of Seven Pines.

The 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery was now added to General Pendleton's reserve, and consequently was not employed in the series of battles which raged for seven days around Richmond; but in the special service of firing on the Federal transports (of which a full account is given in the sketch of Colonel J. T. Brown) Captain WATSON was immediately and particularly concerned, Colonel Brown and himself having made the daring and dangerous reconnoissance during the day before. The writer

heard from Captain WATSON himself a full account of this reconnoissance, which was made at mid-day. He recounted the dangers to which they were exposed, the Federal fleet being in full sight, and told with great glee of the narrow escape they had from the vigilance of a small dog, which had established itself in the deserted house to the attic windows of which they had climbed for the better view they afforded. Fortunately, however, the very audacity of their movement proved to be their safeguard, and the alarm given by the canine sentinel being unheeded, "they retired in good order."

After lying near Petersburg for a short time, some five or six companies of the 1st Virginia Artillery (including the 2d Howitzers) under Colonels Brown and Coleman, went into the Maryland campaign. Not long after the Sharpsburg fight these companies were formed into a battalion and attached to Stonewall Jackson's corps, and for two months or more were encamped in the lower part of the Shenandoah Valley. Captain WATSON'S letters written during this period all breathe the same spirit of cheerful endurance and of unalterable devotion to duty. He speaks also with enthusiasm of the lovely country in which he is encamped, especially of that portion around Millwood, in Clarke county; of the unwearied hospitality and kindness of the citizens, who are none the less admirable in his eyes in reminding him in their manners and general bearing of "Old Virginia ladies and gentlemen;" and he is thereby the more grieved at the spoliation, wanton in part, and in part necessary, to which this beautiful region had been subjected by the troops of the contending armies.

One of his letters, however, dated October 26th, 1862, is written in a very different strain, shrouded as he was in sorrow for the loss of his friend, companion, and relative, Captain William Morris, who died on the 18th of October, after a painful and lingering confinement of sixteen weeks—his leg having been shattered in the fight at Gaines' Mill. Captain WATSON only gave expression to the general grief which was elicited by the death of this gallant and excellent young man when he said:—"I can well imagine what a gloom William Morris's death has cast over your whole neighborhood; and I find some mitigation in the thought that I am not at home where every object would be so painfully associated with him. Even here, however, I can but remember how inseparably he was connected with every plan of pleasure or enjoyment I ever had."

The battalion moved with Jackson about the last of November, and early in December reached Fredericksburg. In a few days it proceeded to Port Royal, where it had an inconclusive duel with the Federal gunboats, and returned just in time to take an active part in the celebrated battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862. Captain WATSON's company, together with several others, under the "brave Pelham," was hotly engaged in this terrible contest. These batteries were placed in the open plain to the right (facing the river) of Hamilton's Crossing, and were exposed during the whole of the conflict to the deadly plunging fire of the enemy's guns posted on the Stafford Heights. WATSON'S splendid bearing on this occasion elicited the universal admiration of his company. But we prefer to let him recount the perils of the fight in his own modest way. In his letter to his mother, written on the 17th (four days after the battle), he says, in speaking of the fight:—"It was a severe day on all the artillery, and my battery formed no exception to the rule, losing eight (8) men (one mortally wounded) and sixteen horses. We had been stationed near Port Royal, and had to march *all night* to get up in time, and as soon as we were on the field were ordered at once into the fight. I was sent to General Stuart (J. E. B.), who commanded on the extreme right on the low grounds of the Rappahannock; and we were engaged, I may say all day, in the open field against the enemy's batteries and sharpshooters. Major Pelham (General Stuart's Chief of Artillery) gave me the flattering assurance the next day that General Stuart was highly pleased with the performance of my battery, so I am disposed to *brag* a little." As this is the only allusion in his whole correspondence to his own services, and even this made so modestly to his mother, no one, we think, will sanction the concluding epithet on his well-won laurels.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, the artillery went into winter quarters near Bowling Green, Caroline county, and WATSON was made Major of his battalion. In the spring of 1863 it was again summoned to the field, and bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Chancellorsville, particularly in the affair at Catherine Furnace, where, unaided by any other portion of the army, it succeeded in masking the celebrated flank movement whereby General Jackson so utterly confounded the plans of the Federal commander, Hooker.

A month of rest now ensued, and again the army moved northward, first to Culpeper Court House, thence to Winchester, where several thousand prisoners were taken, one battalion of the artillery bearing a prominent part in this brilliant affair. Thence it moved on into Pennsylvania, as far as Carlisle, from which point Major WATSON writes back, June 29th, 1863, full of high hope and expectation. In the disastrous day of Gettysburg the artillery was closely engaged, and it is now generally believed that General Lee's retreat was necessitated by the exhaustion of his fixed ammunition in the prolonged and extensive artillery fire on that occasion. From Gettysburg the battalion came back to Orange county, and, with the exception of the Bristow expedition, was not again actively engaged during the fall. After changing camp several times, it finally went into winter-quarters at Frederickshall, Louisa county. The only incident of note during this pause was the cavalry raid of Dahlgren, which sweeping down the railroad, broke in rather rudely upon a court-martial in which Major WATSON was playing the part of Judge-Advocate, and took him, together with his associates, as prisoners of war. He managed, however, by coolly watching his opportunity, to escape as soon as night fell, and returned to his encampment early the next day.

"In April, 1864, the artillery returned to the army, and lay in Orange awaiting General Grant's decision as to which wing of the Confederate army he should attack. Finally, it was ordered to the right, and Major WATSON was engaged in the battle of the Wilderness on the 5th and 6th of May. On the 10th of the same month the enemy broke through the Confederate lines at Spotsylvania Court House, and it was here that Major WATSON received his fatal wound." Always serene and intrepid, his last act was to aid his Colonel in serving a gun which had been temporarily abandoned. Only four days before, his faithful friend and congenial companion, John Thompson Brown, had fallen at a lonely picket-post; and looking to the sad coincidence of their deaths and the concurrent features of their characters and careers, we may fitly paraphrase what Tacitus wrote of Agricola, and say, "*similes non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.*" When we remember how deeply and entirely the feelings of these brave spirits were enlisted in the cause, and how bitter and intolerable would have been the subsequent disappointment to hopes so intense

as theirs, we may well ask ourselves if such a death as came to each was not after all an *euthanasia.*

Major WATSON was borne from the field and carried to a neighboring house, where he received all the aid that kindness and sympathy could give. Happily, he retained his faculties long enough to recognize the presence of that heart-broken mother; she who had leant forward with throbbing heart to catch the first tidings from every battle-field on which her darling was endangered, and on whose prophetic face for three long anxious years had been prefigured this coming agony. She came in time to receive the last pressure of that "dear hand," and to hear from his own lips this solemn declaration, "I have never believed in a death-bed repentance; so for three years I have every night, before retiring to rest, *earnestly prayed to God, not so much that he would spare my life as that he would prepare me for this day, and save my soul.*" Comforting words! welling up from a brave, honest, sincere heart, and recalling the kindred declarations of Jackson and of Havelock.

Death terminated his sufferings on Friday, the 13th of May, 1864. His remains were borne to Louisa, and on the following Sunday (May 15th) in the presence of weeping relatives and mourning friends, were committed to earth at his birth-place.

Such was the life and such the death of DAVID WATSON. Would that we had space for all the heartfelt testimonials which his brethren have sent. One says, "He was certainly one of the best, bravest, and most conscientious officers in our army." Another writes:—"What shall I say of DAVID WATSON? He was my *beau ideal* of a gentleman and a soldier. He was modest as a woman; and hence promotion which he deserved was too long delayed. In my opinion, and in that of others more competent to judge, Major WATSON would have adorned any position that could have been given him in the army. He had talents of a rare order to command men, and his thorough discipline and system was something new in the Confederate army. His men adored him because he was brave, prudent, and just, and they would have followed him anywhere his wisdom led. I have never seen his equal for coolness and indomitable courage in action. Under the most trying circumstances, he looked on and directed as calmly as though he were conducting an operation on his farm.

"*Duty* was the great and all-controlling motive with him. He obeyed all orders from superior authority with something akin to religious awe, and in turn exacted the promptest and most implicit obedience from those below him in rank. He was shot down, about a yard from me, while working the same gun with myself, on the evening of that eventful 10th day of May (1864), and died a few days thereafter, scarcely uttering a murmur, although his wound must needs have been very painful."

Could we add anything which would not weaken the pathetic power of these tributes, which high esteem, devoted friendship, and undying love have cast upon the tomb of

"This selfless man and stainless gentleman"?

H. CLAY PATE,

Colonel, 5th Virginia Cavalry.

Edward Pate, son of Matthew Pate, Sr., and father of Colonel H. C. PATE, was born in Bedford county, Virginia, in the year 1781. He was an officer under General Leftwich during the war of 1812, and served several sessions in the General Assembly of Virginia. In 1822 he married Miss Sallie Bailey, daughter of Captain James Bailey and grand-daughter of Colonel James Bullock, both gallant soldiers of the Revolutionary War. H. C. PATE was born near the "Cross-Roads," in Bedford county, April 21st, 1832. As a boy he was thoughtful and studious, and was greatly interested in the lives of great Generals. His own preference was for the life of a soldier, but his parents preferred that he should study law. His attention was accordingly directed to those studies which would more thoroughly fit him for a successful career in the legal profession. In the fall of 1848 he entered the University of Virginia as a State student. Two years he pursued his studies with diligence and success in the regular academic course, proposing to devote two years also to the study of his profession. In this, however, he was disappointed. His father's financial difficulties prevented his return to the University after his second session.

In the summer of 1850 he went to Louisville, Kentucky, where

he formed a business connection. Here, by writing articles and sketches for newspapers, he procured money with which he bought law books, thus early showing the possession of unusual talents and enterprise. In 1851 he removed to Cincinnati, and in 1852 published a little volume called *Vade Mecum*, the object of which was to draw attention to the University. In the spring of 1853 he commenced the publication of a newspaper, which, at the end of two years, he sold, doubling the money invested. In the meantime he continued the study of law, and was admitted to practice. In 1855 he started to California by way of the plains; but being specially attracted by the town of Westport, in Missouri, he settled there, bought a press, commenced the publication of *The Star of the Empire*, opened a law-office, and entered upon his public career. At the end of his second year in Westport he was considered a wealthy man.

It was during his residence at this place that the Kansas troubles commenced. True to his Southern education, he took sides with the South, and gave his whole influence to the cause which he espoused. In 1856 murders were so numerous that Governor Geary sent Colonel Pate with twenty-five mounted men into the Pottawottamie Indian country to arrest the murderers. He succeeded in arresting several, and was returning with his prisoners, when, at daylight one morning, his pickets were driven in and his camp attacked. He arranged his little force to the best advantage, and repulsed the assailants several times. Some eight or ten of his men were badly wounded, and part of the remainder were guarding the prisoners. After the fight had continued four or five hours, Colonel PATE presented a flag of truce, which was answered by the attacking party, and the leaders proposed to meet half way between the lines and come to an understanding. PATE advanced unarmed and met the commander of the other party, who immediately drew a pistol and demanded the unconditional surrender of PATE's forces. PATE indignantly refused, and upon looking around saw that six men had crawled along a ravine and were between him and his party. He called to his men to fire into this squad; but his followers refused to hazard his life, and immediately surrendered. This treacherous Captain was the notorious John Brown. Colonel PATE and his men remained prisoners for several days, and were finally released by Colonel Sumner, of the United States Dragoons. Brown's

force on this occasion consisted of one hundred and twenty men, all armed with Sharpe's rifles and Colt's revolvers, furnished, no doubt, by his admirers in the East.

Mr. PATE was sent several times to the East and South to collect money to aid the pro-slavery party in Kansas. While on one of these trips he became acquainted with Miss Sue Thomas, of Norfolk, to whom he was married in February, 1859. On account of the unsettled state of affairs in the West, he decided to remove to Petersburg, Virginia, which he did in 1860, and commenced the publication of the *Petersburg Bulletin*. He calmly watched the political horizon, and believing a war was inevitable, determined to cast his lot with Virginia; and when the ordinance of secession was passed by the convention, he was ready. His plans were arranged, and without any excitement he deliberately turned all his property into ready money, and proceeded to raise a company of cavalry. Young men flocked to his standard, and in a few days his company was full. With his own means and credit he mounted the company, and, with a few young men of Norfolk, went to that city, where several vessels had been burned, and by patient industry succeeded in fishing up a sufficient number of guns, pistols, and sabres, to arm his command. His company was mustered into the service of the Confederate States, attached to "Wise's Legion," and ordered to the Kanawha Valley.

Captain PATE was engaged in several sharp skirmishes under Colonel John N. Clarkson, and rendered General Wise great service by his knowledge of the country. Colonel Clarkson, writing to a friend in Richmond, says of him:—"I always found him ready to meet every danger of the service. His conduct was always such as to merit and receive my highest approval. He was with me at the battle of Tony's Creek, also at Guyandotte, and he led his company in the most gallant manner in both engagements, but his conduct at Guyandotte was especially brilliant." He served under General Floyd in the Cotton Hill campaign, and in the spring of 1862 was ordered to Richmond.

While on the march to Richmond he conceived the idea of raising a regiment of cavalry to be composed of men from all parts of Virginia. His plan, as stated to the writer, was to enlist men from every county, and hold his regiment as an independent command to be used at any point. The men, being acquainted in every locality, would be of vast service to act as scouts, cut off the

enemy's supplies, and keep the commanding General informed of all their movements. As soon as he reached Richmond he stated his plans to some of his friends, and the Secretary of War was so much pleased with them that he immediately issued an order giving him authority to carry them out. PATE at once sent officers to all parts of the State to enlist men for his regiment. The idea of such a service charmed the young Virginians, and in a short time seven complete companies, numbering about nine hundred men, were made up. PATE formed a camp in Allen's Grove, near Richmond, and commenced the tedious work of drilling preparatory to an active campaign.

While thus engaged, he was several times visited by General J. E. B. Stuart, who always expressed gratification at the soldierly appearance and evolutions of the battalion. The Federal army, under McClellan, was then advancing upon Richmond, and Stuart was in need of cavalry. On the night of the 23d of June he sent an orderly to Colonel PATE, requesting him to report immediately to the cavalry headquarters. PATE did so, and was then and there informed that his battalion no longer existed, but that the 5th Virginia Cavalry had been formed by adding companies to his command, and that the following were the field-officers:— Colonel, T. L. Rosser; Lieutenant-Colonel, H. C. PATE; Major, B. B. Douglass. Colonel PATE remained all night at General Stuart's headquarters, and in the morning rode slowly and thoughtfully to his camp. The writer of this sketch rode with him. He was silent, but his countenance indicated a struggle. Just before we reached our camp-pickets he stopped under the shade of an oak, threw himself from his horse, and sat down by the trunk of the tree. Suddenly he sprang up, exclaiming, "What shall I do? How can I meet my men and tell them a stranger has been ordered to command them?" He sat down again, and rested his face in his hands. At length he raised his head. His countenance had resumed its usual calm appearance. He smiled pleasantly as he said, "I think I see my way clear, now: the Confederate Government has treated me badly; but I belong to Virginia, and to her I devote my life." The same day, at dress-parade, he informed the officers of the change, and stated that he was no longer their chief.

The news spread through the camp. Officers and men flocked to the headquarters. They could not believe that the Confederate

Government would break faith with one who had shown such zeal in its service. The battalion was in a state of insurrection. One word from Colonel PATE would have disbanded the whole command. That word was never spoken. On the contrary, exerting that wonderful influence which he possessed over those with whom he was associated, he succeeded in quelling all outward feeling on the part of officers and men; and when Colonel T. L. Rosser took command, the 27th of June, he was well received. PATE invited him to his table, and lent him horses. Colonel Rosser at once commenced the organization of the regiment into squadrons. In this matter he held no consultation with his Lieutenant-Colonel. Colonel PATE'S brother was Adjutant of the battalion, and continued to act as Adjutant of the regiment until the 7th or 8th of July, 1862, when he was taken sick and sent to Richmond by the surgeon. Colonel Rosser had promised to give him the position permanently; but on the ground that he "was not a congenial companion," on the 11th of July he appointed Lieutenant Thomas Hollingsworth, Adjutant, and published a special order to that effect. Hollingsworth's commission, as he himself stated, was dated July 1st, 1862, three days after Colonel Rosser joined the regiment.

The 10th of July, 1862, the officers of the regiment wrote a petition to Colonel PATE, requesting him to bring charges against Colonel Rosser for violation of one of the articles of war as established by the Confederate Government. Colonel PATE hesitated about sending forward the charges; but when assured by the officers that they required him as second officer to proceed in the matter, he consented, and sent the charges immediately to General Stuart. Colonel PATE was guilty of a violation of military discipline in not sending them through Colonel Rosser. Stuart sent one of his staff-officers to inquire into the matter, and on the report of this officer, dismissed the subject.

In the latter part of July, General Stuart established the cavalry camp around Hanover Court House. The 5th Regiment was encamped on the farm of Mrs. Winston, about a mile and a half from the Court House. Orders were immediately issued enforcing strict military law. Colonel Rosser issued a special order requiring all officers to report to him at *réveillé* and tattoo. Another order was issued forbidding any member of the 5th Regiment sleeping out of camp without the Colonel's permission. Colonel

PATE's wife came into the neighborhood, and stayed with a family about a quarter of a mile from the regiment. He asked and obtained permission to visit her and return in the morning in time for dress-parade. He asserts that permission was given him to remain out of camp every night while his wife stayed in the neighborhood. Colonel Rosser asserts that permission was given for one night only. The evening of the 31st of July, 1862, Colonel PATE went to see his wife, and returned next morning as the regiment was forming for dress-parade. He rode to his position, and was greeted with the following order:—

"Lieutenant Colonel H. C. PATE is hereby placed in arrest and will confine himself to this camp within the chain of sentinels. Charge 1st: Disobedience of orders. Charge 2d: Violation of the 6th Article of War."

He made no demonstration when he heard this order; his hand may have clutched tighter the sabre which he held, his lips may have closed more firmly, and his eye glistened more brightly, but this was all.

War was now declared between Rosser and PATE. The former, as will be seen in the continuation of this sketch, was backed by General Stuart and nine-tenths of PATE's brother officers; the latter had the secret sympathy of the rank and file. I say secret, for this sympathy was never manifested save in whispers. Upon consultation with his friends, Colonel PATE sent a note to Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, Attorney-General of Virginia, stating the case and requesting his presence. Mr. Tucker promptly answered the summons. In the meantime Colonel PATE applied to General Fitz Lee for a copy of the charges, and also for information concerning the time set for the trial. General Lee replied:—

"*Sir*:—Your communication received this morning. You will be tried by a General Court-Martial now in session at the Court House, some time during its sitting. Colonel S. D. Lee, 4th Virginia Cavalry, is president, and Captain Q. N. Hammond, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Judge-Advocate."

By some strange infatuation, up to this time Colonel PATE thought General Stuart his friend, or at least well-wisher. Read the following testimony given by Mr. Tucker before the court-martial which finally tried Colonel PATE:—

"Hon. J. R. Tucker, a witness for the defence was duly sworn,

"*Question by accused.* State what occurred between you and

General Stuart in an interview last August, at Hanover Court House, in regard to the charges under which I was arrested.

"*Answer.* . . . He (Colonel PATE) asked me to ride over to see General Stuart, and inquire whether the charges had been preferred on which he had been arrested, and request a copy of them. I rode over to General Stuart's headquarters, at the Court House, where I saw General Stuart for the first time in my life. I found him alone, I believe. I introduced myself to him in the usual way, and at once opened the matter of personal and official business which alone brought me to see him. He inquired if I was counsel for Colonel PATE. I replied in the affirmative. Whereupon he said, 'Colonel Rosser has not yet made out the charges; they will be made out in due time, and a copy will be furnished the accused,' or to that effect. . . . About that time Captain J. E. Cooke came in, whom I knew very well, and who was on the General's staff. After interchanging greetings with him, General Stuart surprised me by turning to Captain Cooke with a laugh and a jeer, which I can only so describe, and asking Captain Cooke what he supposed had brought me there. Cooke replied that he did not know, and the General added in the same manner, 'He has come up here to defend PATE.' If I were not very careful not to state anything which I am not sure did occur, I would state as my firm impression that he prefaced the name of PATE with the expression 'this fellow.' As may be conceived, my feelings were far from comfortable. He then added to me, 'But I suppose, Mr. Tucker, gentlemen in your profession think the worse the case the greater the triumph.' He added further remarks about its being a bad case, and I think an expression of this kind: 'We know PATE about here.'"

This conversation opened the eyes of Colonel PATE to the fact that General Stuart was not only not his friend, but that he was looked upon by General Stuart as "a fellow." The court-martial over which the pure and gallant S. D. Lee presided, proceeded to the trial. Colonel Rosser, at his own request, was permitted to assist in the prosecution. PATE was sanguine of an honorable acquittal, but his trial and trials had just commenced. The army was ordered to move, and on the 16th of August, 1862, the court adjourned. PATE made application for a release from arrest, either to go with the army or to some point where he could settle his family and recruit his health. General Stuart, who had a violent prejudice against him, refused to grant his petition.

The 5th Virginia Cavalry struck tents, packed away everything in wagons, and moved to the north to meet General Pope. One tent remained standing, one wagon remained in the camp. There is nothing more desolate than a deserted camp. The tent-poles, some standing firmly, others leaning, others scattered around, speak of desertion. Worn-out oil-cloths, broken cooking utensils, empty boxes, pieces of bridles and saddles, the absence of neighing horses and their noisy riders; the painful silence, unbroken save by the snarling of hungry curs fighting over fleshless bones, tell that the camp is deserted and the soldiers far away.

Colonel PATE stood by his tent and watched his regiment moving off. As long as his battle-flag was in sight, he watched; as long as he could hear the tramp of the horses and the ringing notes of the bugle, he listened. The battle-flag faded from his sight, the bugle-notes died on his ear; he turned to his camp, and his heart sank within him. About 10 o'clock at night Company D of the 5th Regiment, which had been doing picket-duty at the White House, rode up. Captain Bullock halted for the men to eat supper and feed their horses, and then moved on to overtake the regiment. This was PATE's original company, and it was meet that it should be the last to leave the camp and the old commander. The company marched by the Colonel's tent; every cap was lifted and every eye glistened with tears as Colonel PATE said, "Do your duty, my men, and may God preserve and bless you."

We will pass over the period from the 16th of August, 1862, to the 12th of March, 1863, when the court-martial assembled which finally tried the charges against Colonel PATE. The following officers composed the Court:— President, Colonel S. Williams; Judge-Advocate, Lieutenant G. Freaner; Colonel P. M. B. Young, Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Twiggs, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Carter, Major Lewis F. Terrell, and Captain W. F. Graves. In August, 1862, there were two charges; in March, 1863, there were five charges and twelve specifications. The Judge-Advocate, from the very beginning, assumed the position of prosecuting attorney, and labored faithfully to convict the accused. Inasmuch as Colonel PATE had able counsel, he stated that "he felt himself absolved from the double relation of counsel for the Confederate States and the accused."

The trial was one of intense interest. It was the subject of dis-

cussion throughout the whole army. The soldiers and officers generally sympathized with PATE. The excitement in PATE'S regiment was intense. The Court continued in session from the 12th of March to the 22d of April, when the case was submitted and Colonel PATE honorably acquitted, and, by order of General R. E. Lee, resumed his sword.

He immediately joined his regiment and entered into active service. In the cavalry fight at Aldie, which shortly followed, he was badly bruised and cut, and was in the hospital for several months. Recovering, he again returned to his command.

When it was reported through the regiment that Colonel Rosser would shortly receive the command of a brigade and leave the colonelcy vacant, PATE'S friends were delighted with the idea that their old chief would soon have the command which he should have had in the beginning. But yet other difficulties were before him. In the latter part of September, 1863, he received notice that charges of a serious nature had been preferred against him by Colonel Rosser. Upon application he was furnished with the following letter, which Colonel Rosser had sent to General Chilton, A. A. G. of the Army of Northern Virginia:—

"*General:*—I most respectfully ask that a board of officers be convened as soon as practicable for the purpose of examining Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. PATE, of my regiment, with a view of having him removed from the field or his commission cancelled. Lieutenant-Colonel PATE has not served with his regiment a month since its organization in June, 1862, and is now absent without leave, and has not been with his regiment since the 17th of June last. He has never been in action with his regiment, and is totally inefficient, and lacks every qualification of an officer. Present or absent, he seems to take no interest whatever in the good of the command; and if such an officer be allowed to hold his commission, all discipline is gone, and the efficiency of the command to which he is attached will be destroyed."

In accordance with the request of this letter, General R. E. Lee appointed a board, consisting of General L. L. Lomax, Colonel J. R. Chambliss, and Colonel T. H. Owens, to examine Colonel PATE. General Lomax was PATE'S brigade-commander, had approved and forwarded Rosser's letter, and now sat as president of the examining board. The examination commenced on the 3d of November. Colonel Rosser had received his commission as

Brigadier-General, and PATE had assumed command of the regiment. The writer has before him a copy of the official record of the board, which Colonel PATE procured from the office of General Cooper. It is the only copy now in existence. Of it Colonel PATE wrote to his wife—"This copy will be of no particular use to me, but I wish it sacredly kept for my boy. In after years he may be called upon to defend the name and reputation of his father. With the official proceedings of my court-martial, and this record, he never need be ashamed of his father."

The Board examined about twenty witnesses, making General Rosser's letter the basis of their examination. Each witness was asked, "Do you believe the efficiency of the regiment would be increased or impaired by having Lieutenant-Colonel PATE as its commander?" Eighteen out of the twenty answered, "I believe it would be increased." General Rosser's answer was, "I believe the regiment would be broken up and destroyed in a very short time." Lieutenant J. W. Emmitt, Rosser's Adjutant, answered, "I do not know. The regiment is totally disorganized and wants some good officer to command it." The Board also examined Colonel PATE on drill and tactics, and made the following report:—

"The members of the Board being present and duly sworn, examined into the evidence adduced in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. PATE, 5th Virginia Cavalry, and the Board are of the opinion, after mature deliberation upon the evidence adduced, that there is not shown any reason why Lieutenant-Colonel PATE should be removed from service; and the Board do recommend that he be promoted to the Colonelcy of the 5th Virginia Cavalry now vacant." Signed by all the members of the Board.

Thus ended Colonel Rosser's prosecution (or shall we say persecution?) of his next in command. Himself a brave and gallant officer, we can only account for his conduct in this case by supposing him the victim of groundless prejudices. At last, by an impartial Board, Colonel PATE'S merits were acknowledged, and he was permitted to act upon an open and honorable field.

Colonel PATE entered at once upon the work of organizing and drilling his companies; and every department was thoroughly overhauled and inspected. Nothing escaped his attention, absentees were looked after, and each day witnessed an improvement of both men and horses. During the winter of 1863, while the brigade

was disbanded to allow the men and horses to recuperate, PATE was active in getting recruits for his command. He was in constant communication with his officers, and aided them in getting horses for the dismounted men. When the regiment was disbanded, the Adjutant reported between one hundred and one hundred and fifty men fit for duty. When it left camp on the morning of the 4th of May, 1864, to meet the advance of Grant's army, it numbered nearly six hundred.

The 9th of May, Sheridan with about nine thousand cavalry cut loose from the main army and moved along the Telegraph road with a view to taking Richmond. Fitz Lee's division immediately followed, attacking Sheridan at every available point. Sheridan left the Telegraph road and followed what is known as the Mountain road. General Gordon followed on this road, while Stuart, with Fitz Lee commanding the brigades of Wickham and Lomax, kept the Telegraph road, intending to intercept Sheridan at the Yellow Tavern, where the Mountain and Telegraph roads meet, about six miles from Richmond.

The 11th of May Lomax halted at the Yellow Tavern. The Telegraph road runs north and south; the Mountain road comes into it from the northwest. Lomax's brigade formed along the Telegraph road, the left resting near the Tavern. General Lomax placed Colonel PATE in the command of the line, and then moved with his staff to a hill in the rear to watch the enemy's movements. PATE felt the responsibility of the situation. Immediately in front were open fields, and then a dense growth of woods. PATE with his Adjutant and couriers rode through this woods and discovered a deep gully running parallel with the Telegraph road. Along the edge of this gully, next to the open fields, he posted a line of skirmishers. In advance of this line he posted mounted men as an outlook. When these lines had been established he returned to the road and posted a strong body of sharpshooters on his extreme left, to rake the road in case of a direct movement from that direction. He then formed his little brigade along the Telegraph road, in the best position the ground afforded. The reader will more fully understand PATE'S plan when he takes into consideration the fact that Lomax's whole brigade was dismounted, and entirely without protection against cavalry charges.

It was a soft sweet morning, this eleventh of May. Little birds hopped around in the bushes and chirped their glad songs,

little knowing that in a short time their shady homes would be cut to pieces by balls and bursting shells; that men and horses would be engaged in dreadful strife; that the sky so bright and clear would soon be clouded with the smoke from thousands of guns; and that the ground, now wet with dew, would soon be drenched with human blood.

The heavy tramp of horses on the Mountain road announced that Sheridan was moving. PATE'S picket on the extreme left reported the enemy dismounted and advancing in three lines. Occasional shots were now and then heard as the pickets fell back. The enemy appeared on the opposite side of the gully above described. PATE'S skirmish line received them with a warm fire and such precision of aim that Sheridan's first line gave way. PATE'S men raised a yell and started in pursuit, but were recalled by the commanding officer. The second line came up and received a check, but held its ground, while an overwhelming force was moved to the right and charged the 15th Virginia skirmishers. PATE'S right was broken and the line moved back, contesting every foot of ground. PATE drew in his skirmishers and united them with the main body, while Sheridan's skirmishers halted at the edge of the woods. Suddenly, as if by magic, a line of skirmishers appeared in front of the woods, moving with wonderful regularity upon the position occupied by PATE'S brigade. This skirmish line was supported by a solid line of blue coats, extending far to the right and left of PATE'S flanks. Captain Breathed opened on this line with two guns planted on PATE'S right. The left flank of the enemy made a dash at the guns, but Breathed got them away. This movement towards the guns brought Sheridan's left flank on a line with PATE'S right, and the fire was so galling that PATE was forced to take the second position which he had selected. This position was a deep cut on the east side of the Telegraph road. It was at this point that the last interview between General Stuart and Colonel PATE took place. Stuart had been watching PATE'S movements, and, when too late, had found that he was not only a brave soldier, but a man of military genius. He forgot the past, and pressed up to him amid the singing of bullets, and there the two men who had not spoken to each other for months clasped hands. "Colonel PATE," said Stuart, "you have done all that any man could do. How long can you hold this position?" "Until I die, General." Again they clasped hands, and as General

Stuart rode away he remarked to one of his staff, "PATE is a hero."

Sheridan's lines advanced. General Stuart sat on his horse and with his field-glass watched the fight. The tall form of PATE was conspicuous as he moved from point to point encouraging his men. The 6th and 15th Regiments of Virginia cavalry were driven from their positions, torn to pieces. PATE remained with the 5th alone. "One more round, boys, and then we'll get to the hill." His voice was clear and rang out above the battle's roar. The round was given. PATE fell dead, shot in the right temple. Stuart saw it through his glass. "PATE has died the death of a hero," he exclaimed, and his eyes flashed as he spoke.

The 5th Virginia Cavalry went into the fight three hundred and fifty strong. The next morning one hundred and twenty men reported for duty. With Lomax out of the way, Sheridan wheeled to the left and moved against Weckham. When this movement was made, little Jimmy Moore, a boy sixteen years old, one of Colonel PATE's orderlies, rode in and brought the body out. The Adjutant of the regiment, assisted by Jimmy, took it to the residence of Dr. Shepherd near by. Two of the Doctor's daughters were at home. The body was laid out on the floor of the sitting-room. The Adjutant had time only to write the Colonel's name and rank on a piece of paper and pin it on his breast, when the enemy charged into the front yard. The next day the ladies had the body buried; and four days afterwards it was removed to Richmond, and now sleeps in Hollywood Cemetery. At the early age of thirty-two he ended his eventful career. In the same battle General Stuart, too, received his death-wound. May we not hope that the reconciliation of these two brave men, begun in their last hour, has been confirmed and perpetuated in the better land?

JAMES W. MAGRUDER,

1st Lieutenant, Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

JAMES W. MAGRUDER, son of James Magruder, of Orange county, Virginia, was born on the 2d of February, 1839, near the village of Gordonsville. His early life was spent in the good old-fashioned way of country boys, his education preparatory to entering college going on meanwhile in the neighboring schools. Among others, he attended the excellent academy of Colonel Kemper, at Gordonsville.

In October, 1857, he entered the University of Virginia as an academic student. At the end of the second session, having taken distinctions in the various subjects of Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Mathematics, he returned home, and some time after entered some mercantile business at Union Mills, in the county of Fluvanna.

In the spring of 1861, when the Albemarle Light Horse was organized under the command of Eugene Davis, Esq., of Charlottesville, he joined it as a private. He was not, however, allowed to remain a private: his genuine soldierly qualities, courage in battle, patience and endurance under hardships, and fidelity to duty, soon won for him the rank of a non-commissioned officer, from which position, after long and arduous service, he was advanced to the office of Lieutenant.

The Albemarle Light Horse — Company K, 2d Cavalry — has already been spoken of, and there will be occasion to refer to it again, in connection with others of its members who fell on the field of battle. In this company JAMES MAGRUDER was held in high esteem as a spirited and dashing cavalryman; and when he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, it was in acknowledgment of his merits. The Light Horse had no lack of good officers, among whom will be remembered the gallant and chivalrous Tebbs. It was, then, a high compliment to Lieutenant MAGRUDER when one of his men said of him recently, to the writer:—"He was the best officer the company ever had."

He was constantly with his command, and participated in its countless battles and skirmishes, until he lost his life, gallantly defending Richmond against the bold cavalry raid of Sheridan. On the 9th of May, 1864, that General, with the divisions of

Merritt, Wilson, and Gregg, was detached from the Union army, then at Spottsylvania Court House, and sent to cut Lee's communications. Stuart at once dispatched Fitz Lee in pursuit, who, overtaking the enemy's rear-guard, kept up an incessant skirmish with it. Sheridan succeeded in cutting the Central Railroad at Beaver Dam, and the Fredericksburg Road at Ashland, and then set out for Richmond. At Yellow Tavern, on the 11th, Stuart, who had taken a shorter route, interposed between him and the Confederate capital, and brought on the engagement in which he and Colonel H. Clay Pate were both killed, some details of which are given in the memoir of the latter. From Yellow Tavern Sheridan pressed on to Richmond, but the preparations for his reception induced him to attempt to recross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge. It was here that MAGRUDER fell, while opposing the passage of the enemy.

He had by this time become 1st Lieutenant of the Light Horse, and in the absence of Captain Tebbs was in command of it. His regiment had thrown up hasty works, and repulsed several severe attacks. The rain was falling heavily, and the men had to use every precaution to keep their cartridges dry. Lieutenant MAGRUDER had just given an order not to fire until the enemy advanced to within a few paces, and while watching their approach he was struck in the forehead by a minié ball. He uttered no word when shot, merely folding his arms and giving a slight groan.

His comrades took his watch and pocket-book, and in a few days returned and buried him on the battle-field.

The writer knew him at college as a genial and courteous gentleman. A friend who served with him, and furnished the data from which these outlines are made, says of him:—"He was exceedingly affable and kind to his men, but let no personal motive influence him in the exercise of his duty. He died esteemed by all his superior officers as a good soldier; and if he had an enemy, none dared impugn his courage and fidelity."

CHARLES LLOYD COLEMAN,

Captain, "Morris Artillery."

The unanimity of the Southern States in regard to all the great questions of State, and their hearty coöperation in the effort to maintain by the sword the same great principles, are not matters of surprise when we consider that they are different *States* rather than different *peoples*. It was not only that identity of interest inclined them to the same political measures and bound them together when these measures were referred to the sword; but, to a large degree, the same blood coursed through the veins of their citizens, and those thus bound by the ties of kinship cherished the views and opinions they had inherited with a feeling for which idolatry would be a name only a little too strong. The reader of these pages will notice, for example, how many representatives of other States trace their ancestry back to Virginia; and what is true of Virginia is true, though in a less degree, of her Southern sisters. Thus it was that the electric power of *blood* and *sentiment* swept the circuit of these States, and intensified the unity which was based upon principle.

These thoughts are suggested by the name that heads this paper. Captain CHARLES L. COLEMAN was a native of the State of Mississippi. His father, Colonel N. D. Coleman, is a Kentuckian by birth, but a grandson of Colonel Daniel Coleman, of Caroline county, Virginia, to which State and county he was sent at the early age of twelve to be educated by his uncle, "Thomas Burbridge Coleman, of Concord Academy, who, like his distinguished grandson, Lewis M. Coleman, considered the occupation of educating the youth of the country the most useful and dignified employment of man."

His mother was a daughter of Captain Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, grand-daughter of Colonel Thomas Marshall, of Virginia, of Brandywine celebrity, and niece of Chief-Justice Marshall. He was thus so bound to the Old State that nothing Virginian could be foreign to him.

CHARLIE was born October 1st, 1842, in Vicksburg, his father being at the time a resident of that place. Under competent teachers at home until he was twelve years old, and in the city schools until he was nearly fifteen, he made rapid progress in the

rudiments of an education. A letter from Mr. J. T. Read, Superintendent of the City Schools of Vicksburg, now before the writer, says:—"He completed while in these schools his mathematical course as far as Spherical Trigonometry, read Cæsar's Commentaries and Virgil's Æneid. In composition he was strictly original, comprehensive, and terse, handling any subject in a manner remarkable for one of his years.

"In original elocutionary exercises, or in mere declamation, he was almost without an equal. His style was peculiar and impressive, his delivery nervous and captivating, and his expressions earnest and classical.

"There were few youths more gifted than he. When once asked in what I deemed him most proficient, I could but answer, '*In everything.*'"

From the public schools of Vicksburg CHARLIE was transferred to Hanover Academy, then under the charge of his kinsman, Lewis M. Coleman. Remaining three years — two under Mr. Coleman and one under his successor, H. P. Jones — he entered the University of Virginia as an academic student at the opening of the session of 1860–61. During this year his younger brother, Harry Warfield (born November 8th, 1846), was at a preparatory school near the University.

When the war became imminent the two brothers united in asking permission of their father (who had before this removed to Madison Parish, Louisiana) to take part in the contest. Their letters were urgent and patriotic, and their father consented, provided the Vicksburg "Southrons," a company whose officers and men were their friends, should be ordered to Richmond. The "Southrons" were soon sent forward to Virginia, and CHARLIE and Harry exhibited their letters to Professor Coleman, got permission to go, and straightway set off. The *Vicksburg Herald* thus speaks of their entering the service:—"While the 'Volunteer Southrons' were in Richmond, awaiting the perfection of the organization in which they were to be sent to the front, two boys applied for membership, were mustered in, and started with that company to confront the enemy. They were respectively eighteen and fourteen years of age."

Harry Coleman's health soon gave way under the pressure of military service, and, because of his extreme youth, he was discharged and sent home. When he recovered he joined his oldest

brother, Major James T. Coleman, of Miles's Legion, was made 1st Lieutenant in the Voorhees Guards, of Louisiana, and after nearly three years' service, was captured at Port Hudson and sent to Johnson's Island. CHARLIE continued with his Vicksburg comrades until Professor Coleman organized the "Morris Artillery," when he procured a transfer to his old teacher's company, and served under him as long as he commanded it.

At the reorganization in 1862, Professor Coleman was not reëlected Captain of the Morris Artillery. There was, in consequence, much indignation among the subordinate officers, several of whom refused to accept the command which was tendered to them. Finally, when the work of *reorganization* had well-nigh perfected the *disorganization* of the company, CHARLES COLEMAN, who had steadily supported the claims of Professor Coleman, was elected to the Captaincy and accepted the office.

There is not space here to follow out the history of the Morris Artillery. It was part of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, whose officers were John Thompson Brown, Colonel, Lewis Minor Coleman, Lieutenant-Colonel, and David Watson, Major. The death of these men, in whose memoirs the general history of their artillery has been traced, is enough to immortalize their command. If aught were wanting for the individual company officers, it would be enough for Captain COLEMAN'S honor to repeat the statement of an officer who served with him, that he "was repeatedly personally complimented by that great commander, General Robert E. Lee."

After a long and arduous service of about three years, in which this young officer had approved himself as worthy of his noble ancestry, he fell at Spotsylvania Court House, on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, while defending his position after the Federals had captured the division of General Edward Johnson. The Union forces held the ground gained by this success, and the body of Captain COLEMAN was never recovered.

Poor Harry was still a prisoner at Johnson's Island at the time of his brother's death. From that place he was transferred to Point Lookout, on the 1st of April, 1865, to be exchanged. But the surrender of General Lee occurring a few days after, the exchange was discontinued, and on the 25th of the month Harry Coleman was sent to Fort Delaware.

The Federal Government was at this time offering the oath of

allegiance to all Confederate prisoners, and when Harry reached Fort Delaware all the soldiers in confinement there had taken it. They were not to blame for this, for the star of the young republic had really set, Lee having surrendered and Johnston having entered into an agreement with Sherman. Yet *he* and the party of officers with which he came refused it when offered to them upon their arrival at the Fort. Their rejection of the oath was witnessed by the enlisted men, who were in a separate prison, and not allowed to hold intercourse with the officers. Among these private soldiers was a cousin of Lieutenant Coleman's, who had been a captive at Fort Delaware for nearly a year. On the next day he addressed him a long letter, from which the following are extracts:—

"I was rather surprised at your whole party refusing the oath. I had been led to suppose by the action of this entire prison that its acceptance would be universal. . . . What, in God's name, can be your reason, Harry? I make it my boast that I am as good a Rebel as ever wore Confederate gray, but I shame to confess to my utter demoralization now. Could I see a reasonable hope for our cause, would five hundred, would one hundred refuse the proffered amnesty, I am proud to think that there is no man here would make a greater sacrifice than I. . . . What more can we do than abide by the action of our own Government? . . . The object for which we have battled, that for which we have shed blood, spent treasure, and made sacrifices, was yielded when Johnston, in convention with Sherman, declared the willingness of the States to return to the Union. . . . The power of the Confederacy is broken and destroyed; we have nothing now to do but to wear the yoke of a subjugated people. Take the oath, Harry, and go home with me until the contest dies out in your region. My neighborhood is quiet, and I offer you such comforts and hospitalities as a devastated home can afford.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"W. L. R."

To this letter Harry replied:—

"*April* 29*th*, 1865.

"DEAR WILL:—

". . . . . You say you were surprised at the action of our party in refusing the oath, and wish to know our reasons. Well, this is a point that I do not wish to argue; and

if it were not from you, I would not reply at all. But I will give you my views, as well as those of most of my party, briefly:—We consider that so long as our Government keeps up a show of resistance, so long as there is the least organization, it is our duty to stand by our cause. . . . When we no longer have any Government, then we must await our separate States' action, and be guided to a great extent by them.

"As for me, I do not expect to take the oath at all; I would welcome expatriation first. I could say more, but as I feel very strongly, I would prefer not. . . . Do not be offended at anything I have said; I don't wish to hurt your feelings, although our sentiments are very different."

On the 5th of May he wrote to his brother, Major James T. Coleman, stating that his views had undergone some change, but that he did not consider himself absolved from his oath as long as any armed force represented the Confederacy. He had not heard that General Dick Taylor had surrendered, and Kirby Smith was still holding out west of the Mississippi; but *he never took the oath.* On the 25th of the month, and in the nineteenth year of his age, he died in Fort Delaware; having served his country nearly four years. His body was obtained by his brother-in-law, Theodore F. Randolph, of New Jersey, and interred in his family burying-ground at Easton, Pennsylvania.

Of these two brothers, the *Vicksburg Herald* says:—"Sleep on, young and gallant soldiers! The soil of Virginia rests lightly on the breast of one, and the thick forest of the historic Wilderness shall sing his requiem, and future travellers, as they tread the classic ground of Spotsylvania, will seek the spot where the 12th of May was made immortal. Young Harry sleeps on the confines of mother earth and old ocean, in a calm, secluded spot, near the bastile which confined his body, but not his proud soul."

WILLIAM Z. MEAD,

Lieutenant, Battalion of Sharpshooters, Deas' Brigade, Army of the West.

Lieutenant WILLIAM ZACHARIAH MEAD, the son of the Rev. Zachariah Mead, of the Episcopal Church, and Anna Maria Mead, was born at Richmond, Virginia, on the 29th day of November, A. D. 1838. His father died on the day the son reached his second year, honored and lamented by the Church and people whom he had served truly and faithfully during his life. There was still spared to the tender infant one of the kindest and gentlest of mothers to watch over him and to mould his growing character, and well did she perform her part.

Lieutenant MEAD received a most careful elementary school training. So soon as he was old enough, he was placed by his mother at the school of the late Franklin Minor, in Albemarle county, Virginia, where he was treated with "watchful tenderness, being the youngest of the school band," and carefully prepared for an early admission to the University of Virginia. In 1854, however, just prior to his entry at the latter institution, we find him an honored member of the "Academy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the city of Philadelphia," as appears by a certificate of the Rev. Dr. Hare, at that time Principal of the Academy, dated Easter Term of that year, directed to the Bishop of the Diocese and Board of Trustees, and commending him for industry, punctuality, and propriety of deportment. He entered the University in the fall of 1856, for the session 1856–7, as an academic student. He became a member of the Jefferson Debating Society, in which he took great interest; and of the Kappa Alpha Society, a small band of brothers connected by ties which were known only to themselves. At the close of that session, Lieutenant MEAD took charge of a school in Goochland county, Virginia. In the fall of 1859 he returned to the University, session 1859–60, as a student of the law — the profession of his choice. Among his fellow-students of the University whose names will find a place in this volume, we may mention the names of Colonels William N. Bronaugh and John B. Magruder; Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Pendleton; Majors Joseph W. Anderson and F. W. Smith; Captains Bradfute Warwick, William T. Haskell, William Bernard Meredith, Thomas Gordon Pollock, George

R. Bedinger, and William M. Radford; and Lieutenants William G. Field, Charles Ellis Munford, Charles M. Rives, David R. Barton, Isaac Talbot Walke, and W. B. Butler, all his friends and acquaintances, some of whom were his most intimate friends. Of this number Ellis Munford was his room-mate and almost constant companion; while three of them, Thomas Gordon Pollock, Ellis Munford, and Isaac T. Walke, were members of the Kappa Alpha Society.

Completing the session of 1859–60, Lieutenant MEAD entered the law school of Judge John W. Brokenbrough, in Lexington, Virginia, and was a student there when the muttering war culminated in the sad reality, and ushered in a new and bloody scene then unknown in the annals of this country, in which almost every young man in the State of Virginia was to take a part. The subject of this sketch was a Union man in thought and act and feeling, but his life was bound up in his native State, his own Virginia. "As goes Virginia, so go I," he wrote a friend about that time. No thought other than the welfare and safety of his State prompted his action — that was sufficient. No thought or presentiment that he would be one of the victims sacrificed to the cruel Moloch of war would have deterred him for a moment; for such was his high-toned, gallant nature that he would willingly have laid down his life to save his native State and the South from the fury, desolation, and ruin then awaiting our fair country, and which had been prophesied by some of our most far-seeing and distinguished statesmen.

Gallant, noble, patriotic son, he threw aside his student's gown, put behind him all the high hopes and aspirations which fired his ambition in the study of his profession, and disdaining ease and the comforts of life, of which he had never been deprived, he joined as a private soldier the 1st Virginia Cavalry, under the command then of Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, a regiment afterwards recognized for the efficient service it had performed, but at first known because composed of the flower of the young men of the Valley and Piedmont Virginia. Not long, however, did Lieutenant MEAD remain in this regiment, for he was promoted to a Lieutenancy and ordered to duty in the Army of the West, then under command of General Bragg. In this army he occupied a post of honor and of danger as an officer of the battalion of sharpshooters of General Zach. Deas' brigade of infantry; and soon,

by his gallant conduct and noble bearing, became the favorite of the battalion, and won the confidence not only of his men but also of his superior officers. Faithful in the discharge of his duties, he was always in place and never shunned danger. On the morning of the 14th day of May, A. D. 1864, on the ever-memorable battle-field of Resaca, Georgia, while engaged in the heat of battle, he fell mortally wounded, and almost instantly died, sadly regretted and deeply mourned by all who knew him in life. Thus ended the life of one of Virginia's most gallant, noble, and gifted sons. No higher eulogy can follow this young hero to his early grave than that which is expressed in a letter from a Major-General of the Army of the West who had watched his career:— "He fell while gallantly defending the post of danger at Resaca, Georgia. I saw him in the heat of the engagement. WILLIE had, by his real gallantry, high culture, and intelligence, won the esteem and confidence of all his Generals." His grave was marked and remembered by friends, and so soon as the war was closed his remains were brought to his native State and laid beside those of his honored father in Richmond. Near the same spot where he is buried repose the remains of his friends and college-mates, Ellis Munford, Willie Pegram, and Tucker Randolph; and of his former Chief, General J. E. B. Stuart, who fell two days before the subject of our sketch met his fate. A pure white marble, erected by gentle hands, marks the spot where he sleeps, bearing the simple inscription, "Thy son liveth"— the only consolation to the sad heart of a bereaved and loving mother, whose life was wrapped up in that of a noble and worthy son, save the remembrance that he died at the post of duty, crowned with glory.

"'Tis well,—'tis something we may stand,
Where he, in native earth, is laid;
And from his ashes may be made
The violet — of Virginia's land.

"'Tis little, but it notes the truth
As if his noble form was blest,
Among familiar forms to rest
And in the places of his youth."

We knew the subject of this sketch well — we knew him as WILLIE MEAD — and claim with pride to have enjoyed the honor and pleasure of his friendship. But how can we tell how gifted, brilliant, and refined he was; how filial, how loving and affec-

tionate, how generous and unselfish, how patriotic, energetic, gallant, and brave, how devoted he was as a son and brother, how true and faithful as a friend? He was a Christian soldier and a spotless gentleman — a few words that speak the highest praise that can be bestowed upon human character. Of fine personal appearance, and graceful, winning manners; of a genial and cordial disposition, and possessed of great sprightliness and ever ready wit, he had a quiet and easy way of insinuating himself into the hearts of all those with whom he was thrown in intimacy. He was not a man of many friendships, because he did not choose to be; but no one had more sincerely attached friends; and all who can claim the honor of his friendship, especially his brothers in the Kappa Alpha fraternity, will ever remember him with tenderness and mourn his untimely end. Of him a friend wrote, and wrote truly:—"It is a pretty good criterion of a man's character that those who know him best esteem him most highly; and I never knew any one of whom this could be more truly said than of WILLIE. It was in the unreserved intercourse of private friendship that the sterling qualities of his character were most conspicuous. He was a very kind friend, so encouraging in difficulties, and as joyful at another's success as if it were his own." Another friend and companion-in-arms thus gave a truthful picture of his character in a letter to a friend:—"I never met a man who was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession, or who more readily won golden opinions from all with whom he was thrown. I certainly have never met one who surpassed him in those social qualities which go to make up the 'gentleman and soldier.' I remember once having to show some civilities to a gentleman from Tennessee, and I was riding with him through the winter-quarters of the troops in WILLIE'S division, when I suggested that we should 'drop in upon him for a few moments.' We called, but the moments lengthened into hours as we sat and listened to his most entertaining conversation; and when we at last left, my acquaintance remarked that he had never seen Lieutenant MEAD'S superior in the points which I have mentioned." What a mass of testimony we might adduce from those who knew him well, of the strong and admirable points of his well-formed character! but we will forbear, making only one other quotation from the letter of one of the best observers of character it has ever been our pleasure to know:—"Rarely is one

who has fixed opinions, as you know WILLIE had, so fair and unprejudiced towards an opponent as he was. He could discuss any political question — even those to which an allusion is apt to create a display of temper — as calmly as a problem in metaphysics. Had I differed with him radically on the questions which divided North and South, he was perhaps the only one of all my companions at the University of Virginia that it would have been prudent to have truly told so and have ventured to discuss with on such subjects." Truly was this a noble character; and though we have portrayed but feebly its beautiful traits, we feel there is no one among those mentioned in this volume who deserves to be more truly honored than WILLIE MEAD, though enrolled here among many of the once brightest and most shining lights of our Southern land; and we feel that the green grass and beautiful flowers which grow upon and decorate the graves of our departed heroes in this spring-time, will typify the enduring remembrance of no one longer than that of this gallant soldier-son of Virginia by all who knew him.

JAMES G. CARR,

Private, Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

JAMES G. CARR, son of Dr. William G. Carr and Charlotte M., his wife, was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, February 25th, 1843.

Born and reared in one of the loveliest mountain districts of the old Commonwealth, the wild and romantic scenes surrounding him impressed their stamp upon his nature. His earlier life devoted to field sports and manly exercises, in which he most delighted — now threading the valley, now climbing to the mountain top; now at the death of the fox, and now hastening to where the pack held the deer at bay — he had neither time nor inclination for those vicious indulgences which too often throw their enchantments around the young.

As a child he was very delicate, and by the advice of a medical friend, his father took him from school, and giving him command of a horse, a dog, and a gun, suffered him to roam at will over

the farm to make for himself a constitution. The experiment succeeded admirably, and the time lost from his studies was well repaid by the health and activity acquired. He had learned to ride almost as soon as to walk; and being remarkably fearless, nothing afforded him more delight than to mount the most unbroken colt, or the most spirited animal he could find, and dash without a sensation of fear over the hills and fields of his mountain home; and many were the exciting adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, through which he now passed; but the knowledge of horsemanship thus gained was destined to be of great use to him in the branch of the service which he afterwards joined.

As a schoolboy, his frank manners and genial nature made him a general favorite, and the only fight which he is known to have engaged in, while attending a large public school, was undertaken in behalf of a younger comrade whom his chivalrous spirit could not brook to see imposed on by a boy larger and older than himself. Thus his friends delight to trace even in his boyish action that rare union of almost feminine tenderness of heart with great personal bravery which not all the hardening influence of a soldier's life could dissipate. "I can bear anything patiently, but seeing my mother's distress at parting with me," was his reply to a comrade who was condoling with him on his return to the hardships and privations of the army after his last furlough. And his last letter home, written from the trenches below Richmond, where his company was acting as infantry, and under fire every day, scarcely touches on the danger which he is encountering, but is filled with expressions of tenderness and pity for a little nephew lately left motherless.

At the age of seventeen he entered the University of Virginia, where the rapid development of his mind and character gave promise of future usefulness and distinction. The same gentleness and purity of heart which had characterized him as a child, blending with the warm and earnest sincerity of his attachments in after-years, endeared him to all his friends and associates.

At the opening of the war he was a member of the Albemarle Light Horse, a company which had been formed under the prospect of hostilities, and which was afterwards officially known as Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry. With this company he entered the service at once, and thenceforward devoted himself unreservedly to the Southern cause, which he held as sacred as did Richard the Crusades.

Previous to the first battle of Manassas JAMES was employed in drilling, picketing and scouting, after which he was constantly engaged in active and arduous service until his death. Passing from one section of the State to another, confronting the enemy where his services were needed; now on the Potomac, then in the Valley, and then on the Peninsula; at one time defending Richmond from the Federal cavalry, then threatening Washington; following Stuart in his ride around McClellan's army; following the same bold leader on his raids in Maryland and Pennsylvania; with Jackson in his unrivalled exploits in the Valley; fighting side by side with the gallant Ashby when he fell; at first and second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic; in all these great battles and bold and daring raids, JAMES CARR participated and approved himself a soldier. Although again and again exposed to the most imminent danger, having his horse killed under him at Kelly's Ford, and his comrades often struck down by his side; until his last fatal engagement he was never wounded. Two Captains commanding his company were killed and one wounded. JAMES was distinguished even among his comrades, the gallant band which composed the 2d (than which, perhaps, no regiment in the service rendered more constant and efficient duty, or suffered more in casualties), for the enthusiasm, boldness, and intrepidity with which he charged in the fight and followed in the pursuit when the enemy were routed. Before entering the army he looked with awe upon death, and would turn pale at the sight of blood: so habituated had he become in the lapse of three years to the sight of wounds, suffering and death, that he passed along by the dead on the field without emotion, unless the face of a comrade looked up to him from the ground.

The veterans of Napoleon did not fight as many battles, nor endure as many hardships, nor did they witness as much suffering and carnage as did our volunteer cavalry. Nor since the days of the old Cavaliers, when sword and lance, in hand to hand conflict, determined the succession to crowns and kingdoms, has such responsibility devolved upon the individual members of any military corps as rested upon the members of the cavalry of the Confederate States, nor so much depended upon the intelligence and fidelity of each; acting alternately as scouts and cavalry, mounted riflemen

and infantry, sometimes also as artillerists, they became familiar with every branch of the service, and shared the glories and dangers of them all. Often extended through forest and underbrush, in attenuated line from ten to twenty feet apart, to make front to the heavy columns of the advancing foe, they engaged and routed him, fighting necessarily from under the eyes of their officers, and without their counsel or command.

In every position in which he was called upon to act his part, JAMES CARR won from his comrades and commanders the highest encomium man can bestow on man, that of discharging his every duty with ability, zeal, and fidelity. He furnished his own horses, and supplied himself with arms, saddles, oil-cloth, blankets, etc., from the stores of the enemy. After the first year of the war, his regiment being without tents, which it was impossible for them to carry upon their rapid and constant marches, he had to protect himself as best he could from burning suns and wintry winds, storms of rain, hail and snow, which often in bivouac, upon the march, on post and in the field, inflicted the severest suffering; all of which he endured with firmness and constancy, and even that cheerfulness which under happier auspices imparted its sunshine to the circle of his home and friends.

On the 24th day of May, 1864, a band of picked men from the 2d, together with the other regiments of the brigade, consisting in all of about 80 men, were led some distance down the James river by Fitz Lee, and thrown, dismounted, upon Fort Kennon, under the impression that the garrison was weaker than it proved to be. The fort was not only amply garrisoned, but supported by gunboats, which by incessant cannonading added greatly to the terrible odds against our men. Charging up to the guns of the fort, our men were compelled to fall back under a terrible and destructive fire. JAMES was among the foremost in the attack, the last in the retreat. When his comrades rallied after the repulse, his place was vacant.

The following papers contain all the information his family ever received concerning his fate:—

"CAMP 2D VIRGINIA CAVALRY,
WHITE OAK SWAMP, *6th June*, 1864.

"DR. WILLIAM G. CARR,

"*My Dear Friend:*—On reaching camp, the 25th of May, I found a portion of my company absent, having been detailed to go

with General Fitz Lee upon an expedition to Charles City county. On the morning of the 26th one of the company returned and reported JIM missing; I hoped, however, that he had only been detached by some means from his company, and would find his way back to it. But so many days have elapsed without his being heard from, that I am much afraid the best fate we can hope for him is that he was captured by the enemy. The uncertainty of his fate may well produce great anxiety; but I love JIM as if he were a near relation, and I know how dear he is to you all, and I will not despair of his safety until I have heard more in regard to him.

"It is a matter of great regret with me that I can only gather the most unsatisfactory account of JIM'S doings at Fort Kennon.

"It seems that he had gone into two charges and come out safely. The third and last charge was made on an angle of the fort. Our men started from a piece of woods, crossed a cleared field fifty yards wide, and then entered an abattis of felled pines which extended up to the embankment. Through these pines the men had to scramble and crawl; the companies got mixed up, so that when they reached the extreme point to which they charged towards the fort, James Woods (who saw JIM last) says JIM was the only man of his company whom he saw.

"These two then got behind the same stump, and remained there firing their carbines until they were ordered to fall back. They fell back together until they reached the edge of the abattis where the open field commenced; once more there was a momentary rally, and Woods says in the halt JIM was still unhurt and near him.

"JIM is thus traced to the edge of the abattis in safety. He still had the open field to cross under full fire of the enemy, and after that no one can give any account of him. But no one saw any fallen body in the open field, and though Lieutenant Lastly and a man named Head crossed the field after Woods, having been detained in an effort to bring Frank Nelson out, they saw nothing of JIM.

"I would not attempt to raise any unreasonable hope in your bosom, and therefore tell you that I know JIM'S enterprize and boldness well enough to be satisfied that he would have made his way out unless something happened to him. We are thus thrown back upon the proportion of killed and wounded. The killed

are about one to six or seven wounded. There are therefore six or seven chances to one in favor of his being still alive.

"I have by no means despaired of seeing him again, nor should you; but you should at once take steps to learn by flag of truce his fate. I need not say how deeply I sympathize with you and the rest of the family, and how sincerely I am grieved on my own account. Associated with him most intimately for more than three years, I had learned to love him very dearly for his many good qualities. I have marked him in the various relations of a companion, a friend, a son, and a soldier, and have admired him very highly in them all.

"May the God of our fathers and our God console all our bleeding hearts, and yet bring him safely back to us.

"Very truly your friend,

"W. W. TEBBS."

Acting on Captain Tebbs' suggestion, Dr. Carr at once instituted inquiries for his son by flag of truce; and through the untiring efforts of Mr. J. A. Winslow, of Boston, son of Commodore Winslow, who was educated at the University of Virginia, where he had formed the acquaintance and friendship of JAMES and his family, he received the official returns from more than a hundred prisons and hospitals. All were to the same melancholy purport, disclaiming all knowledge of such a prisoner, excepting the following note received from a prisoner at Point Lookout:—

"JAMES G. CARR was taken prisoner with me, and we were together at Belle Plains, Virginia, several days, during which time he was well. He was sent from there to Fort Delaware and I to Point Lookout, and I have heard nothing from him since we separated at Belle Plain.

"J. W. HATCHER,

"Company A, 2d Virginia Cavalry."

To this we add the statement of his relative, Captain J. O. Carr (taken prisoner soon afterwards) that the Surgeon (Dr. Martin) who took down the names of the prisoners at the White House, on their way to their point of destination, informed him on hearing his name "That a young man bearing the same name had passed the White House a few days before on his way to prison." Knowing of his cousin's disappearance, Captain Carr made minute inquiries, and the Surgeon, kindly referring to the

record, read the discription given of the prisoner, which corresponded perfectly with Captain Carr's recollection of his cousin. This is all the information that the most untiring efforts could procure. From these accounts his capture unhurt seems certain; his fate afterwards is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Let those who shudder at the horrors of Andersonville, and clamored for the blood of Werze, clear up the mystery.

LEONARD A. HENDERSON,

Captain, Company F, 8th North Carolina State Troops.

LEONARD ALEXANDER HENDERSON was the eldest son of Archibald and Mary Steele Henderson, of Salisbury, North Carolina. On the maternal line he descended from General John Steele, Comptroller-General during the administration of General Washington, and the intimate friend and confidential adviser of that illustrious man. He was also the descendant of Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, that pious and patriotic lady, so beautifully and touchingly connected with the history of North Carolina by the manner in which she relieved General Greene, who, fleeing before Cornwallis, had come to her house weary, hungry, alone, and without money. On the paternal side he traces through those of his name whose lives have formed a part of the history of North Carolina from its earliest Colonial existence. He was born November 14th, 1841, and was in his 23d year when killed.

When the war began he was an academic student at the University of Virginia. Without consultation with, or even the knowledge of his parents, he volunteered on the 14th of April, 1861, and went with the company of students to Harper's Ferry. The date of this expedition would put his name among the first, if not *the very first*, of that long list of Carolinians who distinguished their native State by their courageous deeds in the great Confederate struggle. When the company of students returned to the University and disbanded, he, without returning home, repaired immediately to Fort Johnson, below Wilmington, where he again volunteered as a private, and worked in the trenches six weeks. From this point he wrote to his father, asking him to

make no request for an appointment for him by the Governor, and stating that he "did not leave the University to get office, but to defend the Old North State." But Governor Ellis had already and without solicitation given him the appointment of 2d Lieutenant, the notification of which had failed to reach him on account of misdirection. Well and nobly did he sustain the judgment of that distinguished statesman, by a course of conduct which, for its efficiency and popularity, gave additional lustre to an already honored name in North Carolina.

Lieutenant HENDERSON'S first appearance on a field of battle was at Roanoke Island, where, though a subordinate in rank, he was in command of his company. Here, when the men were requested to lie down, he alone kept his position, standing or moving back and forth in front of the line, while the air was filled with the unseen missiles of death. He was taken prisoner, with the entire garrison, and shortly after returned home on parole. But even in so unfortunate an affair as this, Lieutenant HENDERSON established his character as a soldier. "Who is that young HENDERSON from Salisbury?" afterwards inquired a distinguished gentleman, who had also been captured at Roanoke Island, of another, who proved to be an intimate friend of the young man. When informed, he replied, "He is a gallant boy."

Upon his exchange he was made Captain of his company, and the regiment was attached to General Clingman's brigade, whose fortunes he followed without any special incident or opportunity of distinction until the storming of Plymouth, where he was again conspicuous for coolness and intrepidity. Said a writer in the *Raleigh Confederate*, June 17th, 1864:—"In the charges at Plymouth he was one of the *three* officers of the regiment who led their companies." He came out of the battle unscathed, "under the protection of a Divine Providence," as he himself expressed it, though his clothing was fairly riddled by balls.

When Hoke's division — to which Clingman's brigade belonged — was ordered to Virginia in the spring of 1864 for the protection of Petersburg, he participated in the battles about Drury's Bluff and between Petersburg and Richmond. In one of these he was painfully wounded in the thigh, but he refused to be relieved from duty, and the next day appeared at the head of his men.

"During the engagement of the 20th of May, he was in command of the skirmishers of our regiment, fifty in number. The

whole skirmish line was ordered to advance, but through some mistake, *he alone* received the order. Without hesitation he ordered forward his men, and without any support, he *led* them to the charge of the enemy's rifle-pits, under a heavy fire from the front and both flanks, gained his position, and held it until the regiment came to his support." Instances of this kind, occurring oftener, doubtless, than his friends at home were aware of, won for him the highest measure of confidence and admiration on the part of his comrades. His love for his men was as enthusiastic as theirs for him. Proud of their gallantry, he was jealous of the reputation of each individual. Being told by his Colonel on one occasion at Charleston, when about to go on some important service, "to leave the least reliable men behind to take care of the camp," he replied promptly, "I have not an unreliable man in my company."

Captain HENDERSON's next appearance — and his last — on the field of battle was at Second Cold Harbor, June 1st, 1864. On the evening of that day, General Meade having arrived, gave orders for an immediate attack upon our forces in order to secure the heights around New Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill. At four o'clock Wright and Smith made the attack, and succeeded in carrying the first line of rifle-pits, but were driven from them. They had been repulsed three times, with hardly any loss on our side, and, as an officer of the 8th North Carolina wrote, "all were jubilant of victory, when the brigade on one side gave way, allowing the enemy to get on our flank and rear." The Colonel was at the time supposed to have been killed, and Captain HENDERSON was called on by the officers to lead the regiment. Casting aside his sword, he took up a musket and led the command to the charge. Just as the enemy were forced back, he fell pierced by a musket-shot, and was borne bleeding from the field. He lived about two hours, and died quietly, after giving good advice to the few men around him. Thus passed away the great spirit of this young Carolinian.

Below we give a letter from a former Lieutenant-Colonel of the 8th North Carolina to Mr. Archibald Henderson, dated June 24th, 1864:—

"*My Dear Sir*:— I have just received intelligence of the death of my valued young friend, your son, Captain L. A. HENDERSON, and I drop the tear of friendship at his untimely fall. Of him I can say, I never had a friend I loved more. Warm-hearted, gen-

erous, noble, and brave, fearless and conscientious in the discharge of his duty, he was an example to those of his age, and to those older he presented an opportunity of commendation. Whilst his superior officer, I have on two occasions had to *order* him to his quarters when sick and I knew his life would be risked by exposure. If I can thus testify to his worth as an officer, much more might I say of him as a man. I have two noble little boys of my own, and I can desire nothing more than that they may be like your noble boy.

"Perhaps I may intrude by these expressions upon the privacy and sacredness of your sorrow; but I know you will pardon me, for you cannot deny me the privilege of weeping with you over one whom I loved with the love of an elder brother.

"G. W——,
"*Late Lieutenant-Colonel, &c.*"

Among others who sought to comfort the bereaved parents was a member of President Davis's Cabinet, who in his letter used the following language:—"I had a high appreciation of your noble son, who fell so gallantly in the cause of his country. You may well exclaim, with the old Earl of Ormond, 'I would not give my dead son for any living son in Christendom.'"

JAMES H. DREWRY,

Private Company A, 13th Virginia Cavalry.

JAMES H. DREWRY, son of John and Elizabeth Drewry, was born near Drewrysville, in Southampton county, Virginia, on the 10th of June, 1839. His parents dying while he was quite young, he was left to the intelligent care of an uncle who determined to give him every educational facility. To this course the uncle and guardian was inclined both by the evidences of intellectual power which his nephew gave, and by his passion for books even when a child.

JAMES DREWRY was accordingly put at the best school in the county, and from this, at the proper period of his life, he was transferred to Hanover Academy. He remained at the Academy until the close of the session in the summer of 1858, and in the

following October entered the University of Virginia, taking the schools of Ancient Languages and Mathematics. The next year he returned and took the same ticket, with the addition of Modern Languages and Chemistry; and at the end of the session he received distinction at both examinations in the senior class of Greek, and diplomas in Latin, French, and Chemistry. In 1860 he entered the Medical Class and became a candidate for graduation. The intermediate examinations he passed satisfactorily, receiving distinctions in all the subjects embraced in the course; and he had every prospect of success, when his studies were interrupted by the war.

When the expedition was made against Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1861, he was a member of one of the companies of students formed for that purpose; and after the return of the University companies, he could not consent to remain at his books when the whole country was preparing for the impending struggle. Accordingly, without a regret for the professional degree he was surrendering, he returned home and enlisted in the "Southampton Cavalry," which upon the organization of regiments, became Company A, 13th Virginia Cavalry.

Dedicating his life to his country by this act, he followed her standards through the long catalogue of battles and skirmishes with which the reader has been familiarized by the pages immediately preceding. During the more than three years of arduous service, he never asked for, nor seemed to desire, a furlough; and he was not once absent from his command, except after he was wounded in the severe cavalry engagement at Brandy Station. He was several times offered rank, but did not care for it. An excellent shot, the picket-line was his favorite position; and, as though he courted danger, he would often volunteer to take the place of some comrade, when not ordered to the front himself.

His brilliant career as a cavalryman was terminated on the first day of June, 1864, near Ashland, Virginia, where he fell, instantly killed by a bullet from the enemy.

James Drewry was frank and generous in his youth; as a man he was somewhat reserved in manners, and slow to form attachments, but true to those friends to whom he opened his heart. In Company A he had opportunity to study his comrades, and they had often occasion to admire his noble qualities; thus he grew into their esteem, and attained a popularity far more lasting than if it

had been won in a day. They will cherish his memory as a patriot and soldier, worthy the high compliment paid him by the lamented Major Gillette of his regiment, when he said, "I have no better soldier in my command than JAMES DREWRY."

WYATT BROTHERS.

RICHARD OVERTON WYATT, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., and JAMES WALTER WYATT, Captain, Albemarle Artillery.

These young men were the sons of Richard W. and Harriet K. Wyatt. They were born in Goochland county, Virginia, the former on the 18th of April, 1837, the latter on the 9th of June, 1841. Their ancestors were of English descent, having emigrated to Virginia at an early period in her colonial history. Richard Wyatt, their grandfather, who was an officer of note in the Revolutionary War, married and settled in Louisa county. His only son, Richard, married Miss Harriet K. Harris, of Hanover, and removed to Goochland county. Here he reared a numerous family; eight children living to be grown. Among these were but two sons, RICHARD OVERTON and JAMES WALTER, upon whom naturally rested the eye of pride and of hope.

These boys, characterized in some respects by the same sterling qualities, were of very different temperament; RICHARD being lively and demonstrative, while the younger brother was reserved and delicately sensitive. Yet these natures seemed to supplement each other, and between them subsisted a perfect harmony and a beautiful affection.

In 1851 Mr. Wyatt, with a view to better facilities for education, purchased a farm in the vicinity of Charlottesville, and took up his residence there. Determined to spare no pains to give his sons an education, he sent them to the best preparatory schools. In 185– RICHARD was transferred to Randolph Macon College, where he was graduated Master of Arts, and in 1859 the two brothers became students at the University, the elder in the medical course, the younger in the academic. From the University of Virginia, at the close of this session, RICHARD went to Baltimore, and pursued the study of his profession in the Uni-

versity of Maryland, where on the 2d of March, 1861, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

In 1860 JAMES returned to the University and resumed his academic studies. During the past session he was distinguished at both examinations in the Senior Class of Latin and in the Intermediate Class of Mathematics. This year the political disturbances of the country greatly engaged his attention. In the spring of '61 he joined the expedition to Harper's Ferry, and upon his return he made known to his parents the state of excitement in the University, declaring that it was simply impossible to fix his mind on books, and desiring to enlist in the Southern army. His father pressed him to remain at College, urging the probability that he would never again have the opportunity he then enjoyed. Thus persuaded, JAMES WYATT continued in his classes until the close of the session, and graduated in the school of Mathematics.

Immediately upon his return home he began to prepare to enter the military service. His taste for mathematics directed him to the artillery, and he accordingly volunteered as a private in a company from Albemarle, commanded by Captain Southall. This company, after drilling in Richmond, was ordered to the Peninsula, where it remained until General Johnston retired from Yorktown.

It was during this Peninsula campaign that a great shadow fell upon his heart, saddening all his future life. In the month of November, 1861, a battle was anticipated about Yorktown, and Dr. WYATT—then an Assistant-Surgeon and on duty in the Richmond hospitals—made a visit to his brother, thinking to administer to him in case of need. The battle did not take place; but Dr. WYATT, unused to the exposure of camp, contracted a deep cold, which settled on his lungs. He returned to his home in Albemarle, where, after a most rapid decline, he died on the 16th of the following December.

At the reorganization of the Albemarle Artillery, private WYATT was unanimously elected to the command of his company. After the wearying retreat from Yorktown, his battery, having no field-pieces, was stationed at the fortifications around Richmond, and consequently took no part in the great battles which soon occurred. From Richmond the company was transferred to Petersburg, near which place it was encamped during the fall and

winter of 1862. Just before leaving for Petersburg, Captain WYATT succeeded, through the influence of Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman, in exchanging his siege guns for field-pieces, among which were two of the celebrated Napoleon guns. His battery now ranked among the best, and he was anxious for active service. What was his chagrin then at being left in camp while a part of his regiment was sent forward with General Lee! In a letter written home about this time, he remarked that he was tempted to resign his commission and enlist in some cavalry company in order that he might see something of the war.

When the spring campaign of '63 began, the Albemarle Artillery was ordered to North Carolina, and here really began its military career, and its experience of long marches and the trials incident to them. In the attack on Newbern and in the siege of Washington it rendered efficient service. With Pettigrew's brigade it returned in May to Virginia, and, after encamping a while at Hanover Junction, took up the line of march with the Army of Northern Virginia for Maryland and Pennsylvania. At Gettysburg Captain WYATT was reported among the slain, and his parents and sisters mourned him long as dead. At Bristoe Station a piece of shell passed through the skirt of his coat, but did him no other injury.

During the winter of 1863–4, the company was encamped near Lindsay's Turnout, on the Virginia Central Railroad, and only fifteen miles distant from Captain WYATT'S home. In the following May, in consequence of the illness of one of his sisters, he obtained leave of absence for two days and hurried to her. This proved to be his last visit to his family, and the last time that they, who loved him most, looked upon his living form.

Once more in the saddle, he marched with General Lee to meet General Grant at the Rapidan. History has rendered the reader familiar with the great struggle that marked the way of the two hostile armies from this point to the Chickahominy; he has heard over and again the story of the Wilderness, and of Spotsylvania Court House; he has listened with keenest interest while men have proudly related the many instances of heroism displayed on those fields; he knows how Grant flanked and fought, and fell back discomfited, and flanked and fought again, until at last the two armies faced each other once more on the historic ground of Cold Harbor; and he has wondered at the stern courage and

sublime endurance of his countrymen who, in this brief campaign, with an army of less than fifty thousand men, had inflicted upon the Federals, according to their own estimate, a loss of sixty thousand! Truly they had "done enough for glory."

With this great campaign closed the life of Captain WYATT. After being actively engaged during all its progress, and having distinguished himself for personal bravery, and for efficiency as an artillery commander, he fell in the heat of the conflict at Cold Harbor, June 3d, 1864. Here the Albemarle Artillery, with a battery from Poague's battalion, were sustaining in open field, and replying to, the enemy's fire. Seeing his men falling fast around him, Captain WYATT assisted in changing the position of one of his guns; then kneeling beside it to watch the effect of the shots, he was killed instantly by a ball through the head. The company had entered the fight with eighty men; at its close thirty-three were killed or disabled, among them every commissioned officer of the battery. When the firing ceased and his men came to take their dead Captain away, it was found that his body had been *pierced by twenty-three shots!* By his side lay dead his noble young Lieutenant, Charles M. Rives. The two officers who had thus fought and fallen together were buried in the same grave; whence before long they were transferred to Richmond.

From several obituary notices, written at the time of his death, the following extracts are made to show the estimate in which Captain WYATT'S friends held him:—

"He was in his twenty-second year, and was at the time acting as Major; a post to which he would have been commissioned in a few days, if it had not already been done.

"Captain WYATT was more than an ordinary man; of scrupulous integrity and rare intelligence, he possessed all those amiable traits of character which made him a favorite with all who knew him. Modest as he was brave, generous as he was sincere, ardent in his affections and friendships, he was naturally of quick perception and tender sensibility. From a private's position he rapidly rose to the rank of Captain by his talent and heroism, and at the time of his death was commanding as Major. He had been in several hard-fought battles, and always managed his battery with consummate skill. Prompt in action and almost unerring in judgment, he was ready in taking positions assigned him, and always with a proper care for his men. When he re-

ceived the order to occupy a certain position preparatory to the battle of Cold Harbor, Captain WYATT rode until midnight in order to ascertain the exact locality, that he might construct fortifications for his men; but alas! he was unable to erect the works he intended. His battery fought the enemy from an open field, bravely and with fine effect. . . . The history of this war can furnish no braver soldier than he. Scarcely yet a man in years, he had the mind and character of a man of mature age. He was not only a man of tried bravery and superior talents, but he united with these, kindness, geniality and frankness. Had he been spared, his State and country might well have awarded him yet greater honors, for he was already worthy of them. His genius and ambition could have secured for him as high position in the civil department as his courage had gained in the army. Young as he was, he won a reputation which will live among the brightest of the war."

As soon as it was practicable, all that was mortal of JAMES WYATT was removed from Richmond to his father's residence in Albemarle. And there he now rests by the side of his only brother, RICHARD, whose early death, caused by the desire to serve *him*, he had never ceased, while living, to mourn.

W. WILLOUGHBY TEBBS,

Captain, "Albemarle Light Horse," Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

Captain WILLIAM WILLOUGHBY TEBBS, son of Dr. Fouchée Tebbs and Margaret Tyler, and grandson of Colonel Willoughby Tebbs, of Dumfries, Virginia, born September 7th, 1827, in Loudon county, Virginia, was killed instantly in a cavalry engagement, Friday, June 24th, 1863.

The days of his boyhood were spent in Middleburg, Loudon county. He here attended the village school, and was noted when a boy for his quickness of perception and aptness to acquire. At the age of nineteen he received the appointment of State Student of the University of Virginia. His success here was rewarded with diplomas in several schools, especially the Schools of Ancient Languages and Mathematics. He then became assistant in the

Academy of Mr. Franklin Minor, of Albemarle county, where he remained for five years. Here he acquired a desirable reputation as a teacher, and during one year, in addition to his duties in the Academy, he attended the lectures of Professor Courtenay, of the University, on "Mixed Mathematics," as it was then called, and received a diploma as Graduate in that school.

At this period of his life he conceived for the character of that Roman of Romans, that genuine upright and downright man, Franklin Minor, of Albemarle, the most intense admiration. This model character exerted over Captain TEBBS a powereful influence, even to the day of his death. After he left the Academy in Albemarle, for whose people he cherished the most romantic attachment, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in a College in Mississippi. He returned to Virginia after an absence of a few months, and married his cousin, Mary E. Tebbs, of Fauquier. After conducting a school in this county for two years, he united with Colonel W. Le Roy Brown in opening Bloomfield Academy, in Albemarle county, as a High School preparatory to the University. Here he added greatly to his reputation as a teacher.

Of ardent temperament and chivalrous nature, he early espoused with all the ardor of his character the cause of the South, and was one of the first to be enrolled among the privates of the "Albemarle Light Horse," a company commanded by Captain Eugene Davis. He loved the South and all that belonged to it; but Virginia he adored, worshipped, and for his friends of Albemarle he cherished the warmest affection. He was open, free, social, humorous to his friends: to strangers he was cold and reserved; hence he was best appreciated only by his most intimate friends.

In 1858, one year after the death of his wife, he was confirmed by Bishop Meade at St. Paul's Church, Albemarle county. He ever remembered the solemn vows then taken, and directed his life in accordance therewith. In a letter written a few days before the battle occurred in which he was killed, he said:—

"Providence still protects me, and if He sees fit, will carry me through safely; if not, what better death could a man die, or could his friends wish for him, than to die in defence of such a cause?"

In the cavalry engagement of the 24th of June, 1864, near Nance's Shop, in Charles City county, Captain TEBBS was killed while gallantly leading his company to the charge of the enemy's

ortifications. Thus ended the life of a brave, chivalrous, generous on of Virginia.

The esteem in which he was held cannot be better shown than by the following extracts from the newspapers, published at the time of his sad death:—

The *Charlottesville Chronicle* said:—"A telegram received here on Sunday briefly announced that this brave and faithful officer [Captain W. W. TEBBS] was killed on Friday last in an action with the enemy's cavalry. . . . . Captain TEBBS has been in command of the Albemarle Light Horse now more than two years, before which he was a private in the company. He entered the service in April, 1861, and it may almost be said that he never lost a day from his duties. He has been incessantly in his saddle, and passed through battles and combats without number. He had entirely escaped injury until this fatal occasion. The deceased was our personal friend, one whom we had known and intimately associated with since his residence in this county. He was of an impulsive, open, chivalrous nature — warm in his friendships, amiable in his feelings, strong in his prejudices. His mind was a very quick and active one, and improved by study and habits of reflection. His opinions were fixed, and he regulated his conduct by his convictions of duty.

"As an officer, it is our impression that he had few superiors. He possessed every quality to make a good officer — quick perception, great energy and activity, and conscientiousness. He was very popular with his men, and displayed much address in controlling them. His death will leave a void in a wide and devoted circle of friends. He is another bright mark, so many of which have been reached of late. He was one of those so firm, so compact, so confident, so overflowing with life, that we can hardly realize that he too is silent."

The *Richmond Enquirer* published the following:—

"Captain W. WILLOUGHBY TEBBS.

"*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*

"Captain W. W. TEBBS, commanding the Albemarle Light Horse (Company K, 2d Regiment Virginia Cavalry), was killed instantly while charging the enemy, in the engagements of Hampton's and Sheridan's troops, in Charles City county, on the 24th

inst. His remains were deposited in Hollywood Cemetery. His devotion to the cause of the South was of the most ardent nature. The secession of Virginia found him a private in a choice cavalry company of Albemarle county, in which capacity he faithfully performed all the arduous duties required, till he was called to its command. His earnest love of duty and firm determination to be an active participant in the great war of independence, enabled him, without a murmur, to subject his delicate physical organization to privations and exposures equal to any endured by those of iron constitutions. He was one of that class of educators of Southern youth, to produce whom has been a boast of the University of Virginia. As a teacher, his labors were eminently successful. They were confined to Fauquier and Albemarle counties, with the exception of a brief interval, during which he filled the chair of Mathematics in a Southern College.

"He possessed talent of the highest order, and enjoyed a familiarity with the literature and a critical knowledge of the structure of the Latin and Greek languages possessed by few scholars of his age. To this classical learning he superadded a familiar acquaintance with the higher mathematics.

"He knew no other incentives to action than duty and honor. While to those who knew how to appreciate his genial humor, his superior talents, and his devotion to principle, his death will be a sad loss, his memory will be cherished by them as one of the noble martyrs Virginia has sacrificed as a pledge of her devotion to the cause of freedom and Southern independence.

"Though the death of Captain TEBBS, occurring in the full vigor of his manhood and usefulness, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, with a mental and moral cultivation rarely equalled, is a sad bereavement to his family, his relatives, and friends, they have the sweet consolation that he died a Christian, in the performance of his duty. A nobler end is not awarded to man. For many years he had been a communicant of the Episcopal Church. His firm faith and irreproachable integrity, his fearless spirit and his love of what is pure and high and noble, will long be cherished by his friends as meet memories of his many virtues.

"May a merciful Providence protect his young orphan daughters and be to them a father."

LOUIS MAGOON ROGERS,

Lieutenant and Ensign, 46th Virginia Infantry.

He was the son of George S. and Margaret J. Rogers, and was born in Accomac county, Virginia, February 11th, 1841. His family, on both sides, are among the best and most respected people of his native county. The home in which he spent his childhood and youth was pure, happy, delightful. Living in the extreme eastern part of the State, the Chesapeake Bay on one side of him and the Atlantic Ocean on the other, from his earliest recollection he was a witness of the grand and ever-changing moods of a boundless expanse of waters. His eye was familiar with the rushing of the white-crested waves, his ear with the wild scream of the sea-bird and the hoarse murmur of the storm. Among such scenes he received his first impressions of the physical world, and they were not without their effect in producing the simplicity and nobleness of his character.

On the 1st of October, 1855, when but fourteen years of age, he entered Richmond College as a student. Boy as he was, and of an exceedingly slight and boyish appearance, he immediately took rank among the very best scholars in his classes. All were surprised at the ease with which he mastered the most difficult subjects, and delighted with his apparent unconsciousness of the possession of extraordinary powers. He remained three years at Richmond College, and went from there to the University of Virginia, entering that institution in the fall of 1858.

"Here," writes one who was a student with him, "he was known as a *student*. Modest and retiring to a fault, he was yet earnest and faithful in the discharge of his collegiate duties. His manners were gentle, easy, and natural, his mind sound and vigorous, and his life and character singularly pure. During a long and intimate acquaintance I do not remember a single word spoken by him which might not have been appropriately uttered in the presence of his mother and his sister. He remained at the University two years, and graduated in the Latin and Italian languages.

The breaking out of the war interrupted his studies, and he went in feeble health to his home in Accomac.

In the very beginning of the war the "Eastern Shore" was

occupied by the Federal forces, and guards were stationed to prevent citizens from passing over to join the Confederates. United States vessels, too, kept up a vigilant patrol on the bay. Feeling that he was scarcely able to endure the fatigue and hardship of service in the field, LOUIS for a time remained at home comparatively contented. But when the campaign of 1862 opened, he became restless and impatient of his inactivity. With a love of country worthy of the best days of the Revolution, he burned to join the ranks of his friends, who had just driven McClellan and his splendid army from the very gates of Richmond. In company with a few friends, he eluded the vigilance of the coast-guards, and in a small boat ran the blockade of Federal cruisers and landed safe in Mathews county. Thence he proceeded to Richmond, and on the 24th of August, 1862, joined a company composed of refugees from Accomac and Northampton. This company became Company F of the 46th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel R. T. W. Duke, of Charlottesville, and attached to Wise's brigade.

At the time of his joining it the brigade was stationed at Chaffin's Farm, charged with the duty of watching the movements of the enemy on the Peninsula. LOUIS had been but a short time with his company when he was assigned, by order of General Wise, to duty as Clerk in the Adjutant-General's office. In this position he anxiously watched the progress of events. The 13th of December, 1862, he writes:—"We of General Wise's brigade are still seven miles below Richmond, near the James River; and while General Lee is about to fight one of the bloodiest battles of the war, we are about to be the merest spectators, or rather, listeners. I have wished more than once that I could take part in the conflict already begun near the Rappahannock, but I must remain quietly where I am placed. It is even intimated to me that, writing as I am in the Adjutant-General's office, I will hardly go into a fight with my company; but I cannot be detained here when my comrades from Accomac go into the fight." He adds, in closing his letter, words of cheerfulness and hope:—"Do not be uneasy about me or about the issue of the contest, which is evidently to be tremendous. God will care for me as well as for the issue of the approaching battle. He sees all things, past, present, future. Trust Him."

In one of his letters from Chaffin's Farm, he proposed to give

his mother some idea of his way of spending the Sabbath. Says he:—"Soon after breakfast it is my custom to repair from head-quarters to my regiment, where we have a chaplain. He sometimes preaches at a neighboring church. On such occasions, being left to my own resources, I go into the woods, to some secluded spot, where I read my Testament without interruption. Alone, I try to commend myself and you to the Creator. By meditation and study I try to withdraw my mind from the vexments of the world, and to concentrate my thoughts upon the vasty future, whose portals of joy or despair are so near to all of us." All his letters are pervaded by a deep cheerful spirit of truthfulness and religious devotion. From his becoming a member of the First Baptist Church in Richmond, in the first year of his student life, he was truly a Christian. All the powers of mind, soul, and body, were consecrated to the service of God. His religion was a power as uniform and constant in its operation as the force of gravity, and as noiseless and unobtrusive.

Early in 1863 Wise's brigade was ordered to South Carolina. Young ROGERS went with it, and, with the exception of some slight skirmishes, for more than a year saw no active service. By this long waiting his spirit was chastened and ennobled. Nor was his time spent without good effects upon his comrades in arms. He writes to his mother:—"Let us never forget, my dearest mother, that our Father above is not willing to do His children any harm; and even if the body seems to suffer here in this world, may not the soul be happier in heaven on account of that very suffering? Oh, mother, let us trust Jesus. I pray to Him to enable me to do my duty in His name. I find, thank God, that I am useful as a Christian. By holding prayer-meetings and Bible-class in my company the boys who are religious have greatly improved. They are much more thoughtful and attentive than they were when I first returned to my company."

The scenery on the South Carolina coast reminded him of his own home. He writes from camp at Church Flats:—"I love to lie on these banks and watch the sea-birds plunging beneath the surface of the water, and emerging again with the clamor of success or failure. I love to see the wavelets chasing to the shore their 'file leaders.' Perhaps the very water at my feet has washed the shores of 'Snugly' (his home) — who knows? Ah, how glad I would be to be borne on them when these waves go there again!

I am pleased with anything so much like home as the country here. 'There is no place like home!' You can never know this as I know it until you are driven into the land of strangers; and I devoutly hope this calamity will never befall you. When the goodness of Heaven which is protecting us shall allow it, I shall be happier than I am now; because, though I am happy now, my happiness shall be ten times increased by the return to Snugly."

This was never to be. In the spring of 1864 his brigade was ordered to return to Virginia, and for the first time during the war held a position in the immediate presence of the enemy. It was a splendid body of men. As it filed past the shattered and war-worn veterans that lay in the trenches around Peterburg, they called out pleasantly, "What division is that?" alluding to its full, undepleted ranks. But though late, it too was to pass the ordeal of fire. The Confederate Congress had just created the office of Ensign; and on the recommendation of the officers, LOUIS was made Ensign of his regiment with the rank of Lieutenant. It was now his duty to bear the colors, and he entered upon the discharge of that duty with a proud enthusiasm. He was not only to have the privilege of mingling in a battle, but to do so in a position of honor and of danger. The 16th of May he was in a heavy skirmish at Port Walthal Junction. The 19th and 20th his brigade was again engaged charging the Federal lines at Howlet's Farm. At 11 A. M., the 17th of June, the 46th Virginia (ROGERS' regiment) under command of Major J. C. Hill, of Albemarle, was detached from the brigade and sent to the left to fill a gap in the Confederate line in an open oat-field. The men had no protection except a mere rifle pit. "At 2 P. M.," to use the language of an officer of the regiment, "that part of our line was assaulted by Warren's 3d Army Corps. The assaults were made by a division at a time. We, mainly with Blunt's Lynchburg battery, having repulsed him each time, the enemy moved to our left and broke a South Carolina regiment. This made it necessary for us to fall back to a skirt of woods, where we re-formed and in turn charged the enemy. In no battle of the war did Confederate soldiers behave with greater bravery. Out of 281 rank and file in the charge, 133 were killed or wounded. In this heroic band none was cooler, braver, or more chivalrous than ROGERS. When under a storm of missiles perhaps never exceeded, I heard him (with his beloved battle-flag clutched to his

breast with one hand and waving his sword with the other) imploring his comrades by all that could appeal to the pride or honor of Virginia, to lay down their lives if necessary to save Petersburg. He did what he exhorted others to do. He fell with his colors in his hand." A ball shattered his flag-staff, but still he bore it aloft. Three balls passed through his jacket just under the arm, but still he remained firm. After being wounded, even while prostrate on the ground, he supported the colors until they were taken from his hand by a color-corporal, who was immediately killed. His coolness and daring were the theme of universal praise.

A minié ball passed through his collar-bone. His wound, though severe, was not considered dangerous. He was taken from the field to a hospital in Petersburg, and from there, after a time, to the residence of his commander, Colonel Randolph Harrison, in Goochland county, Virginia. Exposure to the heat of a midsummer sun, and the weariness and fatigue of travel, produced such prostration of his system as to render his recovery impossible. His Colonel was with him, having himself been wounded, and all the attention that wealth and kindness could supply he received—in vain. The 24th of August, 1864, he passed away, murmuring with his dying breath, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." At the time of his death he was buried at St. Paul's Church, Goochland; but since the war his remains have been removed to the graveyard of his ancestors, at Hollybrook, the residence of his father. His life was brief, pure, honorable. His Alma Mater may well cherish his memory for what he was, but more for what he promised to be. Although he died while his life was only in the bud, it was not meet that he should pass away,

"Without the meed of some melodious tear."

This sketch finds its fittest conclusion in the following letter from General Henry A. Wise to Mr. Rogers:—

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *July 5th*, 1869.

"*My Dear Sir*:— . . . I first noticed LOUIS in a shady retreat from the camp at Chaffin, in the year 1862, reading his Bible to a comrade in the woods. His quiet, earnest manner in his pious work struck me. I had before noticed him passingly, as your son, for your sake; but now that I saw his character, I began to

notice him for his sake and mine too. I found that he had an exemplary influence with all the young men of his company. He could keep them orderly and obedient and on duty while his officers could not. I soon found him not only moral, but intellectual; not merely gifted with animal, but with the highest Christian courage. Humble, unpretending, modest in his demeanor, he was too high to do wrong himself, and too firm to be tempted or misled by others. These qualities caused me in 1863 to make him chief clerk of the Adjutant-General's office of my staff. He thus was drawn near and made intimate with me. His whole life and conduct were those of duty to God and his command in the army. His company did never so well as when he was with it. He was the fittest man in it for its Captaincy, and repeatedly urged me to send him back to the ranks. For months I could not spare him. When I left headquarters of camp I took him with me. He was a daily example of goodness and usefulness, and I never knew him to blunder, even, much less be guilty of a fault. His companionship as a Christian was a blessing to me. He never obtruded a homily, yet his soft, meek, deprecatory look would often allay a passion or stay a profane word. He was as quick as lightning to perceive, yet so conscientious that he never assumed to act without full intelligence of what he was to do. I could trust him as well absent as present, and he never failed me.

"At last he could not be witheld longer from his company; and especially after being promoted to the post of honor — color-bearer of his regiment with rank of Lieutenant. He fell at that post, flag in hand, on the 17th of June, 1864, gloriously, while his regiment was forced back, and his gallant Major Hill lost an arm in saving his person and his flag from the enemy. He lingered feebly in the hospital until his Colonel took him to his house in Goochland, where he was fondly nursed as by a father and mother. Alas! he was too feeble when struck to recover from the blow. A brighter, braver, better soul never took flight from earth to heaven, from time to eternity. I would write on the tablet of his tomb:—

"Lieutenant Louis Rogers, Jr.

"His example taught that the best soldier of the Captain of Salvation made the best soldier of the Confederate camps. His eternal parole is that of the Prince of Peace.

"Your friend,

"Henry A. Wise.

"*To George S. Rogers, Esq.*"

THOMAS R. ROANE,

Private, Company F. "Essex Light Dragoons," 9th Virginia Cavalry.

The tens of thousands who have furnished the holocaust of the relentless civil war which has desolated our once happy country, have each and all left a chord to memory dear that vibrates to the heart's warm beat; and few may there be who are not enshrined in monuments purer than Parian marble, and more enduring than the sculptor's art. There is scarce a fireside where there is not at least one seat vacant. From the stately mansions of wealth, and from the humble cottage-home, some are gone forever; and the mourners that weep, all cherish their memories of the loved and lost. Truly then our noble Alma Mater would not forget those of her sons who have died in defence of a noble cause; and sad would it be should her historian fail to record a single name that has been nurtured at her breast; that as time rolls on, and honors crowd thick around her, she may, when asked for her most valued jewels, lift her lettered hand from the scroll of fame, and, like the historic mother of the Gracchi, point to the record of her sons.

Thomas Ruffin Roane was born at Windsor, the residence of his father, in Essex county, Virginia, July 5th, 1840. His father, Dr. Lawrence Roane, is now in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and is a worthy representative of a name that has given many useful and honored citizens to our beloved old State. His mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Jones, was taken from him when he was but a child, leaving him the second of three small children to sustain the irreparable loss of her fostering care. But

she was not called away before the impress of her pure and lofty character had been stamped upon their tender minds. Through both branches of his ancestral tree he is closely allied to a large number of the most respectable and influential families of tide-water Virginia.

Of THOMAS RUFFIN'S childhood the writer has had the opportunity of knowing very little; but in early youth he gave evidence of a sprightly and vigorous mind, and possessed a fascination of manners not often found in one so young. At school he made many and warm personal friends; for beneath a buoyant and joyous exterior there flowed that current of tenderness and affection which gives such irresistible charm to the power of intellect. Passing through that happy period with but one sorrow — the loss of a lovely and beloved sister — to mar the joyousness of youth, he entered the University of Virginia in October, 1859, under auspices that gave promise of a brilliant future. In all his studies, scientific, literary, and classical, although not a laborious student, he sustained his previous reputation for scholarship, especially in the attractive departments of Philosophy and Literature. He was a member of the Jefferson Society; and while his biographer does not know what part he took in the debates of that body, yet he can with perfect sincerity affirm that he possessed a remarkable command of language, which with his other accomplishments supplied every requisite for a debater of the highest order; and, indeed, his contemporaries at Brookland School will remember his happy effort as the Final Orator of the literary society of that institution, at the close of the session preceding his entry at the University. He also contributed several excellent articles to the *University Magazine;* among these, "Disjecta Membra" would have done credit to any pen. It was rather satirical, containing happy hits at college habits, names, &c., and gave evidence of original and creative genius. It was reproduced in the *Magazine* in 1870 and signed "Censor Morum," reference being, of course, made to the fact that it was a republication.

But in 1861, while thus preparing himself for the stern duties and responsibilities of life, the bugle-note which met its ready response in the warm blood of the sunny South was heard in his classic retreat, and together with hundreds of congenial spirits, he tore himself from this peaceful abode of letters and entered the ranks of tempestuous Mars. He was sustained in this course by

the similar decision of a younger brother, and that of an intimate friend and relative — both at the University with him. The former was desperately wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and is now industriously employed in the quiet pursuits of a farmer's life; the latter one rendered his bright young life on the altar of his country at disastrous Gettysburg, and will occupy an enviable place on this roll of honor. During the short interval between the death of this friend and the termination of his own brief career on earth, the tenderness of his character was particularly conspicuous; for, though possessing rare and penetrating wit, and abounding in cheerfulness and mirth, when in the presence of the widowed mother whose gray hairs were multiplying under this crushing blow, there seemed a softness in his voice and gentleness in his bearing that were particularly touching in their sympathy.

THOMAS RUFFIN, immediately after his return home, enlisted in the "Essex Light Dragoons," afterwards Company F, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and remained in that company up to the time of his death, June 30th, 1864. To our loved but lost cause he was most ardently attached, and never for a moment lost confidence in its ultimate success. Brave as he was generous, he was ever ready to do his whole duty, and was painfully wounded in the hand at Auburn, Fauquier county, on the 13th of October, 1863. This wound necessitated a prolonged absence from his command, and it was upon his return from this furlough that the sad accident occurred which cost his life. Owing to some misunderstanding with the pickets below Petersburg, they refused to allow him to pass, and in attempting to swim the river he was swept down by the rapid current and drowned. And although he did not fall in the full tide of battle, 'mid the cannon's roar and the deadly clash of arms, yet when the turbid waters of the Appomattox closed over his body, a soldier's heart had ceased to beat and a noble spirit had returned to the God who gave it life.

His obedience and conspicuous devotion as a son, his sincerity and affection as a brother and a friend, are an earnest that he will not be forgotten by those he loved. And to the father, the twilight of whose life is illumined by the memories of the past, his Alma Mater extends her warm and heartfelt sympathy; and as with him she silently bends o'er his grave, she drops a tear to his memory, and proudly claims him as one of her sons.

JOHN SAUNDERS PALMER,

Captain, Company K, 10th South Carolina Volunteers.

JOHN SAUNDERS PALMER, — elder brother of James Jerma Palmer, a sketch of whose life and services in his country's cause has already been given to the reader — was born August 23d, 1836, at the summer residence of his father, in the parish of St. James Santee, Charleston District, South Carolina.

His education began under his father's roof, and was conducted by private tutors. In 1853 he was admitted into the South Carolina Military School; but after remaining there some eighteen months, he applied for and obtained a discharge. In October, 1854, he became a student at the University of Virginia; but in the latter part of the following winter he was compelled by ill health to return home. In the autumn of 1855 he went as a volunteer engineer in the service of the Blue Ridge Railroad Company, and assisted the sub-engineers in their duties among the mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of civil engineering. In 1856 he took charge of his father's plantation in St. Stephen's Parish, and soon became one of the most practical and successful planters of that section.

When the ordinance of secession was passed by his native State, he was among the first to respond to her call for soldiers. By his energy and zeal he was prominently instrumental in raising a company of infantry during the summer of 1861. At its organization, Julius T. Porcher was elected to the Captaincy and himself to the office of 1st Lieutenant. On the 15th of September the company was received into the service of the State as Company K, 10th South Carolina Infantry, and ordered immediately to garrison the earthworks on Bull's Island, which commanded an important inlet between Georgetown and Charleston. At the fall of Port Royal the post was abandoned, and the company ordered to join the regiment at the camp of instruction near Georgetown. Soon after, however, it was transferred to South Island.

At the reorganization of the army Lieutenant PALMER was re-elected 1st Lieutenant, and very soon afterwards rose by promotion to the command of his company.

About this time, in consequence of several reverses which the

Confederate cause had suffered in the West, it was thought necessary to abandon the defence of the seacoast of South Carolina, except Charleston, and send the troops to other points. Accordingly, the 10th South Carolina was sent to General Beauregard, and thenceforward shared the fortunes of the Army of Tennessee. After the fall of Corinth it participated in the arduous campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky, during which Captain PALMER exhibited the highest qualities of a soldier, patiently enduring under the forced marches and not murmuring at the scanty subsistence, but, by his example, encouraging his men to bear all with cheerfulness. On the retreat from Kentucky, continued without any pause for twelve days, his brigade was for the greater part of the time the rear-guard of the army, and constantly engaged in skirmishing with the enemy.

At Murfreesboro', December 31st, 1862, Captain PALMER was for the first time in a pitched battle; and as he was marked by his endurance of the trials and fatigues of the former campaign, so his courage was conspicuous on the field. As a testimony to his gallantry, his name was inscribed on one of the four Parrott guns which were taken by the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiments, and afterwards presented by General Bragg to the department of South Carolina, in compliment to the bravery of those regiments. At this battle Captain PALMER was wounded in the leg, and, in consequence, went home soon after on furlough, for the first time since he entered the army.

During this visit he was married to Miss Alice, daughter of Colonel P. C. Gaillard, of Charleston. As soon, however, as his wound permitted, he returned to his regiment, which he found at Shelbyville, Tennessee.

On the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, the battle of Chickamauga was fought, and here again he behaved with great personal bravery. His regiment suffered severely, but he escaped unhurt. After the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 24th, the army went into winter-quarters at Dalton, and Captain PALMER made a second and last visit to his family.

From Dalton to Atlanta General Johnston disputed every step of the way. The 10th South Carolina was repeatedly engaged, and as often as it fought this young Carolinian discovered the courage of the true soldier. While besieged at Atlanta, his command took a portion of the enemy's entrenchments by a very gal-

lant action on the 24th of July, 1864. After repulsing and driving back the enemy's lines, they suddenly found themselves confronted by a line of entrenchments, which they were ordered to charge.

While leading his company in this attack, he was killed instantly by a ball which passed through his head. At that moment the order was given to fall back, and, to the regret of his men, the body was left on the field. There were some who still hoped that their gallant Captain had been only wounded, and diligent inquiry was made to ascertain whether such an officer had been carried into the enemy's lines; but the inquiry proved fruitless. About a month after, as soon as the Federals removed to another position, Sergeant William Owens, accompanied by several others of the command, went out to the battle-ground, and, near the spot where he fell, discovered the grave in which the enemy had decently buried him. In exhuming the body for interment in the Atlanta Cemetery, it was found that none of his clothes had been removed, and the uniform was at once identified. Some portion of the latter was cut off and sent to his friends at home. The father, who at once recognized the cloth woven under his own roof, and the young wife, whose handiwork it was — a testimonial of affection, sent to her husband just before the fatal day — felt that the body was all that remained of him on earth.

His remains were afterwards removed to Magnolia Cemetery, near Charleston, South Carolina.

BEVERLY BAKER HUNTER, M. D.,

Captain, Company K, 41st Virginia Infantry.

BEVERLY BAKER HUNTER was at the time of his death in his twenty-sixth year. He was born in Kemper county, Mississippi, March 15, 1839, and killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 30th, 1864. His father, Benjamin Blake Baker Hunter, was a native of the latter State; his mother, Mrs. Caroline Hunter, of the former. His paternal relatives, most of whom were Virginians, were of the highest respectability, being descended from an old English family, whose noble qualities they inherited.

When BAKER was a mere child, his father removed to Marshall, Harrison county, Texas; but when his son reached the age of twelve, Mr. Hunter, wishing to secure for him better educational facilities than that State then afforded, brought him to Virginia, and placed him in the care of his grandfather, Dr. Edward R. Hunter. Here he was first sent to the school at South-Quay Church, in Nansemond county, where he soon won for himself considerable reputation as a diligent and apt pupil. Having passed through the restricted course of this school, he was transferred, in 1853, to the academy at Riddicksville, North Carolina, then under the charge of Mr. Martin Kellogg. At the academy his honorable deportment secured for him the confidence and esteem of teachers and students, while by diligent application to his studies he merited and received distinction in his classes. When he left the school, after completing the regular curriculum of study, he was, for one of his years, no mean proficient in the classics.

He now determined to do something for himself. From his grandfather, to whose kindness he was indebted for the opportunities thus far enjoyed, and for which he was profoundly grateful, he positively declined to receive any additional aid. In furtherance of this purpose, he established himself at Carrsville, Isle of Wight county, as the teacher of a neighborhood school. While supporting himself by this means, he took up the study of Medicine, and prosecuted it industriously under the direction of Dr. Thomas H. Barnes—a popular practitioner whose old-fashioned hospitality one might go out of his way to make mention of.

In the fall of 1858, with the hard earnings of the school-room, he shifted the scene to the University of Virginia, and entered the medical class. Here he remained two sessions, at the end of which time he received, as an evidence of his professional attainments, a diploma with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. To merit this degree the student must prove by his examination, both written and oral, that he has made satisfactory attainments in Anatomy, Surgery, Human and Comparative Physiology, Principles and Practice of Medicine, Obstetrics, Materia Medica, Chemistry, Pharmacy, and Medical Jurisprudence. And to show how high a degree of proficiency is required, it may be stated that of those who enter the School of Medicine in the University, only about ten per centum bear off its honors.

After a brief season of recreation, Dr. HUNTER located at

Franklin Depot, Southampton county, Virginia, where he at once secured an extensive and lucrative practice. But, as soon as the State of his adoption severed herself from the United States Government, he ceased to worship Æsculapius and paid his devotion to gloomy Mars. In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the "South Quay Guards," and served in this capacity until merit won him the commission which he bore with so much credit to himself and satisfaction to his command.

Upon a more thorough organization of the troops, this company was assigned to the 41st Virginia Infantry, under Brigadier-General Mahone. During the first year of the war, the 41st being stationed at Sewell's Point, near Norfolk, Dr. HUNTER was unable to display the qualities which afterwards recommended him for promotion; but his knowledge of therapeutics and his acquaintance with the malarial diseases of that climate, soon attracted the attention of the Surgeon, and he was temporarily assigned to the medical department. In April, 1862, he was elected to a Lieutenancy, from which position he was soon promoted to the command of the company.

After the evacuation of Norfolk, Mahone's brigade was brought into active service, and the Captain of Company K, 41st Virginia, soon won the title of "Brave BAKER HUNTER." He was severely wounded in the knee at Seven Pines, but, under careful treatment, recovered and returned to his command in time to participate in the battles of Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill. In about two weeks after the latter fight, the Southern army was put in motion to meet General Pope's advance towards the Rapidan; and we find Captain HUNTER on the march to the historic fields of 1861. At the second battle of Manassas he was again wounded, this time in the thigh, and retired from the field; but at Chancellorsville he was once more at the head of his company. Through this baptism of fire and hail he passed unhurt, as also through the entire Gettysburg campaign.

During the period of quiet that succeeded the return of the army from Maryland, Captain HUNTER made a profession of Christianity, and henceforward his life was marked by its consistency with his profession.

The May of the following year brought him again to Spotsylvania, the dense jungles of the Wilderness, the thickets about the Court House; and thence with the Army of Northern Virginia

he fought and manœuvred, until, on the 16th of June, that Army faced Grant at Petersburg. During this trying period, as indeed through the whole period of his military life, he was one of the most efficient officers in the field. Ignoring the privileges which his commission entitled him to, he shared the fare and the fortunes of the private soldier; uncomplaining under sore privations, he sought the comfort of his men when in camp, encouraged them on the march, and cheered them to the fight. In the trenches around the invested city the same good qualities were conspicuous.

On the 30th of July the famous mine of Burnside was exploded. General Mahone was ordered to bring forward his division and repel the assault of the enemy through the crater. The command had been successfully executed and the Federals driven back to their own works, when BAKER HUNTER was killed while unnecessarily exposing himself to watch the effects of our mortar shells.

Much has been said of individual merit during the progress of this work; but few have better deserved to be spoken of in terms of commendation than he whose life has just been briefly traced. Brave and faithful as a soldier, courteous and true to his friends, cultivated in mind and in heart, he was an ornament to the State that gave him birth as well as to that of his adoption — Virginia — on whose soil he now rests.

THOMAS R. JONES,

Captain and Staff Officer, Army of the Mississippi.

Not a few of our Alumni will gratefully recall the lavish hospitality which used to be dispensed at "Social Hall," Charlottesville, the residence of Colonel John R. Jones; and none of these will fail to remember the manly form, handsome features, and courteous manners of his son, the universally popular "TOM JONES."

Born on the 8th of January, 1825, he lived with his father until 1858, spending the session of 1842–43 at the University, and developed in the mercantile profession business talents of the first order. Indeed, few business men have been more popular. In

the winter of 1858–59, he was assistant to the lamented St. George Tucker as clerk of the Virginia House of Delegates, and gave the highest satisfaction in this position. He went to New York in 1859, and was engaged in business there when the opening of the war summoned him to his native State. He promptly enlisted as a private in the Charlottesville Artillery, raised and commanded by Captain William H. Southall, and shared all the hardships and dangers of General Magruder's campaign in the Peninsula. He was in the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, and proved himself a *good soldier*. Soon after these battles he was for a time detailed for service in the Pay Department in Richmond. In the winter of 1862 he was given a staff appointment, with rank of Captain, and ordered to Louisiana, where he served with distinction at Port Hudson and other points.

While on sick leave he was taken with a congestive chill and died at Selma, Alabama, August 15th, 1864. His brother (General John M. Jones) had fallen at the Wilderness three months before, and he had lost besides three nephews and several cousins.

Frank, brave, generous to a fault, as universally popular as he was widely known, many will read with mournful interest this brief tribute, and recognize the propriety of giving the name of Captain THOMAS R. JONES a fitting place on the roll of our "Fallen Alumni."

W. JAMES KINCHELOE, B. L.,

1st Lieutenant, Company C, 49th Virginia Infantry.

WILLIAM JAMES KINCHELOE, second son of Brandt Kincheloe and Mary Rawlings, his wife, was born the 15th of March, 1836, near Rectortown, in Fauquier county, Virginia. His paternal ancestors, who were English, came to Virginia at an early date, and, settling in Prince William county, continued to reside there until the Revolution. The great-grandfather of young KINCHELOE, being a Royalist, and not wishing his sons to be drafted to fight against the Crown, removed in consequence to Fauquier county, which was then a wilderness, and settled and remained there until after the close of the war. He then

divided his large landed property among his children and removed to Tennessee, with the injunction that they should sell and follow him. A single son, James, remained in Fauquier, and married Elizabeth Hardwick. The fourth son of this marriage was Brandt Kincheloe, our soldier's father.

Mary Rawlings was the fourth daughter of Aaron Rawlings, a native of Annapolis, Maryland, who enlisted at the age of sixteen in defence of his country's liberties, and continued to serve until the close of the Revolutionary War. He married Elizabeth Douglas, and in 1800 removed to Loudoun county, Virginia. After his death Mrs. Rawlings removed to Fauquier, where her daughter Mary was married to Mr. Kincheloe.

At the age of *three* years JAMES KINCHELOE was placed in the school-room of his father's private tutor, though of course without much restriction. It was unfortunate for the little fellow: he was too young, and at once took a dislike to his primer, from which he did not hesitate to tear the leaves, especially that on which his lesson was. His father finally cut the alphabet on a board, and this, despite his efforts to deface it, lasted until he had mastered his letters. But he showed no partiality for study until he reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, preferring outdoor sports, hunting, fishing — indeed, anything rather than the dreaded book.

At seven he was taught vocal music, which he learned rapidly. His father, seeing his taste for music and being himself fond of it, purchased him a violin and book of instruction. He soon became master of both, and at the age of fifteen attempted the composition of music. He was taught dancing also, and seemed not less fond of it than of music.

At about the age of thirteen his aversion for books began to wear away; and he turned from the sports which until now had engaged him, and devoted himself with assiduity to his studies, making a corresponding progress in the fundamentals of an education. In 1853 he was sent to the "Alexandria Boarding School," under the direction of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell. A report from that gentleman for the session 1853–54, now before the writer, placed him in the first class and accredited him with special proficiency in Mathematics. At the end of the second session he was considered by Mr. Hallowell to be prepared to enter the University with advantage. Still retaining his fondness for music, he was able in Alexandria to receive instruction from a professional teacher, and became himself a proficient in the science.

In the summer of 1855 he returned to Fauquier, and remained on his father's farm for nearly two years, assisting in the plantation work in busy seasons, and continuing his studies at other times. For a few months in 1856 he was engaged as an assistant instructor in Mathematics in the Upperville Military Academy.

In 1857 he entered the University of Virginia, taking the schools of Moral Philosophy and Mathematics, and the junior classes of Law. At the end of the session he received distinctions in the Law classes and diplomas in Mathematics and Moral Philosophy. The next year he took the fuller course of the Law school, and graduated with the title of Bachelor of Law. He then returned to Fauquier and remained with his father until April, 1860, at which time he settled at Warrenton, and became a candidate for the practice of his profession.

Attentive to business and upright in his dealings, he bid fair to honor that profession; but little opportunity was given for forensic discussion, for the distant mutterings of the coming storm were already audible, and the red glare of war was upon the political sky. The minds of people were turning away from private litigation to the great contest impending between the two sections of the country, and in their public gatherings their leading men were frequently called out to address them. Several of KINCHELOE's speeches called forth by such occasions, are now before the writer, but there is not space to insert them. One single extract, from an address before the people of Warrenton, will show the spirit of the man who constantly urged his countrymen to meet the issue with the sword, and thus stay the tide of aggression.:—" . . But our opponents tell us to wait for an overt act; then they are ready for revolution. We say overt acts upon overt acts have been committed, until the very liberty which our Government was intended to guarantee has been turned into slavery.

"The history of our country shows that the South has been living in a state of mere forbearance, subjecting herself to evils in order to preserve the glorious fabric of the Union. But when we have been trodden under-foot by fanaticism until the most ignominious and crouching slave is ready to cry out against the domination of the ruling power, it is time to begin to think of the few rights that have been left us."

True to the principles enunciated in his public addresses, KINCHELOE entered at once into the military service of his country.

At the organization of the "Fauquier Guards" he was elected Orderly Sergeant. On the 4th of July the ladies of Warrenton presented the company with a handsome flag, and Sergeant KINCHELOE was chosen to make the speech accepting it on behalf of his company. One sentence of this address will probably be remembered by his surviving comrades. Said he to the ladies:—"When we return to tell the story of victory, grant us this last boon: *Decorate the graves of our slain with the flowers of spring, and their monuments with the mottoes of liberty.*"

A few days after the delivery of this address, which was loudly applauded, the company having received arms and equipments, was ordered to Manassas. Here it was made Company C of the 49th Virginia Infantry, Colonel (Governor) William Smith. There is no evidence before the writer that KINCHELOE was engaged at the first battle of Manassas, though it is known that his command was. But a long enough list follows after this:—Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House, Winchester.

At Williamsburg his younger brother Wickliffe was wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to Fortress Monroe; and there he remained, suffering and growing weaker from his wound. On the 15th of September following he wrote to JAMES (who was now Adjutant of his regiment) stating his condition. The letter was accompanied by one from Dr. McCay, Surgeon in charge, stating that "the presence of some of his friends was actually necessary for the safety of his life." Communication between Richmond and Fortress Monroe was at this time very slow, and the letters reached their destination only after some weeks. Adjutant KINCHELOE at once obtained a furlough and set off; but every effort failed, for passports were prohibited by general orders, and the Federal Government required the oath of all who visited the fort. It was probably as well, for the poor boy had died on the 22d of September, before his brother could have reached him, even with every facility at his command. The family had no news of this sad event until about the end of January, 1863, when JAMES wrote to his father:—"My heart," said he "is too sad to express my feelings. Since yesterday, when I received the mournful intelligence, many tears have dropped from my eyes, and I have felt that I could weep myself away for the sake of him. . . . .

For my dear mother's sake, break this sad news softly upon her ears. For my sisters' sake, tell them of it mildly."

After the battle of Seven Pines he returned to his company as 2d Lieutenant, and held this until promoted at Gettysburg, in consequence of the death of 1st Lieutenant Mitchell.

On the second day (at Groveton, August 29th) of the second battle of Manassas, he was wounded in the thigh, and consequently was not with the army when it went into Maryland. He recovered, however, and returned to his command in time to take part in the battle at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862. From "Camp near Guinea's Station," he wrote in the following January to his sister, letters from which extracts will show his spirit, under the pressure of hard service, and the knowledge that his family was suffering from the outrages of the enemy. He had anticipated both; for on the 21st of March, 1862, when the army had fallen back from Manassas to the Rapidan, he wrote to his father:—"I never could have deserted my home save in so sacred a cause; but such is the soldier's fate, sad as it may be. I suppose the enemy are all around you by this time, and will no doubt damage and destroy much of your property." The enemy had by this time had opportunity to plunder private property, and had done their work *faithfully*. "I am sorry," says one of his letters in January, 1863, "to hear father lost so much by the Yankees. Tell him not to mind it, but brave it like an Indian warrior, who never lets his countenance change, no matter what misfortune befalls him. But unlike him, pray for the happy riddance of so vile an enemy."

Another letter without date says:—"My greatest concern, however, about you all, is the means of subsistence. I know not what the people in the county do for something to eat; as from my personal observation when there last, and from hearsay, they have no possible support. What will be the extent of suffering this winter? I hope God will provide for you all. If you have any wool I would advise you to have weaving done. My hope is that you all may be enabled to sustain yourselves comfortably, and as far as the nature of things will admit, happily. . . Let me tell you one thing which people not used to our army do not believe. *It is that the soldier with all his ills, with all his sufferings and dangers, is the most cheerful being in the country.* At home all is long-faced despondency, dreary imaginations and visions of disas-

ters and misfortunes. In the army everything is hope, cheerfulness and high expectation. And I may unhesitatingly say the best cure for a hypochondriac is, to visit the army."

In nearly all his letters he made mention of a younger brother, whose education, in danger of neglect under the stress of war, he was deeply solicitous about. In one of them he used the following language:—"I laid an application before the board at Lexington for the admission of Robert as a State cadet. I think there is but little chance for him to get the appointment, although I had him recommended by influence. Tell Bob for me not to spend an idle night. Study! study! study! and prepare himself for manhood. Teach him Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry — the sciences deep and solid. He will never be a man unless. . . . Tell him to do this; and like many who never saw anything but obscurity, in a hovel, over a few coals of fire and a dingy lamp, a shining light will break forth before him, and some day when occasion calls, he will feel himself great because he has done it all himself."

Chancellorsville followed in May, and then the invasion of Pennsylvania, and the battle of Gettysburg. Lieutenant KINCHELOE described these great actions with graphic power; but there is not room for his letters. Concerning the Pennsylvanians he wrote in his diary now before me, "The citizens are terribly frightened everywhere we go, and all they ask is to spare their lives. All else is at our will. Most all the inhabitants we see say *they are for peace, and belong to the copperhead class of democrats.*" At the Wilderness his brigade (Pegram's) was engaged each day. At Spotsylvania Court House he was painfully wounded near the close of the fight on the 12th of May, by a piece of shell which struck him on the shoulder. He was sent to Richmond, and did not rejoin the army again until the middle of July. His brigade then belonged to the command of General Early, and was engaged in the Valley.

Some six weeks after — weeks of active and toilsome duty, during which the Confederates were marching and countermarching, constantly skirmishing and sometimes hard pressed by the enemy — Lieutenant KINCHELOE fell mortally wounded, and died without a word. The circumstances were these:— On the morning of the 29th of August, 1864, the Federal cavalry, two divisions, attacked and defeated the Confederate cavalry near Smithfield, in Jefferson county. The infantry was called out, and the skirmishers

thrown foward drove the enemy back. Pegram's brigade was ordered to halt and presently to face about. As KINCHELOE gave the command "Right about, Company C!" he was seen to fall, and upon examination was found to be shot in the back of the head, the ball penetrating the brain. The report of the gun was not heard. He was buried in the cemetery at Smithfield, whose ladies, we will hope, "decorate his grave with the flowers of spring."

To the simple statement of a life like this nothing can be added to increase its praise. To the duties of a company officer had been added, since October 1863, those of Judge-Advocate for Early's division. He was thus brought in closer relation with his brigade-commander, whose letter fitly closes this article:—

"NEAR BRUCETOWN, VIRGINIA,
September 4th, 1864.

"*My Dear Sir:*—

"Although I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I avail myself of Mr. Anderson's kindness to offer you my most sincere sympathy in the loss of your gallant and gifted son. I was thrown with him more intimately than with most of the young officers in my command, and thus had an opportunity of appreciating his many noble and attractive qualities — qualities which must render his loss to you, as well as to his regiment, an irreparable one. With the prayer that God may soften this affliction to his mother and to yourself, I am,

"In haste, and very truly yours,

"JOHN PEGRAM.

"*Mr. Brandt Kincheloe,*
"Fauquier county, Virginia."

WILSON S. NEWMAN,

1st Lieutenant, commanding Company A, 13th Virginia Infantry.

WILSON SCOTT NEWMAN, son of James and Mary Scott Newman, was born at "Hilton," Orange county, Virginia, on the 7th of May, 1831.

From infancy to early boyhood he was extremely delicate, and not till he was of an age to indulge in rustic sports was there any promise of that mental and bodily vigor which subsequently characterized him.

He was prepared at home to enter the Academy of Pike Powers, Esq., in Staunton, and was there prepared for the University of Virginia, which he entered in October, 1850. He was at the University during the sessions of '50–'51, '51–'52, '54–'55, and '55–56.

During the intervening sessions he taught a school for boys at the residence of J. Ravenscroft Jones, Esq., Brunswick county, Virginia, and gave the highest satisfaction to his patrons.

On his return to the University he took law, and certain other studies which seemed most directly tributary to his chosen profession. He graduated in several schools, and took distinctions in others. He was Final Orator of the Washington Society in 1855, and made a most excellent address with which his Society was highly gratified. He completed his legal studies at the Law School of Judge John W. Brokenbrough, in Lexington. While here he was a member of the celebrated Franklin Society, and was considered one of its ablest debaters.

In December, 1858, he married in Lexington Miss M. L. White, daughter of the late Mathew White, and sister of Mrs. General Frank Paxton. The married life of few men has been happier, and the society of his wife and two beautiful and interesting children seemed to fill his cup of worldly joy.

Locating himself at the county-seat of his native county, he was beginning to get a fine practice; the road to political preferment, which he coveted, seemed opening before him, and large "success in life" within his grasp.

But on the 17th day of April, 1861 — a day memorable in the annals of the country as the one on which Virginia passed her ordinance of secession and hoisted the flag of Southern independence — the whole current of his life was changed. Learning about an hour before that the "Montpelier Guards," to which his three younger brothers belonged, were ordered by telegram from Governor Letcher to be ready to take a train of cars at sundown that evening, he promptly enlisted as private in the company, left his business and domestic affairs to be taken care of as best they might, and hastened to unite his fortunes with that noble band of

Virginia youths who at the first tap of the drum rushed to the capture of Harper's Ferry and the defence of our border.

This company, soon after its arrival at Harper's Ferry, was attached to the 13th Virginia Infantry, of which A. P. Hill (afterwards Lieutenant-General) was Colonel, James A. Walker (afterwards Major-General) was Lieutenant-Colonel, and J. E. B. Terrill (afterwards Brigadier-General) was Major. Never did nobler officers command nobler men, or lead them to a more brilliant career. It was the proud privilege of the present writer to be a member of that famous regiment, and to mingle freely with the men who composed it, amid every circumstance of hardship, privation, and danger, to march with them along the weary road, bivouac with them in the pelting storm, minister to them in the loathsome hospital, and share with them dangers of the battle-field; he therefore speaks what he knows when he affirms that the war did not produce a more splendid regiment than the 13th Virginia Infantry. General Ewell said of it:—"It is the only regiment I know that *never fails.*" General J. E. B. Stuart, who frequently had it on outpost duty and under whom it fought at Sharpsburg, characterized it as "the regiment that *always* does exactly what I tell them." General Early was accustomed to say of it:—"They can do more hard fighting and be in better plight afterwards than any men I ever saw;" and General R. E. Lee not long since remarked to the writer:—"It was a splendid regiment; one of the very best in the service." We can pay WILSON NEWMAN no higher compliment than to say that he was universally regarded *one of the best soldiers in the regiment.*

We have not space to enter into the details of his military career; that would be to write the history of his regiment, and *that* would be to give the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. Suffice it to say that he participated in all the movements by which General Johnston eluded Patterson and marched to the relief of Beauregard at Manassas, and went with Ewell to join Jackson in the spring of '62, and shared all the hardships and glories of that brilliant campaign which drove Banks beyond the Potomac and crushed Fremont and Shields at Cross Keys and Port Republic. Confined to his bed by sickness, he did not participate in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, but joined his regiment in time to share with them the honor of saving the day at Cedar Run Mountain, and go with them to Second Ma-

nassas, where he was severely wounded. On his return to his command, just before it left the Valley for the first battle of Fredericksburg, he was at once made A. A. G. of the brigade by his old Colonel (Walker), whose keen eye had seen in Lieutenant NEWMAN the highest qualities of the soldier. He discharged the duties of this position to the entire satisfaction of both superiors and subordinates, participated in the first and second battles of Fredericksburg, and returned to the command of his company just before the Gettysburg campaign. He was constantly at his post during the whole of this year, and on the opening of the bloody campaign of '64 he was an active participant in the almost daily battles from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor. He went with General Early to drive Hunter from Lynchburg, marching the whole length of the Valley of Virginia, defeating General Lew. Wallace at Monocacy Junction, and peeping in at the gates of the Federal Capital. He was in all of Early's subsequent movements, and was one of that heroic band of fifteen hundred, composing the division of the gallant Pegram, who, on the ill-fated 19th of September, at Winchester, kept back during nearly all the morning the whole of Sheridan's splendidly-appointed army, Alas! he was fighting his last battle. Just as the small division of Pegram had been reinforced by Rodes (who was there to yield up his noble life) and Gordon, and Early was sternly advancing his whole line and driving the enemy before him, WILSON NEWMAN, with the shout of victory on his lips, fell mortally wounded. He was conveyed to Winchester, recognized by some of the noble women of that noble town, and most tenderly nursed; but he remained entirely unconscious, and knew not that Early's victory had been turned into defeat by Sheridan's splendid cavalry, and that he was dying in the enemy's lines. He lingered only a few days, and died, one of the noblest sacrifices which even Virginia laid on the altar of independence.

We cannot better portray the character of this young man than by giving the following letter from General James A. Walker, of Newbern, Pulaski county, Virginia:—

"My acquaintance with Lieutenant WILSON S. NEWMAN commenced at Winchester in July, 1861, just before General Johnston's army began its march across the mountain to join General Beauregard at Manassas. He was then a Sergeant in Company A, 13th Virginia Infantry, Colonel A. P. Hill commanding. In

the volunteer service, men of education and high social position often filled the ranks, and social intercourse between officers and privates was in many cases free and untrammelled. Especially was this true of the 13th Virginia Infantry at the beginning of the war, when four-fifths of its rank and file was composed of young men of the best families, many of them graduates of Colleges and Universities. Lieutenant NEWMAN was a frequent and always a welcome visitor at regimental headquarters; and his fine social qualities, his ready humor, and good sense, joined to his dignified and gentlemanly deportment, made him a favorite with all the officers and men of the regiment. From the Colonel commanding to the humblest private in the regiment, he was known and respected by all as a high-toned gentleman, a brave soldier, and a kind and genial companion. The writer of this had the pleasure of knowing him intimately during the eventful years of 1861–62, and up to the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863, during a portion of which time he served on his staff as acting aide-de-camp, and no braver or truer soldier was to be found in the Southern army. He was always at his post, doing his whole duty without seeking applause or fame; content to occupy any position assigned him, without other reward than the approval of his own conscience.

"As a soldier his distinguishing trait was quiet, cool courage, which remained unmoved and unshaken amid the most terrific storms of shot and shell, and an unselfish patriotism which never looked beyond his country's cause to his own promotion or advancement. His own performances were never the subjects of his conversation; and while he was generous in bestowing praise upon others, he never mentioned himself.

"Though before unused to hardships and privations, he bore the fatigues and sufferings of a soldier's life with fortitude, and even cheerfulness. In Jackson's brilliant campaign in the spring of 1862, when he had driven Banks across the Potomac and was retreating up the Valley pursued by three armies, many of his soldiers were entirely barefooted, and among others Lieutenant NEWMAN, who marched for several days over the broken gravel of a macadamized road, with his feet worn out, bleeding, and swollen to twice their natural size. Among the many noble spirits who fought for Southern rights and independence there was none braver or nobler than Lieutenant WILSON S. NEWMAN; and when he fell on the bloody and ill-fated field of Winchester, one of the best and truest of

Virginia's sons offered his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. Had he survived the war he would doubtless have attained a high position in his profession and in public esteem, for he was endowed with a mind of uncommon vigor, well cultivated, and might without difficulty have attained any position to which he aspired; but the decree of an all-wise Providence struck him down in the darkest hour of our struggle, and he sleeps with hundreds of gallant comrades 'whose silent tents are spread on fame's eternal camping-ground.' The dearest and tenderest ties which bound him to this earth have been severed, but it must be a source of consolation to his friends to dwell upon his many manly virtues, and to reflect that he died 'on the field of glory'; and that his memory is cherished and loved, not only by his family and kindred, but by all who knew him. Especially is his name dear to his old comrades of the 13th Virginia Regiment, who will ever mention and cherish it with tender affection."

The above fitting tribute from the splendid soldier who used to lead so heroically the "Old 13th," the "4th Virginia Brigade," and the "Stonewall Brigade," and who led Early's old division to Appomattox Court House, leaves the writer of this sketch but little to add. And yet he would do violence to his feelings if he did not say that an intimate association with WILSON NEWMAN at college, and in the army, enables him to endorse without reserve every word of commendation in General Walker's tribute. A purer patriot, braver soldier, truer friend never lived.

The stranger who visits the beautiful cemetery at "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia," will of course be most attracted to the graves of Stonewall Jackson, General Frank Paxton, and other men of rank and mark who sleep in its silent shades. But the survivors of the ever glorious "Old 13th"—the Alumni of the University of Virginia—and the wide circle of those who knew and loved him, will not fail to linger around the tomb and drop a tear on the grave of our noble brother, WILSON SCOTT NEWMAN.

JOHN LEWIS,

Adjutant, 36th Virginia Infantry.

JOHN LEWIS was born December 31st, 1841. He was the son and youngest child of James A. and Prudentia Lewis, of Charlestown, Virginia. His father died just before the war began, and his mother survived the surrender of the Southern forces only a year.

In the fall of 1860 he entered the University as a student of Medicine; but in the following May he returned home with the intention of joining the "Kanawha Rifles," a company recently mustered into the Provisional Army of Virginia, and of which some of his nearest relatives were members. His elder brother, who was also his guardian, endeavored to persuade him not to enlist as a common soldier, but to prosecute his studies to graduation, and then, if the war lasted so long, enter the army in the medical department. JOHN gave finally an unwilling promise to pursue this course, and remained some weeks in Charlestown, as he said, "trying to study"; but about the 20th of June, feeling that he "couldn't stand it any longer," he made his appearance at the camp of "The Rifles," then at Valcoulon, dressed in the uniform of the company, and had his name enrolled.

It is well known to his family that JOHN LEWIS entered the service with the determination to fight it through as *a private soldier*, saying that he would rather distinguish himself for personal prowess than to have the mere insignia and trappings of command; and it was not without difficulty that his mother prevailed upon him to relinquish this purpose and consent to be voted for by his comrades in their company elections. Very early in the war he made a reputation as a marksman, and consequently was always a select man for the corps of sharpshooters. Generally, and by his own request, he was on the skirmish-line.

His regiment — the 22d Virginia Infantry — was composed originally of border men from Western Virginia. It was commanded first by Colonel C. Q. Tompkins, and, after his resignation, by Colonel George S. Patton, formerly of Richmond. Until the summer of 1864 it belonged to the department of Western Virginia, and by consequence took part in none of the *great* battles of the war previous to that date; yet it was, during all this

period, doing very hard service in the region of country lying between Droop Mountain and the Tennessee line, fighting frequently, and often winning victories over superior forces. It was said of JOHN LEWIS by his comrades that he was in every engagement — battle or skirmish — in which his company participated. On Scary Creek with General Wise, in July, 1861, and at Carnifex Ferry under General Floyd, on the 10th of the following September, he made reputation for coolness and bravery. In '62 he was elected 3d Sergeant of his company, in '63 2d Sergeant, and later in the same year Orderly Sergeant. In this capacity he acted with entire satisfaction to officers and men until the next vacancy occurred in '64, when he was elected 2d Lieutenant. In at least one subsequent engagement he commanded the "Kanawha Rifles."

The first battle in the Valley in which he took part was at New Market, where, on the 15th of May, 1864, Breckenridge won a brilliant victory over the forces of General Sigel. The following is a copy of a letter which he wrote in pencil the next morning to his mother, then residing with her son-in-law, Hon. William Frazier, at Rockbridge Alum Springs:—

"CAMP NEAR NEW MARKET, *May 16th.*

"*Dear Mother:*—Supposing you will hear of our fight at this place, you would be naturally anxious to hear from us. Firstly, I came out safe and untouched. Only two of our boys were wounded: Ben Noyes in the foot and Charlie Reynolds in the arm. It was the prettiest fight I ever saw. We fought in open fields (a new thing for us). The troops behaved splendidly. The Yankees fought stubbornly, but were obliged to give way before the steady advance of our men. Our old regiment made her first charge and captured three pieces of artillery. A Yankee regiment charged us with fixed bayonets; but our little Colonel very coolly halted us when they had come within about sixty yards of us, and ordered us to fix bayonets. They saw it and thought that was entirely *too* cool, so they broke and ran in great confusion, and then how we did pour it into them! I have not time to write you much more; will write again.

"Monroe Querrier was badly wounded. I do not know of any more of your acquaintances that were hurt. It is the next morning after the fight, so I can't give you any very correct amount of our loss; but as near as I can learn, our division and Imboden lost

about three or four hundred. The Yankee loss estimated at considerably over a thousand.

"I never saw troops handled the way ours were yesterday by General Breckenridge. Oh! it was magnificent! done up according to Gilham! Give me the open field always after this. I *think* we captured seven pieces of artillery in all. + Rand [commonly called by his comrades Plus Rand] sends you and sister Sue his regards.

"Good-bye, dear mother. I expect you will hear from us again before long, as soon as we repair the bridge which the enemy burned over the Shenandoah.

"Your son, JOHN LEWIS."

From the Valley Breckenridge came, shortly after the battle of New Market, to reinforce the Army of Northern Virginia, and his command was in all the fights against Grant from the time General Lee reached Hanover Junction until the conflict around Richmond was over. "About 4½ A. M. to-day," said General Lee in his official report of June 3d, 1864, "the enemy made an attack on the right of our line. . . . He succeeded in penetrating a salient in General Breckenridge's line and captured a portion of the line there posted. General Finnegan's brigade, of Mahone's division, and the Maryland battalion of Breckenridge's command, immediately drove the enemy out with severe loss." In this salient the 22d Virginia was posted, and a considerable part of it was captured by Hancock's troops when they broke over our works. Among the prisoners, most of whom were recovered in a few moments, was JOHN LEWIS. During the brief interval of captivity he was both the subject and the avenger of a remarkable act of treachery. The incident, narrated by himself and witnessed by a dozen of his comrades, is as follows:—While inside the Yankee line, and before they were called on to surrender, JOHN seeing a Federal flag-bearer approaching shouting for victory and flaunting his colors over the captured works, could not resist the temptation to shoot him. Just as he was about to fire, a Captain appeared upon the scene and ordered him to put down his gun. Bringing his piece to an "order arms" he said, "I surrender." No sooner had he done so, however, than that officer fired upon him with his pistol, the ball passing through his coat sleeve. He immediately raised his gun and shot the Yankee

Captain dead. A private, probably witnessing the action as he was pushing on, raised his gun when the Captain fell, and fired upon JOHN LEWIS, the ball passing through his hat and grazing the scalp. He thereupon seized a gun which one of his comrades had thrown down; at that instant were heard the victorious shouts of Finnegan's brigade as they pressed back the enemy and regained the lost ground; the Federal turned to retreat, and receiving in his back his death-wound, fell not many paces distant.

Reference is made to this incident in the following letter to his brother, James F. Lewis. It was written in pencil on a scrap of soiled, greasy paper, torn apparently from some old ledger or account-book. There is probably an error of a day in the date:—

"IN RESERVE, *June 5th.*

"*Dear Brother:*—Thinking you may be uneasy about me, I will drop you a line. We had warm work yesterday. The whole of our company nearly was captured, but our men coming up at a charge, almost immediately afterwards, a great many of us were left behind by the retreating Yankees. Only eighteen of the company were captured *for good.* Twelve of them you know:—Lieutenant Donaldson, John Matthews, J. Chambers, A. M., and A. V. Donally, J. Noyes, (Poca), Creed and Bush. Parks, John Patrick, A. Singleton, Tully, Will Wilson. Lance Arnold, badly wounded in head, died last night. Frank Mays slightly wounded. Jim, I have the glorious satisfaction of *knowing certainly* that I killed two Yankees. One of them, an officer, shot at me with a pistol not over ten steps after they had taken us and our works, the bullet passing through my coat sleeve. I returned the compliment, and killed him instantly; the other one as they retreated. He had put a ball through my hat, I am sorry to say, for it ruined it. If you can, I wish you would write to Ma, and let her know I am safe. I have no materials to write. Can't you come down and see us? Better not, tho', for it is about as dangerous here as in line of battle.

"Your brother, JOHN LEWIS."

In one of the fights around Richmond Captain Richard Cunningham, the Adjutant of the 36th Virginia Infantry, was wounded and disabled; and JOHN LEWIS was, at the request of its commander, Colonel Thomas Smith, assigned to duty as Adjutant of

that regiment. In this capacity he served during the brief remainder of his life.

With Ewell's Corps — then commanded by Early — he moved from the Chickahominy about the middle of June, and, after the repulse of Hunter, at Lynchburg, down the Valley. From "near Brownsburg," he wrote thus under date of June 26 :—

"*Dear Mother* :—I am sorry I could not come by to see you. I can assure you it was no fault of mine. I applied for a pass for forty-eight hours, but finding it had to go from the Colonel of the regiment all the way up to Lieutenant-General Early (and back to the Colonel again) I gave it up in disgust. I am very glad you have at last had an opportunity of seeing Jim. ' I think he is looking remarkably well. As far as *I* am concerned, I never was in better health in my life, altho' I feel considerably broken down. We have seen much hard service since I saw you last, both in marching and fighting. So far I have escaped unhurt. At Cold Harbor I had two bullets put through my clothes; by the way, one of them completely spoiling that nice hat sister Sue fixed up for me on her sewing-machine. . . . I have not seen sister Annie yet. . . . I will write you from Staunton if we stay there a day or two, as I think we will be almost compelled to do, for both men and horses are more completely broken down than I ever saw them in my life. We have rested only three days since the 5th of May, and have *marched* (not travelled) over five hundred miles. I have tolerably good clothing yet. . . .

"Your son, JOHN LEWIS."

In a subsequent visit to Rockbridge he brought back the hat which his sister, Mrs. Frazier, had fashioned for him on her machine; it bore the two perforations of the bullet.

In the disastrous fight at Winchester, September 19th, 1864, he fell in the very midst and thickest of the fray. His lifeless body, though carried some distance by a comrade, had to be abandoned on the field. It was not recovered; nor have the most diligent inquiry and search been able to identify his burial-place.

With Colonel Patton — who fell on the same field — his soldierly qualities made him a great favorite; and he was not less so with "the boys," who regarded him as brave as the bravest.

ALEXANDER S. PENDLETON,

Lieutenant-Colonel, and A. A. G., 2d Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

In a work whose noble object it is to preserve some memorial of the distinguished sons of our University, and especially of those who fell upon the field of honor, no name more fitly finds a place than that at the head of this article. From her halls he went forth to do battle to the death for his country. Right nobly did he bear himself in the trying contest; and though cut off in the flower of youthful manhood, it was not until he had reared a monument of honorable and lasting distinction. His native State possessed no son of nobler character and virtues; poured on the altar of patriotism no purer or costlier libation than his blood.

ALEXANDER SWIFT PENDLETON was born at Howard, Fairfax county, Virginia, (the site of the Episcopal High School of which his father, the Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D. D., was then rector), on September 28th, 1840. His early years were watched over with the most assiduous care by his parents, and his subsequent career bears testimony to the fidelity with which both mind and character were thus early developed and trained. When about ten, upon the removal of his family to Frederick City, Maryland, he was placed at school, having already been taught English at home, and having advanced considerably in Latin. So rapid was his progress at school, that when Dr. Pendleton removed to Lexington in 1853 he was entered at Washington College though but little over thirteen years of age. Here his career was uniformly successful and brilliant. Though the youngest in his class, a mere child in appearance and ingenuousness, he soon took the lead, displaying at this early day the vigor and maturity which afterwards distinguished him. His most intimate friends were the oldest and best men in the class. While in his Senior year, and before he was sixteen, he was appointed tutor in Mathematics; and at the commencement in 1857, before the completion of his seventeenth year, he graduated at the head of his class, carrying off the first honor and the Cincinnati oration as his prize. His speech on this occasion is said to have been remarkable for excellence, and elicited from a distinguished United States Senator present, a most flattering prediction as to the future eminence of the young speaker.

When about fifteen he united himself to the Episcopal Church,

and after this time his education was directed with reference to a thorough preparation for the great work of the Christian ministry.

The two years following graduation at Washington College were spent in teaching, partly in a private school at home and partly in the College, where he continued for a time as Tutor. On the death of Professor Fishburn in the early part of 1858 he was appointed to carry the Sophomore class through the Latin course, which he did with acceptance and success.

With the additional development and maturity obtained in these two years, and the widened information acquired by reading and travelling during the vacations, he entered the University of Virginia in the fall of 1859, and maintained and extended there the reputation already gained. He graduated with distinction in one-half the academic schools the first year, and was a candidate for the Master's degree in the second. While a thorough and systematic student, he was by no means merely this. His animal spirits were always high, and he was a prominent member of the cricket club, gymnastic class, and military company, which were favorite features of University life during the session of 1860–61. His piety, too, while of the cheerful, was of the useful and earnest kind. As one of the most active members of the Young Men's Christian Association he was accustomed to walk miles into the country on every Sunday, as Sunday-School teacher; and it was during this winter he determined, in order that he might the more speedily enter upon the duties of his chosen profession, to sacrifice the long-cherished desire of spending some years in Germany after the completion of his University course.

But before the end of the session of 1860–61 the war was upon us. Prevented by the wishes of his father from joining the students who went to the capture of Harper's Ferry, he became impatient to join the army, especially after that father had himself taken the field. He was prevailed on to remain for a time; but having received during the final examinations an appointment to a 2d Lieutenancy, he at once gave up College and reported at Harper's Ferry. Here he was soon invited by Colonel, afterwards General Jackson, to become his A. D. C., and ever after continued in posts of constantly increasing trust and importance with this great man, and with his successors in command of the 2d Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

For conspicuous gallantry at Falling Waters, July 2d, and at

Manassas, July 21st, 1861, General Jackson sought and obtained for Lieutenant PENDLETON promotion to the rank of 1st Lieutenant, Confederate States Army. Subsequently, for eminent merit in every battle and in all arduous duty, he was again and again recommended for promotion by the same great soldier. He was made Captain just after the Seven Days' battles in 1862, and in the latter part of the same year received the commission of Major. Rising step by step in the confidence and regard of General Jackson, he finally became his confidential and efficient Adjutant-General, and real, though not official, Chief of Staff. His coolness, good judgment and energy were conspicuous at Chancellorsville upon the fall of Jackson; and when General Ewell succeeded to the command he became the principal A. A. G. of the corps, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In this position he remained until his death, sharing all the subsequent arduous service and severe battles of this celebrated corps, and contributing no little to its efficiency and success. When in June, 1864, General Early succeeded General Ewell and was detached and sent to the Valley of Virginia, Colonel PENDLETON continued with Early as Chief of Staff, and participated in the whole of that memorable march from the banks of the Chickahominy, by way of Lynchburg, Salem, Winchester and Frederick City, to the very gates of Washington — a march in which Hunter was driven beyond the Alleghanies, the whole Valley cleared of the enemy, Wallace defeated at Monocacy, and the Federal administration made to tremble for its Capital. Before this expedition was begun Colonel PENDLETON was offered a brigade, but after mature deliberation he declined the honor, from a conviction that he held a position in which he could be of more efficient service to the army.

In September, 1864, Early's bold game was checked. The little band of from 10,000 to 12,000 men with which he had made his audacious campaign, had drawn against it a triple or quadruple force under General Sheridan. The latter attacked at Winchester on the 19th of September, and never were Colonel PENDLETON'S coolness, daring, and efficiency better displayed than during that long and hotly-contested day. When, finally, in the evening the Confederates were forced from the field, he exerted himself to the utmost to preserve order, and secured the withdrawal of the trains and material of the army without loss. General Early took posi-

tion at Fisher's Hill, and the next two days were spent in rectifying the disorganization and losses of the preceding battle. On the 22d Sheridan again attacked, and having extended his line beyond the Confederate left, turned that flank, and soon with overwhelming numbers drove Early from his position. A portion of the artillery on the line was captured, and this loss added to the confusion of the troops. PENDLETON used every effort in his power to stay the tide of defeat. He was to be seen everywhere aiding the General in command and others in rallying the troops and taking measures to stop the hostile advance. He escaped all the dangers of this terrible day until the battle was almost over. Just at dusk, as he was directing the firing of some guns with which he had checked the enemy's progress, he was struck in the groin by a rifle-ball and fell mortally wounded. Having been placed in an ambulance, he was carried to Woodstock, where, in consequence of the pain from his wound, he desired to be left at the house of a kind acquaintance. Here, when informed by his intimate friend and companion, Dr. McGuire, that his wound was almost certainly mortal, he expressed cheerful resignation, and occupied himself between the paroxysms of pain in sending messages of love to his wife and other relatives and friends. About midnight the Confederate rear-guard withdrew from the town. Dr. McGuire then offered to remain with him to the last at the risk of being made prisoner, but the dying soldier refused to permit it, saying that at such a time of gloom his country could not afford to spare any one from his post of duty. With Christian fortitude he bore his sufferings, and quietly and peacefully expired on the evening of the next day, September 23d, 1864, five days before the completion of his 24th year.

In December, 1863, Colonel PENDLETON had been married to Miss Kate Corbin, of Moss Neck, Caroline county, Virginia.

During the re-occupation of the lower Valley, a few weeks later, by General Early, the remains of Colonel PENDLETON were removed to Lexington, where they fitly rest beside those of his only child, and but a few steps from the grave of the great chieftain whose most honored and distinguished staff-officer he was.

Few men so young have been called to such positions of responsibility and trust, and fewer still have proved themselves able to fill them. As a staff-officer, Colonel PENDLETON was most admirable and efficient. Quick, vigilant, industrious, he had fine

faculties for the organization and control of men. On the field his energy, coolness, and intelligence made him especially valuable.

He possessed a mind remarkable for its thorough training, its vigor, and its versatility. He readily concentrated his powers upon the subject before him, and the grasp of his faculties was as extensive as it was strong, as varied as it was bold. The elements of his character were much like those of his mental organization. Active, bold, vigorous, self-reliant, always determined, always hopeful, he exercised an influence over men far beyond his years. In lofty purpose, in elevation of soul, in all the generous impulses of friendship, and in devoted affection, he had no superior. His religion was of the noblest kind, unobtrusive, charitable, that delighted rather in deeds than in words, an earnest principle which guided, controlled, sustained him amid the trials of life, and enabled him to meet with perfect calmness and confidence the approach of death.

In the long catalogue of youthful sons who sprang to arms at her bidding and fell in her defence, Virginia mourns no one more worthy of her grand renown, or whose opening life gave promise of a more useful and distinguished future.

JOHN L. MASSIE, B. L.,

Captain of the Fluvanna Artillery.

Among the exemplary sons whom Virginia mourns as martyred heroes in her great struggle against subjugating numbers, scarcely one deserves more grateful remembrance than Captain JOHN LIVINGSTON MASSIE, commander, at the time of his fatal wound, September 23d, 1864, of the "Fluvanna Artillery," one of the batteries constituting the memorably efficient Light Artillery Battalion of the gallant Colonel William Nelson, of Hanover county, Virginia.

Captain MASSIE was the son of Mr. Nathaniel Massie, who resided at one time in Waynesboro', Augusta county, Virginia, and at another on an estate in Albemarle county. He was among the younger of eleven children, of whom eight were sons, and of these several became men of mark.

Waynesboro' was the place of his birth, and its date was August 19th, 1838.

His name, JOHN LIVINGSTON, abbreviated into "LIVY," became a term of endearment among all who knew him in childhood, at college, and amid the stern demands of war.

"LIVY MASSIE" was no ordinary boy in moral, mental and physical characteristics, and no ordinary care was taken by his parents for the right development and wise direction of his superior endowments. Nor were the divine promises to parental fidelity unfulfilled in the career of this well-trained son.

Friends of his childhood remember that, although then strikingly handsome, and of unusual size and strength for his years, he seemed never conscious of such advantages, and was, as through life, wholly devoid of vanity and conceit. Sincere and earnest, he was at the same time cheerful, gentle and amiable; yet also bold and adventurous, and foremost in rare and hazardous enterprises. Fond of all active sports, he was especially distinguished among his young associates as a daring and successful swimmer.

Thus even-tempered, generous and tender, while fearlessly resolute, he could not but be with young and old universally popular.

Although singularly alive to the ludicrous and full of humor, he was no less endowed with a genuine, kindly dignity which, tempering the mirthful, imparted a salutary influence to the delight taken by companions in his society.

With rapidity seldom surpassed, did young MASSIE from the outset acquire elementary learning. And the promise of intellectual superiority thus given was not afterwards disappointed.

Having with successful diligence pursued preparatory studies in neighborhood schools, he entered the Freshman Class in Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, September 1853, being then just fifteen, though for his age every way remarkably well developed.

Seldom, even among well-reared sons of the virtuous families of Virginia and her Sister states of the South, are there grouped together such a body of youths as those with whom "LIVY MASSIE" was now associated. His class was a superior one, embracing, with others of distinguished merit, such names as A. S. Pendleton, Alfred Jackson, and W. T. Poague, his dearest friends, perhaps, in all the College. Each of these early achieved honor not to be unrecorded in history.

Of the gallant and efficient Artillery Battalion Commander, Colonel W. T. Poague, brief and modest mention alone is yet becoming, because he still lives to share the sorrows of his native State, and by his manly example to cheer the hearts of her injured people, his neighbors.

Colonels Pendleton and Jackson, however, MASSIE'S cherished friends, fill each, like himself, a patriot's grave, and are therefore entitled to more detailed commemoration. Of the former a succinct memoir, prepared by one who knew him well, appears in this volume. Of the latter it is hoped a suitable memorial may also be given by some friend acquainted with his character and career.

In cordial association with companions of this stamp did "LIVY MASSIE" pass his college term, enjoying their confidence and love as among the best-endowed, most genial and most faithful of their number.

His capacity and success as a mathematician were especially conspicuous. With ability and concentration of thought rarely surpassed, he generally solved the most difficult problems occurring in the applications of Algebra, Geometry and the Calculus. Though from the singular simplicity of his character and his entire exemption from the desire of display, his achievements in there cases were so far from being paraded that they were really known of only by his intimate friends.

Some time in his second college year occurred that crisis in his spiritual history which issued in his avowing himself a servant of Christ. He had, indeed, always evinced, as no doubt he had felt, sincere reverence for religion. And his excellencies of disposition and deportment, accompanied by habitual attendance upon worship and use of other means of grace, had seemed to warrant the thought that he was almost, if not altogether, a Christian. Still, when about the date mentioned, during a season of peculiar religious interest in Lexington and its institutions, the great questions of sin and salvation were brought home to his mind as never before, he realized, as till then unappreciated, the soul's wretchedness out of Christ, and its precious privilege of peace through an accepted Saviour. And, seeking occasion therefor, he connected himself with the Church of his family, the Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro'.

The earnest Christian life thus begun was consistently maintained up to the hour of his sudden summons.

Such was the estimate of his talents, attainments and character, that in his Junior year he was appointed tutor to instruct the younger students in mathematics. And the duties thus assigned he continued to discharge with great satisfaction in addition to his own proper studies until he graduated and left college.

Having so well accomplished the usual curriculum, MASSIE next, at nineteen, in the fall of 1857, entered upon the Academical course in the University of Virginia. The year following, 1858-9, besides completing academical studies, he took part of the Law Course; and in the year thereafter, 1860, received the Diploma of Bachelor of Laws; and was that fall admitted to the bar in Charlottesville; bearing with him the admiring, affectionate confidence of Professors and fellow-students.

He had now entered upon a career, which, with his intellect and character, and the prestige of so honorable a preliminary life, presented fairest promise of eminent success. Associated in the profession of his choice with an elder brother, Mr. N. H. Massie, already established in the esteem of the community, and in extensive practice, he experienced none of the wearying delays which too often attend candidates for professional employment, but was introduced at once to the arena of active duty as a practitioner.

Soon, however, was this opening career rudely disturbed. Those diversities of race, sentiment, and interest, which had always existed between the people of the Northern and those of the Southern sections of the country, aggravated by persistent injuries of the more powerful against the guaranteed rights of the less populous, and the stern remonstrances of the latter, ever futile, and therefore becoming continually the more threatening, culminated in 1860 in such triumph of Northern political schemes as to divest the Southern States of proportionate share in the public domain and other common benefits, leave them subject to foreign dictation, without control of their own institutions, and reduce them in fact to actual vassalage.

These States, therefore, sought to escape a condition so harassing and pernicious, by resorting to their ancient and inalienable sovereignty, and renouncing the violated compact of Union. But not thus were they to be liberated. Not yet has the golden Christian rule attained such control in human communities, especially those of Puritan profession, as to remedy their vulture propensity to hold on to prey once securely grasped. Accord-

ingly, the effort at extrication made by the Southern States became the pretext of immediate war for their subjugation.

In response to its proclamation by the representative of Northern plans, Virginia summoned her sons to the rescue. And for her protection they rallied with universal enthusiasm. Of the patriot band, "LIVY MASSIE" was among the foremost. Learning that the Rev. Dr. Pendleton, who, on accepting command of the "Rockbridge Artillery," had hastened to Richmond with a view to its armament, was to pass Gordonsville *en route* for Harper's Ferry, on a certain day, early in May 1861, he that morning took the train from Charlottesville to Gordonsville, and there meeting his elder friend, the Rev. Captain, tendered his services as a private in the company. Being of course accepted, he was instructed to join the battery at its rendezvous as speedily as possible. And with prompt alacrity complying, he became one of the most exemplary members of that justly honored organization.

The "Rockbridge Artillery" was in its *personnel* a fine specimen of that unparalleled *materiel* which composed the volunteer army for Southern defence. Never, perhaps, in the history of warfare has a body of men of such individual elevation, culture and tone, assembled to protect against threatened ruin their homes and their honor. And it was almost inevitable that, in spite of deficiency in arms and training, they should shatter, as they did on every battle-field, invading columns of almost fabulous numbers and equipment.

In the "Rockbridge Artillery," MASSIE found congenial association. Choice young men, like himself, including several of his dearest friends, were on its roll. A fair proportion, however, of another element was also admitted to represent the patriotic sentiment of humble Southern citizens. Such a company, consecrated as it were by daily worship, and pervaded by the spirit of piety, intelligence, and honor, could not but be, as it really was from first to last, a model one, in all the high qualities of Christian men and citizen soldiers.

In the brilliant affair at Falling Waters, a few miles from Williamsport, on the 2d of July, 1861, the first skirmish in the Valley, MASSIE was No. 1 in the detachment which served the single gun, taken by Captain, afterwards General Pendleton, to cöoperate with the handful of infantry carried by General Jackson to "feel" the columns of General Patterson.

After the few companies of infantry had well performed their part in checking the enemy's thousands, and creating confusion in their ranks, this single gun, served by MASSIE and his friends with all the coolness and precision of veterans, under a heavy fire of musketry, accompanying that of six or eight field-pieces, played unerringly and with admirable effect upon that line and those guns. Its first fire, well aimed, absolutely crushed and dismayed beyond return an adventurous squadron of cavalry. It next disabled a glittering brass piece, and sent its attendants in pell-mell that was ludicrous even amid the solemnities of battle, double-quick across the field. And its subsequent discharges, scarcely less effective, so completed the lesson of caution to the invaders that they adventured no further effort at direct advance until General Jackson, satisfied with having thus gently "felt" Patterson, withdrew altogether unmolested his little handful, and having rejoined the main body of his eager brigade, awaited in vain his antagonist's approach.

It is related by General Pendleton, with affectionate remembrance of his friend MASSIE'S bearing on this occasion, as kindly courteous as it was gallant, that he himself being on foot near the piece, as was General Jackson during the action, and wishing to remount when its withdrawal was directed, found his horse so restive as to render difficult his regaining the saddle, and that MASSIE observing the circumstance, immediately stepped up, regardless of the desultory fire still continued by some of the enemy's line and guns, and with strong hand held the animal by the bit until his commander was reseated.

In the battle of Manassas, three weeks later, the subject of this memoir again exhibited the same high qualities of the man and the patriot-soldier, as he did, indeed, everywhere — in camp, on the march, and amid the roar and carnage of the conflict.

When, in the fall of 1861, General Jackson was detached from the army under General Johnston, near Fairfax Court House, and sent to the Valley, the "Rockbridge Artillery," long before chosen as the battery to attend his brigade, took part in the expedition. The campaign, prosecuted by Stonewall till near midwinter, proved severe and trying; and MASSIE again attracted attention by his admirable conduct. He was particularly noticed by the General as managing with conspicuous courage and skill the gun of which, by virtue of being a non-commissioned officer,

he had charge, at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac, in connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

Merit so marked could not pass unmentioned by commanding officers in their reports. Accordingly, this exemplary artillerist was thus repeatedly commended by his commanders; and Jackson, now seconding the earnest tribute of the battery-Captain, without the knowledge of the efficient Sergeant or his friends, urged upon the War Department at Richmond to reward so admirable a soldier by promotion.

MASSIE was, in consequence, before the spring of 1862, commissioned as 2d Lieutenant in the Regular Army of the Confederate States, and ordered to report to General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery.

When he reached that officer the Peninsula campaign was in progress; and in it he served for a time upon the General's staff. Subsequently he was assigned to the Adjutancy of the artillery battalion under the command of Major, afterwards Colonel, William Nelson.

On the reorganization of the army, soon after, in May, 1862, one of the companies of the battalion, till then indifferently officered, elected him its 1st Lieutenant; and, as the Captain was absent, under censure, the charge of the company devolved upon him. With accustomed faithfulness he administered its affairs; but in the anomalous condition of the case he did not vacate his Adjutancy, rightly judging that it was unwise wholly to identify himself with a command whose control was unlikely to remain permanently in his hands.

In the manœuvres and skirmishes by which McClellan's advance upon Richmond was impeded, up to the bloody day of "Seven Pines," Nelson's battalion well bore its part; and with it the calm, observant Lieutenant, as also in the arduous duties of that day, and in the eventful Seven Days' conflicts, in which the "Young Napoleon" was driven by General Lee from position to position, until he crouched under cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing. In the artillery night attack afterwards made there upon his camp and transports by General Pendleton, from the opposite bank of James River, MASSIE with Nelson also rendered important service.

The command, subsequently detained on the James and North Anna Rivers, to assist in covering the Capital against possible sur-

prise, could not participate in the splendid achievements of Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas. It was brought up, however, in time to aid in pursuing the enemy, and to rendezvous with the main army at Leesburg, preparatory to crossing the Potomac.

Here, in consequence of disorders incident to so ceaselessly active a campaign, under a hastily devised system, and in view of emergencies to be anticipated, opportunity was taken to readjust some essential matters of organization. Among these was the consolidation of another inefficient company from the same county with that of which MASSIE had been elected 1st Lieutenant, and appointing him Captain of the whole; and it is not too much to say that he proved himself a model company commander, and that his battery soon become one of the most efficient in the service. He proved himself to possess that peculiar power of commanding men which is one of the highest attributes of superior intellect and character. By mingled firmness and kindness he secured at once the respect and the love of his men. So calm was he habitually, so systematic was his administration, and so smoothly moved everything under his hand, that his battery seemed, like a well-adjusted machine, to work itself. Nor was he in the whirl of battle less self-possessed and efficient than he was judicious in camp. The serene steadiness of his eye in extremest danger, and the quiet firmness of his tone in giving orders, evinced alike a physical nerve and a moral force entitled to high admiration. All these qualities were abundantly exhibited in the effective service rendered by his company through the arduous campaign following his promotion, and in the severe contests of 1863 and 1864.

As a new Captain in Nelson's battalion, conducting his battery, he crossed the Potomac with the Army of Northern Virginia, in the summer of 1862, when General Lee thus threatened Washington and covered Jackson's assault upon and capture of Harper's Ferry, with its strong garrison and immense stores.

In the battle of Sharpsburg, soon after, said to have been brought about to General Lee's disadvantage by the unfortunate falling of one of his despatches into McClellan's hands, Nelson's battalion had not the opportunity of participating, because it was part of a command detached for the purpose of guarding the passes of the Potomac. Excellent service was, however, immediately after the battle, rendered by the command of which Captain

MASSIE's battery was a portion, and by it, under his direction, in arresting the columns of the enemy, which attempted to annoy General Lee's rear on his recrossing the Potomac at Shepherdstown. During an entire day those batteries, without the opportunity of throwing up earthworks of any kind, and supported by only a handful of infantry, kept at bay the enemy's strong artillery on the opposite heights, and the large force of infantry which the drained bed of the canal enabled him to bring under cover to the water's edge. Exemption from disturbance and a season of rest and refreshment were thus secured to the Southern army.

Before nightfall several of the batteries had exhausted their ammunition, and after dusk none could fire with precision. For such reasons, and because there too much exposed to capture, they had to be withdrawn at dark, and each by its own route, on account of ravines which prevented their assemblage. The small supporting force of sharpshooters about this time giving way, a body of the enemy effected a passage to the southern shore.

In the darkness, ruggedness of ground, and consequent isolation of batteries, it was supposed several might be captured, including MASSIE's, which had occupied a position most exposed, perhaps, to such casualty; but with the morning light it was found that he had skilfully withdrawn as directed, and that no loss of guns had occurred in all the number, save one or two left because the horses for their removal had been killed.

The interval of repose which succeeded this encounter was devoted to those preparations on either side which issued in the memorable attempt and defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862, where MASSIE, at his post in Nelson's battalion, fought with accustomed skill and effect; as, after maintaining his battery in full efficiency through a difficult winter, he did again early in the spring of 1863, with the force under Generals Early and Pendleton in the second battle of Fredericksburg, against Sedgwick, while Generals Lee and Jackson were crushing Hooker at Chancellorsville.

In the reorganization necessitated by the fatal loss of Stonewall Jackson, incurred at Chancellorsville, May 1863, all the artillery, including the battalions previously unattached for use where most needed, was distributed among the three corps now constituted, and Nelson's battalion was assigned to the 2d Corps, with the eventful career of which, under Ewell and Early, MASSIE's gal-

lant service was thenceforward identified. Thus crossed he the Potomac again, when Ewell led the advance into Pennsylvania; and with the celebrated 2d Corps he shared the brilliant repulse of the enemy the first afternoon at Gettysburg, and the Herculean endeavors of the two days following to repair the error of not pressing on his heels when in full retreat, but pausing and permitting him to recover, fortify, and reinforce, in an impregnable position.

After General Lee's skilful return from Gettysburg, and repair, as far as possible, of that great disappointment, followed another season of preparation for continuing the gigantic struggle, which was only partially disturbed by Meade's receding before his great antagonist at Bristow Station and his subsequent punishment in his abortive demonstration at Mine Run, on both of which occasions MASSIE shared the honorable service of his corps.

Another winter now occurred, in which, on account of deficiency of supplies, the task of keeping up artillery to a high standard of efficiency required extraordinary energy. MASSIE, however, succeeded well with his, and emerged with his battery in complete order for thorough service at the opening of the great campaign of 1864. In the battle of the Wilderness on the 5th and 6th of May, the 2d Corps constituted the left of the Confederate line, on the old turnpike leading from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg, and there Nelson's battalion did its work with habitual vigor, MASSIE and his battery admirably discharging their duty.

Leaving on the bloody field his crushed thousands, Grant, still supplied with mercenaries in immense multitude, essayed to elude General Lee by a flank movement towards Richmond; but he was effectually headed off at Spotsylvania Court House, where the death-struggle was renewed. Here, during a conflict of more than two days, Nelson's battalion defended, with distinguished resolution and success, an exposed central salient, MASSIE conspicuously sharing the achievement; and when the enemy, somehow informed of the withdrawal of many guns after nightfall of the 12th of May to be ready for meeting his next flank movement, already observed to be begun, made a heavy night attack on a projecting portion of the line a little to Nelson's left, and succeeded in breaking through, producing temporary local confusion and capturing a number of men and of the guns that had been withdrawn, but brought quickly back and not yet unlimbered — Nelson's guns and MAS-

SIE's among them — served with masterly energy, contributed an honorable share to the unsurpassed result of remedying the disaster, re-establishing the line, and repelling the enemy's vociferous masses.

Grant, thus again foiled and shattered, re-filling with accumulated numbers his thinned ranks, made another detour to the left, and was successively encountered, with like result, at Hanover Junction, Totopotomoi Creek, and Cold Harbor, MASSIE, with Nelson, meeting at every point the utmost demand of the occasion. Especially in the last-named position, memorable as the scene of Jackson's great descent upon McClellan's rear, was the battalion to which MASSIE belonged, and he himself with his battery, called to prominent service of even more than usual exposure, in the severe chastisement there again inflicted upon the enemy.

The vandal Hunter, having now prosecuted his worthy career in burning private residences, granaries, and mills, destroying the libraries and apparatus of Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute, and reducing to ashes the beautiful, harmless buildings, Professors' houses, and others, of the latter educational establishment, consuming furniture and turning out shelterless unprotected ladies and infants, was threatening Lynchburg with his valiant torch-bearers. An expedition was therefore organized, primarily to arrest these atrocities and chastise the marauder, and ultimately to perform more important service. It consisted largely of the old 2d Corps, and was committed to the vigorous and intrepid Early. Of this expedition Nelson's battalion was a valuable element, and with it therefore proceeded Captain MASSIE in charge of his battery.

Advancing rapidly upon Lynchburg, Early anticipated the valorous Hunter, and saved the town from insult, pillage, and arson; but the assailant of women and their homes, trembling at the approach of men, too quickly beat retreat, and unfortunately escaping with his congenial crew through the mountains towards the Ohio, missed the penalty he deserved, though of his miserable band many a poor wretch is said to have perished of fear, fatigue, and starvation.

General Early, having thus scared off the poor, dark-hearted creature, proceeded down the Valley *via* Lexington and Staunton, to Winchester; and thence, after menacing Harper's Ferry, across the Potomac to Frederick, Maryland, with a view to operations against Washington, and other results, if found practicable.

In the encounter with and defeat of a large force of the enemy at Monocacy Bridge, on the 9th of July, Nelson's battalion operated with signal effect, and Captain MASSIE's battery was especially conspicuous for the energetic boldness with which it was manœuvred.

In all the movements thereafter, in front of Washington, on the return of Early's force over the Potomac into Loudon county, Virginia, and thence across the Shenandoah into the lower Valley again, MASSIE bore, with his command, a full share of the labor, privation and danger; as he did also in the ever-threatening, ceaseless operations of the veteran Confederate commander against the accumulating masses of the enemy between the Potomac on the north and Fisher's Hill on the south, up to the obstinate battle of Winchester on the 19th of September.

During the severe contest of that day, maintained by the small Confederate army with their accustomed valor against fully four times their own number, Nelson's battalion, and with it MASSIE's battery, operated on the right, sustaining Ramseur's division, now reduced to less than two thousand muskets, with such determined resolution as effectually to defeat the successive columns brought up in attack. With like gallantry the guns of Colonel Braxton, under his direction and the persistent encouragement of the vigilant Colonel Carter, Early's Chief of Artillery, performed a similar service on the left, actually hurling back every charge of the enemy, even where in some places wholly unprotected by infantry support. So that, notwithstanding the untimely fall of the able and daring Rodes, in the very moment of victory, the enemy had been utterly beaten, and the day was a splendid triumph, when the enormous Federal cavalry force made its way around Early's unprotected left, and rendered indispensable the withdrawal of his diminished though victorious command. Throughout the protracted conflict, from dawn to dark, Captain MASSIE managed his battery with a skill and intrepidity worthy the great Southern cause.

At Fisher's Hill, to which General Early now retired, the artillery was again hotly engaged in a sharp affair on the evening of the 22d. "Men and officers," says General Early, "behaved with great coolness, fighting to the very last; and I had to ride to some of the officers and order them to withdraw their guns before they would move." Of these Captain MASSIE was one.

His position, on the extreme left, was important and critical. Upon the enemy endeavoring to turn that flank he directed his guns and fought them with such stubborn perseverance, and poured canister upon the flanking force with such energy and effect as to keep the enemy in check, and thus preserve the retiring trains. Some of his best men were here shot down by his side, and many of his horses killed. Two of his guns were thus unavoidably left to the enemy.

In this affair it was that MASSIE's beloved Washington College classmate and honored friend at the University and in the army, the meritorious Adjutant-General of the 2d Corps, Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Pendleton, fell mortally wounded while vigorously engaged in measures for checking the enemy's advance.

During part of that night, and all day, the 23d, the Confederate force sullenly retired, all along in line of battle by day; and every hour or two halting, that the artillery might play upon and arrest the enemy.

About sunset of the 23d General Early, having resolved to make a stand, formed his line for action, and a portion of his guns opened with spirit. Others, deemed unnecessary on the front, were sent with Captain MASSIE to a point supposed mainly out of range. Here, finding a seat on some rails, he was with his glass observing the enemy, when a shell exploded near, and a fragment struck him, entering the outer side of the thigh, two inches above the knee, and passing obliquely upward and inward, severed the large artery, nerve and vein.

The best surgical attendance with the army was promptly rendered. But reaction from the shock and loss of blood could not be produced. In an ambulance he was conveyed to the rear, and in a kind home found a resting-place, until death in a few hours released him from suffering. Great beyond description as was the pain he endured, unmurmuringly was it borne through the six lingering hours of ebbing life, with the fortitude of a soldier animated by the faith of a Christian. "Not my will, but Thine be done!" was his repeated address to the Supreme Father. And just before midnight of that same day, September 23d, 1864, he quietly breathed his last.

His remains were borne to Waynesboro', and subsequently to the family burying-ground in Albemarle, where, having been piously interred, they now lie awaiting the great resurrection summons.

Thus lived and died Captain JOHN LIVINGSTON MASSIE, one of Virginia's truest, worthiest sons, leaving behind, at twenty-six, as an accomplished scholar, brave soldier, able officer, sterling patriot, and admirable Christian gentleman, a spotless record, unsullied name, and noble career, to be held in grateful remembrance by his native State, and by the gallant though unfortunate people in defence of whose honor he sacrificed life with all it has here most attractive.

Very cheering is it to think of him, and of other Christian martyrs in the same cause, as among those who, having lived for duty in its Scriptural sense, "do now rest from their labors," and far away from earthly conflicts, have entered upon the privilege of citizenship in that "better country" which no aggressions reach and no iniquities molest.

R. BEALE DAVIS,

Captain, Company K, and Acting Colonel 40th Virginia Infantry.

ROBERT BEALE DAVIS was born February 18th, 1835, at Northumberland Academy, Virginia, of which institution his father, Mr. (now Rev. Jos. H.) was then President. His mother, who was Miss Martha Felicia Beale, second daughter of Major Robert Beale of Revolutionary memory, dying within a few months after his birth, he was entrusted to the care of a maternal aunt, and remained some years with his grandfather at Hickory Hill, Westmoreland county. Upon the intermarriage of his father with this aunt in 1838, he accompanied them to Raleigh, North Carolina, in which city his father had pastoral care of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Much attention was paid to his early education. Until his tenth year he was kept at home under the assiduous care of his mother. About this time, his father being assigned to pastoral care near Randolph Macon College, he entered the preparatory department under the instruction of his uncle, Professor W. T. Davis. In his fourteenth year he matriculated, but remained only one year, in consequence of his father's removal to Fredericksburg. Here he enjoyed the advantages of the best schools in the town, until his

father's appointment to a church in Richmond. Dr. Socrates Maupin was then conducting a classical school in Richmond; and ROBERT, after attending a session as a pupil, associated himself with one or two gentlemen as successors of Dr. Maupin when that gentleman became Professor of Chemistry in the University. In October 1854, he entered the University, where he remained two years as an academic student.

Meanwhile his father having removed to North Carolina to take charge of the Female College at Murfreesboro', the son followed him, and for one year read law in the office and under the instruction of the Hon. William N. H. Smith. On the 8th day of June, 1857, he appeared before Frederick Nash, Chief Justice, and R. M. Pearson and William H. Battle, Judges of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and after examination received from them the following testimonial, with authority to practise law in that State:—"We do certify that Mr. ROBERT B. DAVIS hath produced to us sufficient testimonials of his upright character, and upon an examination before us is found to possess a competent knowledge of the *law*, to entitle him to admission to practise as an Attorney and Counsellor-at-law, in the several county courts within the State aforesaid."

In the fall of that year he returned to the University of Virginia and entered the law department. During his residence of three years at this institution he was a member of the Washington Society, in which he was elected to the Presidency for one term of his last session. In 1858, he returned to Westmoreland, Virginia, and began the practice of law as junior partner of his maternal uncle, Hon. R. L. T. Beale, in whose family he resided. And thus he continued, both in his domestic and professional relations, until the breaking out of the war.

He had in early boyhood shown a decided fondness for military life, and though never at a military school, was quite familiar with tactics. Early in the year 1860, when the excitement North and South indicated the probable resort to arms, young DAVIS was prominent among cadets from Lexington in raising and organizing a volunteer company in the county. Perhaps chiefly owing to his zeal the company was raised; and the officers succeeding in enlisting the sympathies of the citizens, it was handsomely uniformed and armed before any call was made for troops in the State. With this company—"The Potomac Rifles,"—commanded by Captain

W. F. Cox, ROBERT DAVIS entered the service as 1st Lieutenant, in May 1861. The Rifles were assigned as Company K, to the 40th Virginia Infantry, Colonel John M. Brokenbrough, of Richmond county, commanding.

During the summer and fall of that year this regiment occupied posts at Mathias Point, Marlboro' Point, and Acquia Creek. In the spring of 1862, it joined the brigade under General Field, at Fredericksburg. Here the reorganization was effected. Lieutenant DAVIS by rigidly enforcing discipline had become unpopular with a large class in the company, and expecting defeat when subjected to the ordeal of a popular vote, he had prepared to join his uncle, then Colonel of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, afterwards Brigadier-General R. L. T. Beale. His sterling worth had, however, already been tested, and when the trial came he was again elected 1st Lieutenant in his old company. The election of regimental officers was delayed a few weeks, from the fact that the companies were not all then stationed at the same point; when this occurred, Captain Cox was made Major, and Lieutenant DAVIS promoted to the command of his company. In this capacity he passed through all the great battles of 1862 and 1863.

But few of his comrades who had marched out so joyously in 1861 now remained. Promotions and transfers to other arms had reduced them to some extent, but far the greater number had fallen victims to the bullet or to disease. Nothing discouraged by the fearful gaps made in his command, this young officer had led them bravely until the winter of 1863–4, when worn down by toil and exposure he got his first leave of absence, and went to Charlottesville to visit his father's family. Before his leave of absence had expired, he was stricken down by a severe attack of erysipelas. For weeks the issue was in doubt; indeed, his surgeons entertained for some weeks but little hope of his recovery. Under the blessing of God, they succeeded in raising him up, but would not permit him to return to his duties in the field until the month of August — he having been all that time under medical treatment.

For many years he had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; but while separated from the religious influences of home, and debarred from any regular attendance upon the ordinances of the Church, he had become lukewarm. This intermission from the active duties of the field seemed a special

providence to re-awaken his religious convictions, and more deeply impress upon his mind the great truths of the Bible.

Having obtained permission from his physician, he tore himself away from loved ones at home, and rejoined his regiment near Petersburg. As senior Captain he resumed command of the shattered 40th — in which relation he had been placed by the fearful havoc of Gettysburg. During his absence the terrible scenes of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House, and Cold Harbor had been enacted, and had still further reduced the ranks of his loved comrades.

At Petersburg, General Grant was still executing his flank movement to the left. On the 30th of September a decided attack was made, in which the enemy succeeded in carrying some positions occupied by our troops a little north and west of the Weldon Road, and about four miles south of the city. On the following day a vigorous effort was made to recover the lost ground; and the 40th Virginia, Captain Davis commanding, formed a part of the force sent on this mission. During the night the enemy had fortified; and leading his regiment upon one of these fortifications near the Peebles House, on the 1st day of October, he fell dead, by the concussion, it is believed, of a solid shot passing just over his head. The regiment was within very short range, and the galling fire told terribly upon it. The wounded were with great difficulty removed; the dead were left as they fell.

The second day after the death of Captain DAVIS, General Beale wrote to his sister, Mrs. A. T. Davis, from "Field near Petersburg":—

"How shall I write to you? Oh for some balm to heal a broken heart. . . . I saw ROBERT on Thursday; he came to see me — I shall see him no more.

"Actively engaged myself, it was only on yesterday, while drawn up in line of battle, that a rumor reached me that he had fallen. Richard was immediately sent; last night he came back, reporting that he could not fulfil my order to forward your poor boy's remains to you; they were in the hands of our enemy; and the telegraph had already been used to flash to his father the distressing intelligence. . . . ROBERT fell where he should have fallen, commanding his regiment, and in front, where the enemy was nearest; a martyr to duty, to liberty, to a pure religion: how

else would you have him taken? A jewel in your earthly glory, a gem in the crown awaiting you when Jordan's waters are passed. . . . Farewell,

"Your brother, RICHARD."

On the 11th of November, in reply to inquiries made by the afflicted mother, as to the last moments of Captain DAVIS, Lieutenant J. H. Chandler, who succeeded him in command of the company, wrote as follows:—"His last words to me were in reference to an officer of the regiment who fell pierced through the heart by a fatal ball—'Lieutenant Chandler, find an ambulance corps, and have Captain Lee removed as speedily as possible.' He fell about ten minutes after this, while giving a command to the men near him to fire as rapidly as they could. This command I did not hear, being over fifty yards from him at the time; he being in command of the regiment, I of the company. He did not speak after being struck. His last moments were worthy of him, and of the cause for which he battled. He fell in the forefront of battle, encouraging his comrades.

"For your son, who fell nobly doing battle for his country's institutions, we, his associates in the field, would mingle our grief and sorrow with that of those to whom he was nearer and dearer. Our consolation is that he fell as a soldier should fall, heroically doing his duty. Our hope is that his spirit rests in Heaven."

No flags of truce were allowed at the time, and his parents were compelled to wait the lapse of some months. About the close of the year, at their solicitation, General Lee made application for the body; and General Grant caused diligent search to be made for it, the result of which he communicated in the following letter, the tone of which will be appreciated even by his enemies:—

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 3d, 1865.

"General R. E. LEE,

"*Commanding Army Northern Virginia.*

"GENERAL:—I am glad to be able to inform you that the grave of Captain DAVIS has been identified. The body will be disinterred and delivered to persons sent to receive it about noon

of the 5th inst. It will be sent through our lines over the Squirrel Level Road.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) U. S. GRANT,

"*Lieutenant-General.*"

A few days later General Lee, amid all the cares of that trying time, found leisure to write, even in detail, to Mrs. Davis:—

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
9th January, 1865.

"Mrs. A. T. DAVIS, *Charlottesville.*

"MADAM:—I made known the request contained in your letter of the 24th December to General Grant, and am glad to be able to inform you that in compliance with it, the remains of your son, the late Captain R. B. DAVIS, were sent within our lines on the 5th instant. They were received by Captain Finney, and by him delivered to the Rev. Mr. Pearson, a Methodist minister of Petersburg, who took charge of them and placed them in the basement of his church. Mr. Pearson telegraphed the information to the father of Captain DAVIS, and said that if he did not hear from him in a day or two, the remains should be interred in the churchyard of the Market Street Methodist Church. If you have not already heard from Mr. Pearson, you can carry out your wishes with reference to the body by communicating with him. I shall be happy if I have contributed in any degree to console you in a sorrow which has my sympathy.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

Captain DAVIS now sleeps in Old Blanford Cemetery, near the remains of his paternal grand-parents.

ISAAC T. WALKE,

1st Lieutenant, and Ordnance Officer, Fitz Lee's Division of Cavalry.

ISAAC TALBOT WALKE, son of Richard and Mary D. Walke, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, February 22d, 1843. His early life was passed in his native city, where he received a good scholastic training, and was noted for his proficiency and correct deportment. As a boy he was distinguished for his love of study, for his intellectual capacity, for his cheerful obedience, and for the generosity of his disposition; so that he was deservedly a favorite with both his playfellows and his seniors.

At the age of sixteen he matriculated at the University of Virginia as an academic student, at the beginning of the session of 1859–60. As the reward of his diligence and proficiency, he received that year diplomas in the schools of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. The following session he returned and pursued his studies with the same degree of earnestness, and with not less prospect of success, until 1861, when the war began. During this period there was great excitement among the students on account of the expected secession of Virginia, and several military companies were formed by them, one of which was the "Southern Guards," commanded by Captain E. S. Hutter. This company ISAAC WALKE joined as a private. After the secession of Virginia the Southern Guards volunteered their services in the State and were ordered to Harper's Ferry. They remained there only a few days, not being at that time prepared for a campaign. Upon their return to the University, most of the members, fired by the spirit of patriotism, left the peaceful shades of college life and enlisted in companies for service. ISAAC WALKE went to Norfolk and joined an infantry company, afterwards Company F, 6th Virginia, but at that time stationed at Craney Island, about three miles below Norfolk. This company was composed of the flower of the young men of Norfolk and its vicinity, and its subsequent record is one of the most distinguished of the war.

Just before the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederate forces, ISAAC, at his own request, was transferred from Company F to the "Norfolk Light Artillery Blues," a body of like material to Company F, and whose war record is not less illustrious. Here he remained as a private nearly a year, when he offered him-

self as a candidate before the Examining Board for Ordnance Officers, then in session at Richmond. His examination being eminently satisfactory, he was, though only twenty years of age, assigned to duty about April 1st, 1863, as a Lieutenant, under Colonel William Allen, with Jackson's corps, and placed in command of the park-train artillery ordnance. Soon after this he received his commission as 1st Lieutenant.

In the month of July following we find him on duty with Longstreet's corps, under Colonel Manning. . . . About the 8th of February, 1864, he was assigned to duty with General Fitz Lee's division of cavalry, and placed in charge of the reserve ordnance trains of the division. By letter of Captain Charles Grattan, dated February 11th, 1864, we find that Lieutenant WALKE (not yet twenty-one years of age) was recommended to Colonel Briscoe G. Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance, Army of Northern Virginia, for promotion to the rank of Captain. Captain Grattan was ordnance officer of Stuart's corps, and wrote in answer to a letter of Colonel Baldwin asking for the names of those most worthy of promotion in the cavalry ordnance corps. Lieutenant WALKE's name was placed first.

About the 10th of August, 1864, he was relieved from duty with the reserve ordnance train of Lee's division of cavalry, and made Ordnance Officer of the division. He was thus attached directly to Fitz Lee's staff — a position he had long desired, because it would give him an opportunity for active field-service, where he could display that ardor and energy so characteristic of his disposition. He expressed to a friend his gratification at this prospect of active service.

He remained in this position of Ordnance Officer of Lee's division from the 10th of August until the 9th of October, 1864, active and efficient in the performance of his duties, esteemed and beloved by both officers and men. His gallant career was suddenly terminated at Woodstock, Virginia, in a skirmish which occurred in the streets of that place October 9th, 1864. Our cavalry had been partially surrounded and temporarily thrown into confusion, and Lieutenant WALKE, while attempting to rally the men that they might cut their way out through the enemy, was shot in the head and instantly killed. He died as he had lived, in the active discharge of his duty. Lee's cavalry was at that time temporarily under the command of General Rosser.

While at the University ISAAC was a member of the Kappa Alpha Society, of which band of brothers, numbering only nine during the session of 1860—61, five were killed in battle, viz., Lieut.-Colonel William J. Pegram, Lieutenant Charles Ellis Munford, Adjutant Lomax Tayloe, Frank Voss, and Lieutenant ISAAC T. WALKE. Of the members of the same Society during the two previous sessions, Lieutenant William Z. Mead and Captain Thomas Gordon Pollock were killed. All the members of that band were active members of the Southern army. The survivors still cherish fondly the memory of their gallant and noble brethren who fell on the battle-fields of Virginia.

ISAAC TALBOT WALKE will long be remembered with pride and affection by his family and friends. Brief as was his life, it was long enough to develop a character which endeared him to all who knew him. Frank and brave, talented, generous, and unselfish, his memory will be cherished with respect, esteem, and love.

HUGH A. GARLAND,

Colonel, 1st Missouri Infantry.

"At the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, on the 30th day of November, 1864, in the 28th year of his age, fell Colonel HUGH A. GARLAND, of St. Louis, Missouri, commanding the 1st and 4th Missouri regiments. In all that band of heroes, led during his life by the gallant and lamented Bowen, there was none truer, braver, more accomplished than Colonel GARLAND. Gifted by nature with a keen and powerful intellect and a stalwart frame, he was in all respects a thorough soldier. Of ardent feelings, generous impulses, and lofty principles, with a clear and profound conviction of the sacredness of the cause for which he fought, he was ever ready to give his life for it. . .

"'The doom
Heaven sends its favorites — early death —'

spared him the pang of surviving the cause to which he had devoted himself. In all the thousands who have died for their

Hugh A Garland

principles and their fatherland, no worthier sacrifice has been offered. Though his remains, removed from the battle-field, sleep beyond the Mississippi, in Belle Fontaine Cemetery, near St. Louis, Virginia has the right to claim him as a son worthy of her fame. He was born on her soil, a scion of one of her well-known families. His virtues as a man and a soldier belong to the great catalogue of her priceless offerings, and his name to the tender memories she cherishes. Though, like Rachel, her eyes be heavy with weeping and her heart ache for her noble sons who are not, yet the dull eye will kindle and the sore heart swell when she fondly recalls the manly virtues of such sons as the frank, warm, generous, and gifted GARLAND."

Such were the terms in which the subject of this sketch was described in an obituary written by one who knew him well.

Colonel GARLAND was the eldest son and third child of the late Hugh A. Garland, of St. Louis, and Ann P., daughter of Col. A. Burwell, of Mecklenburg county, Virginia. Hugh A. Garland, the father, was a son of Spottswood Garland, of Nelson county, Virginia, and Miss Rose, and was the brother of General S. Garland's mother. Spottswood Garland was the son of General John Garland, accidentally killed at Charlottesville while in command of the troops that kept guard over Burgoyne's captured army.

This family was remarkable for talents. Dr. Landon Garland, at one time President of Randolph Macon College, subsequently of the University of Alabama, was one of them. The father of Colonel GARLAND is well known to the country at large as the Clerk of the House of Representatives in the XXVth and XXVIth Congress, and the biographer of John Randolph, as well as an eminent lawyer and a man of letters.

Before his removal to St. Louis, on the 13th of February, 1837, this son was born at Boydton, the county seat of Mecklenburg. The family emigrated to Missouri while HUGH was quite a child, and his early years were spent in the city of St. Louis, where his father was engaged in the practice of his profession. His health in boyhood was weak, owing to the unusual rapidity of his growth, so that notwithstanding the brightness of his faculties his parents forbore to urge him to study. At sixteen he was sent to Lynchburg, Virginia, where he resided with his aunt and cousin, General Samuel Garland, the latter of whom regarded him with the

interest and affection of an adopted son. Here he attended a private school taught by the writer, and was a classmate of the late James M. Boyd, M. A., and other youths who have since been distinguished in various walks of life. Young GARLAND'S health, now re-established, permitted him to devote himself assiduously to his studies. This he did with a degree of success rarely equalled. He accomplished in fifteen months, with marvellous ease, a course of study in the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and the Mathematics, which usually engages boys of the same age for three or four well-spent years; and that too without debarring himself the amusements and exercises appropriate to his age. His mind was one of prodigious power and energy, overcoming the difficulties which embarrass young students without apparent effort, and fixing every new idea as a permanent possession. He entered the University of Virginia in October, 1854, and remained there two years, graduating in July 1856.

His friends, and especially his last teacher, were disappointed at the results of his course at the University. It was greatly below their just expectations and his capacity. This was due to the fact that his genial and social temper led him to bestow much of his time upon amusements and society. Yet though these two years were less productive in academic honors than his friends had hoped, they were not without results. Not long after his matriculation in the University he had the misfortune to lose his father. His first impulse, overruled by older friends, was at once, at the age of eighteen, to assume the care of providing for his widowed mother and sisters.

In the summer of 1856 he joined his mother, who had removed with her family to Vicksburg, Mississippi. Here for two years he supported himself by his own exertion, and pursued the study of law. In 1858 he returned to St. Louis, obtained a license to practise law, and entered on that profession as soon as he attained his majority.

The death of his father had so far diminished the means of the family that he felt a weight of heavy responsibility for their future resting on himself; and steadied and nerved by this feeling, he threw all the energies of his splendidly-endowed intellect into the profession he had chosen. Success was rapid, and promised to be brilliant, when the tocsin of war sounded over the land. It was the aspiration of his life to fill his father's place, as head and

supporter of the family, and manfully was he making good the task he had chosen; but Virginian by parentage, birth and education, Southern *intus et in cute*, he threw himself at once heart and soul into the contest.

He promptly raised a company of men, and repaired to Fort Jackson with Colonel Bowen. After the affair at Camp Jackson, where he and his comrades were captured, and marched through the streets of St. Louis, in peril of their lives, he remained quietly in that city for a time; until getting intelligence that his arrest was contemplated, he received from Colonel Bowen important dispatches for Governor Rector, of Arkansas, and suddenly left home, travelling first to Louisville, in order to avoid suspicion, and thence to Memphis and Vicksburg. Having discharged his undertaking he came to Virginia, and receiving from the Confederate Government a Captain's commission, he returned to Memphis and established his recruiting station there. His efforts were successful, and after much labor and expense he was able to join Colonel Bowen with a fine company of Missourians. They were mustered into service in the 1st Missouri Volunteers, Colonel J. S. Bowen commanding, on the 6th of August, 1861.

The command participated in both days' fighting at the battle of Shiloh. Captain GARLAND escaped injury, but was soon after the battle seized by a severe illness which disabled him for duty for more than a month. While thus absent from his regiment he was elected Major.

The 1st Missouri was reckoned one of the finest regiments in the Southern army. Certainly, its officers were among the most accomplished.

This regiment was subsequently attached to the division of General Breckenridge, and with him saw much severe service in Louisiana and Mississippi, and especially in the attack on Baton Rouge. The summer campaign of 1862, and the climate of the lower Mississippi valley again so impaired Major GARLAND'S health, that he was relieved from duty and visited Virginia to regain and establish it.

In March, 1863, when still scarcely fit for duty, he rejoined his command at Grand Gulf, having in the meanwhile been advanced to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel.

The spring and summer of 1863 were occupied in severe service. At Grand Gulf a division of five thousand men held Grant's

army, fifty thousand strong, in check for two days, retiring under cover of the night, when nearly surrounded.

The ill-starred operations in that quarter resulted at last, as is well known, in General Pemberton being besieged and captured with his whole command in Vicksburg.

Colonel GARLAND'S command bore its part well in all these operations, suffering as the rest did, and bearing their privations like heroes.

Colonel GARLAND while on parole again visited Virginia, and laid in a fresh stock of health and strength, both of which had suffered greatly from the campaign and siege which he had endured, and the hardships attendant on both.

Having been exchanged, he again entered on active duty in February 1864, rejoining his regiment at Meridian, Mississippi. They had never been in a fight without him, and he made it a matter of pride that they should never be.

Colonel Riley, his immediate superior, was killed on the 30th of May, 1864, and GARLAND succeeded to the command of the regiment, which was now in the army of General Joseph E. Johnston.

In all the operations of that eventful campaign he bore his part with manly fortitude and unflagging spirit. The retreat to Atlanta was one series of battles and marches — the troops halting and fortifying under fire almost daily. In a letter dated August 12th, 1864, in the field, he writes: —"My health is fine. The Lord has watched over and protected me thus far, and I ought to be very grateful. My regiment is dwindling away daily, and I fear there will not be many of us left by the time this campaign is over."

He passed unscathed through all the battles and skirmishes of that summer and fall, and still kept heart and hope, until the march of General Hood into Tennessee in November 1864. The last letter he ever wrote, dated November 8th, near Tuscumbia, contains the following: —"We are under orders to move at a moment's notice, but in what direction none of us know. In fact the whole campaign has been a mystery. The general opinion is that we are to cross the river (Tennessee) at Florence and go into Tennessee; but somehow or other I do not think so."

The enormous folly of the march into Tennessee was accomplished. In the attack on Franklin, Colonel GARLAND, commanding the brigade, led his men upon the Federal works in the

thick of the fight, and fell, shot through the head, at the very foot of the rampart. There was but one voice as to the gallantry which distinguished him in action, and the cheerfulness which enlivened the weary march and the cheerless bivouac. Danger and toil exerted no effect upon his character, save to steady and deepen the seriousness of its tone. A strong religious feeling had pervaded his mind for some months before his death, which found expression in his correspondence and conversation as well as in his life.

Thus fell in the flower of his days one of the brightest intellects and most richly endowed natures which the South gave to her cause. Though fame had not yet found him, it was only because time and opportunity were wanting. He was well known to those who were acquainted with the extraordinary resources of his talents, to be capable of almost any achievement of intellectual energy or manly heroism. Along with these brilliant qualities he possessed others as well adapted to inspire affection as they were to excite admiration. His heart was large and tender, his temper genial and affectionate, his manners cheerful and unvaryingly courteous.

He lived long and well enough to give assurance that but for his untimely end (if such an end can ever be justly called untimely), the highest prizes of life, in fame and fortune, and the love of men, were within his easy grasp — long enough to leave a memory fragrant with tender graces, heroic virtues, and Christian faith.

END OF VOLUME IV.

JOHN Y. BEALL,

Acting Master, Confederate States Navy.

JOHN YATES BEALL was born in Jefferson county, Virginia, on the 1st day of January, 1835.

On the mother's side he was descended in a direct line from Sir William Howard, the "belted Will" celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," whose

> "Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
> Hung in a broad and studded belt."

The Yates, Orfeurs, and Aglionbys, of Cumberland county, England, were his cousins. His father, George Beall, was an enterprising and successful farmer in his native county of Jefferson, one of the richest counties in the Valley of Virginia.

JOHN Y. BEALL entered the University of Virginia in the year 1852, and remained three sessions, two of which he devoted to academic studies, and the third and last to law and political economy. He was an attentive and diligent student, but not ambitious of collegiate honors.

His father, at whose instance he had embarked in the profession of law, dying soon after his return from College, he abandoned law and took charge of the homestead farm as agent and manager for his mother, in which capacity he was engaged when the war broke out in 1861.

He was a gentleman of scholarly attainments and refined and cultivated literary taste. His reading was extensive, but his devotion to certain favorite authors was too exclusive to admit of much catholicity in his literary preferences. He exhibited similar exclusiveness in his personal intimacies and associations, and similar devotion to the few admitted into the circle of his intimate

friendship. He was a man of thought, observation, and original reflection, of undoubted talent, and the most genuine and lofty courage. He was distinguished for frugality, temperance in eating, and total abstinence in regard to alcoholic liquors. For several years before his death he had been a consistent communicant of the Episcopal Church.

During the excitement incident to the suppression of the raid of John Brown into Virginia in the fall of 1859, Lawson Botts, Esq., organized a company of volunteers called "Botts's Greys," which, in the military organization of the State, ranked as Company B in the 2d Regiment of Virginia. When the war broke out, in April 1861, this company was among the earliest in the field, and, under the lead of its gallant captain, participated in the capture of Harper's Ferry on the 17th of April. BEALL was a private in its ranks; and when the 1st Brigade was organized it was placed under the command of General Thomas J. Jackson, and was composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Regiments. It was thus that BEALL became a private in the "Stonewall Brigade," as this brigade afterwards became known, taking the immortal sobriquet with which fame baptized its great captain. Although his comrades won great and merited distinction at the battle of Manassas, on the 21st July, 1861, BEALL was deprived of the glory of participating in consequence of an unpremeditated leave of absence, occasioned by a furlough to accompany a sick companion, the son of a neighbor, to his home in Jefferson. He was not able to rejoin his company until after the battle was over and the great victory achieved.

In the following October (1861), being again at home on furlough, he volunteered to lead the militia in an endeavor to support Turner Ashby, who had been ordered to check an advance of the Federals from Harper's Ferry in the direction of Charlestown. The attempt had been only partially successful on Ashby's part, when it became important to dislodge the enemy from a dismantled building on the outskirts of the little village of Bolivar. BEALL threw himself at the head of the militia and advanced, firing, upon the enemy, who retreated, but not until one of their number had severely wounded him by a minié ball, which, striking him obliquely in the right breast, broke three ribs and passed around the body.

This wound disabled him from active service during the re-

mainder of the war. For a long time his friends thought it almost impossible for him to recover. At the day of his death his wound was not entirely healed. He received a discharge from the army on the ground, as set forth therein, of permanent disability arising from a wound received on the 16th day of October, 1861, which penetrated the right lung and increased a hereditary tendency to consumption.

After this final discharge, in the spring of 1863, BEALL laid before the Secretary of the Navy a written programme of offensive operations, which, he suggested, could be directed against the enemy on the waters of the Potomac, York, and Chesapeake. The Secretary appointed him an Acting Master in the Navy, and gave him authority to recruit such followers, not liable to conscription, as were willing to join him. Under this authority, he recruited a small number of young men, who, from causes connected with their nativity or physical condition, were not liable to military duty.

The command of this small party — not over a dozen at first — he offered to Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General) Edwin G. Lee, a cousin of General R. E. Lee, who had just resigned command of the 33d Regiment of Virginia Volunteers (Stonewall brigade) on account of disease aggravated, if not dontracted, in the campaigns of General T. J. Jackson. This company started from Richmond about the 1st of April, 1863, and proceeded to Matthews Court House. On this expedition nothing of importance was accomplished except such a reconnoissance as convinced both Lee and BEALL that with proper equipments and stronger force, the enemy could be subjected to such loss and annoyance as would compel him to increase his garrisons and forces on the Peninsula. The former officer, Lee, having been offered an appointment with the rank of Colonel of cavalry, accepted it, and left BEALL to continue his partisan operations alone.

During the summer and fall of 1863, BEALL conducted three several expeditions to the Peninsula, captured and brought back a good many Yankee sloops with their cargoes, destroyed Cape Charles Light-House, cut the submarine telegraph between Cherrystone and Old Point — in fine, gave the Federals so much trouble and annoyance that Brigadier-General Wistar was sent to Matthews and neighboring counties for the express purpose of capturing him. Wistar's force for this purpose consisted of one regi-

ment of negro infantry, two of white cavalry, and one battalion of artillery; also three gunboats in North river, three in East river, two on the Pianketank, and one or two off New Point Comfort. Doubtless General Wistar did not know that he was sent with this formidable army to contend against an Acting Master, whose force, all told, consisted of eighteen marines, backed by a fleet of two small sail-boats!

It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that Wistar succeeded in the object of his expedition; and about the middle of November, 1863, BEALL and his whole party were captured and taken to Fort McHenry, where their leader was thrown into irons as a pirate. The Confederate Government retaliated, and confined an equal number of Federal prisoners as hostages, subject to the same fate and treatment. Attention was thus called to the matter, and upon finding that BEALL was a regularly commissioned officer and his men regularly enlisted, General B. F. Butler, then commanding the department, released them from manacles and had them placed upon the footing of regular prisoners of war. Subsequently they were all exchanged, and returned to Richmond.

BEALL had laid before Secretary Mallory sundry communications looking to the successful development of various resources of the Confederacy as yet untouched, and which might be resorted to without diminishing the material then in use. He asked no men who were not, like himself, from wounds or other causes, exempt from military duty, and such as he himself could recruit. His schemes had in them something of romantic daring. They embraced, 1st, privateering on the waters of the Chesapeake, Potomac, York, and adjacent waters; 2d, privateering on the Northern lakes, and releasing the Confederate prisoners confined on Johnson's Island; 3d, the employment of the large number of escaped prisoners and Southern refugees in Canada by transferring them, secretly, to the Indian country, in the north of Minnesota and adjacent territory, and thence stirring up the tribes against the United States.

In the first of these enterprises he had already succeeded in withdrawing from the field of more active operations a force of the enemy entirely out of proportion to the small number engaged in effecting this diversion. The project of releasing the prisoners on Johnson's Island Mr. Mallory ostensibly discouraged; subsequently, however, and without giving BEALL either the credit of

its suggestion or an opportunity to participate, he secretly prepared an expedition to operate from Canada as a base, and placed it under charge of Lieutenant Wilkinson of the Navy. This expedition was attended with that almost fatality of ill-success which seemed to beset the enterprises undertaken by Mr. Mallory. Not only was it a failure, but its disclosure to the enemy put him upon his guard, and rendered any future attempt upon Johnson's Island well-nigh hopeless. BEALL, however, did not despair, nor abandon the idea of releasing the prisoners on Johnson's Island by a demonstration from Canada. In the spring of 1864 he quietly left Richmond, crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and made his way in disguise to Canada. He was there joined by Bennett G. Burleigh, a young Scotchman, the son of a master mechanic of Glasgow. He had come to America to join the cause of the Southern States; had run the blockade from New York to Richmond, where, having no one to vouch for him, he soon found himself in Castle Thunder. He had in his pocket the model or draft of a submarine battery, the invention of his father, which he wished to lay before some competent authority of the Confederate States; and after many unsuccessful efforts to obtain his release, was finally taken before the celebrated Captain John Brooke, inventor of the Brooke cannon, planner of the ram "Virginia," and discoverer of the deep-sea sounding-lead. Burleigh was released by recommendation of Captain Brooke, and joined BEALL in his first expedition on the Chesapeake, was captured, and effected his escape from prison by an act of extraordinary hardihood and daring. He and BEALL again met in Canada, and he at once consented to join the expedition against Johnson's Island. This attempt was made by a band of Southern refugees from Canada, with BEALL at their head, on the 19th of September 1864. The result is thus briefly told in BEALL's diary:—

RAID ON LAKE ERIE.

Immediately on my arrival in Canada, I went to Colonel Thompson at Toronto, and made application to start a privateer on Lake Huron. He informed me of a plan to take the *Michigan* (14 guns), and release the Confederate officers confined at Johnson's Island. I immediately volunteered, and went to Sandusky, Ohio, to meet Captain Cole, the leader. We arranged our plans,

and separated. Cole stayed at Sandusky. I came to Windsor to collect men and carry them to the given point. On Monday morning we started, some from Detroit, some from Sandwich, some from Amherstburg. When off Kelly's Island, I seized the *Philo Parsons*, and mustering my men, found only some twenty there.

We went back to Middle Bass Island to procure wood and wait for the time when the steamer *Island Queen* came up, and we took her. I then started back to attack the *Michigan*, when seventeen of my twenty men mutinied, and refused to go forward, and this necessitated my turning back, thus abandoning Cole to be hung, a most cowardly and dishonorable affair.

As he afterwards suffered death for this attack on Johnson's Island, it may not be amiss to publish here his own defence, contributed by him to a Canadian journal after his return to that province:—

"*Communication to a Canadian Journal.*

"MR. EDITOR:—You condemn the conduct of those who captured the two steamers on Lake Erie as infringing the laws of Canada. Cognizant of the facts, I wish to present them to you, hoping to win you to reserve your decision.

"The United States is carrying on war on Lake Erie against the Confederate States (either by virtue of right or sufferance from you), by transportation of men and supplies on its waters; by confining Confederate prisoners on its islands; and lastly, by the presence of a 14-gun steamer patrolling its waters. The Confederates clearly have the right to retaliate, provided they can do so without infringing your laws. They did *not* infringe those laws; for, first, the plan for this attack was matured and sought to be carried out in the United States, and not in Canada; there was not a Canadian, or any man enlisted in Canada. Secondly, no act of hostility was committed on Canadian waters or soil. Any man may lawfully come into or leave Canada as he may please, and no foreign Government can complain of the exercise of this right here. These men embarked on an American vessel from Detroit, or sprang on it while in motion, from Canadian wharves. The boat did not properly *stop* at Sandwich, or Amherstburg at all, as the Customs will show. It touched at two American ports, and was not captured until within range of the thirty-pounder Parrott

guns of the fourteen-gun steamer. What act of hostility had been committed up to this time? Another boat, containing thirty or forty United States soldiers, was captured in an American port. After wooding up, the *Philo Parsons* proceeded to the mouth of Sandusky Bay for the purpose of attacking the *Michigan*, when six-sevenths of the crew refused to do duty, and thus necessitated the abandonment of the enterprise.

"3dly. What is this *Michigan* that she cannot be attacked? Is the fact that she carries thirteen more guns than the treaty stipulation between the United States and England allows, a sufficient reason why she is not to be subject to attack? England allows this boat to remain guarding Confederate prisoners, though she carries an armament in violation of the treaty.

"Before these men are condemned, judge if they have broken your laws. No 'murder' was committed; indeed not a life was lost. There was no searching of prisoners, no 'robbing.' It is true the boats were abused; but, Sir, they were captured by Confederates, enemies of the United States, and however questionable the taste, the right is clear. These men were not 'burglars' or 'pirates,' enemies of mankind, unless hatred and hostility to the Yankees be taken as a sin against humanity or a crime against civilization."

On their return to Canada, after this expedition, BEALL escaped detection, but Burleigh was arrested, and surrendered to the authorities of the United States under the *extradition treaty* between the two countries. In the end, however, he escaped from prison, made his way back to Canada, and thence across the Atlantic to his native Scotland.

BEALL was less fortunate. On the 16th day of December, 1864, he fell into the hands of the enemy. Raids from Canada into the territory of the United States were the order of the day. Lieutenant Bennet H. Young, at the head of ten or twelve Confederates, had ridden into the town of St. Albans, robbed one or more banks, attempted to fire the town, and finally galloped over the border into Canada. The raid on Lake Erie has been already described. The relations between the United States and Canada were becoming more and more precarious.

Major-General John A. Dix, an officer of the United States army, who, though removed from the field in 1863 for real or supposed incompetency, was possessed of acknowledged adminis-

trative and police ability, was now in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at New York city. He issued an order declaring that in all future cases the raiders should be *pursued across the border*, captured, and brought back to the jurisdiction of the outraged territory. This exasperated the Canadians in turn, and President Lincoln had to interpose and rescind the obnoxious order. It was about this time that BEALL, in conjunction with several escaped Confederate prisoners then in Toronto, conceived the plan of the raid which resulted in his capture.

The party, however, when the scheme became ripe for execution, comprised many Canadians, and numbered in all from twenty-five to thirty persons. The scheme was to capture a military train on the New York and Erie Railroad, between Dunkirk and Buffalo, in the State of New York. The party was to rendezvous at or near Dunkirk, some proceeding thither directly by rail, and others were to cross Lake Erie in boats from the Canadian shore. Many disappointments ensued from the unfavorable weather and other causes, and many of the party failed in getting to the rendezvous, being disheartened by repeated failures or deterred by prudence and timidity. Finally the party dwindled down to five, who found themselves about the 10th of December in and near Buffalo, and proceeded thence towards Dunkirk, and made an ineffectual effort to remove a rail from the track. Failing in this they crossed Lake Erie, and proceeded to Port Colburn in Canada. The next night a second attempt was made, and a second failure ensued. On the third evening the party were again too late to fasten any effectual obstruction upon the railway; unfortunately, for themselves at least, Colonel Martin of the 14th Kentucky Cavalry, who was in command, took an iron rail which he found lying in the vicinity and fastened it on the track. Scarcely had he done so when the train was seen approaching. The party had only time to conceal themselves. Nothing was broken; only a temporary stoppage occurred, and the train resumed its course. The raiders returned to Buffalo, and proceeded thence to the Suspension Bridge. At this point BEALL was arrested while waiting on the American side for the arrival of the train to carry him across the bridge. He could easily have escaped arrest by crossing on foot, as did his companions, except the boy Anderson, who afterwards purchased his own exemption by betraying and testify-

ing against his leader. It was, indeed, through anxiety for the safety of this boy that BEALL was captured. He and Anderson were taken to New York city, and confined at police headquarters, until he was fully identified as the leader of the expedition against Johnson's Island, by Ashley, the clerk of the *Philo Parsons*.

During this period of his confinement he kept a diary, which afterwards came into my possession, and which is exceedingly interesting. On the 5th of January, 1864, he was removed to Fort Lafayette, a military prison situated eight miles below the city, in New York harbor. On the 20th he was arraigned for trial before a military commission consisting of six United States officers, appointed by Major-General John A. Dix, commanding the Department of the East. BEALL objected to being tried by a military commission, though he did not object to the members of the one before whom he was arraigned. His protest was entered on the record. When asked whether he was ready to proceed to trial, he rose, and in a manner perfectly composed and respectful, replied substantially as follows: "I am a stranger in a strange land — alone and among my enemies; no counsel has been assigned me, nor has any opportunity been given me either to obtain counsel or procure evidence necessary for my defence. I would request that such counsel as I may select in the South be assigned me, and that permission be granted him to appear and bring forward the documentary evidence necessary for my defence. If this can not be granted, I ask further time for preparation." A report of the arraignment and of the prisoner's remarks appearing in the New York journals was brought to my attention, and I addressed a letter to General Dix from Toronto, Canada West, requesting permission to go on to New York to defend my friend. My letter received no reply. I forwarded, however, the proper documentary evidence of his regular commission in the Confederate States navy.

It is proper to state further that BEALL did succeed, through counsel or otherwise, in communicating with Colonel Thompson, the Confederate agent in Canada, and that the latter responded, inclosing to General Dix, and also to BEALL'S counsel, a certificate from Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, who commanded the raiding party, in which the latter stated that the real object of the interception of the cars between Dunkirk and Buffalo was to release from their guard Confederate prisoners, viz., Brigadier-Generals Cabell, Marmaduke, and other officers, who were being transported

from Johnson's Island to Fort Warren; that he (Martin) did not explain the real object of the attack on the train to any of his command but his brother officer BEALL, but left the others to their own conjectures upon the subject. This certificate of Colonel Martin was not allowed in evidence by the Commission; nor had BEALL opportunity to prove, as he could have done under the usual facilities for obtaining evidence and preparing his defence, that when the train was stopped there was on board thereof the prisoners above mentioned, and that the want of time to make the obstruction effective was all that prevented an attack upon the guard and an attempt to release the prisoners; this latter fact was contained in the certificate of Colonel Martin already alluded to.

Thus, without counsel, and debarred from those opportunities for defence which before civil tribunals are allowed to those charged with the highest crimes known to the law, was BEALL being hurried to his pre-adjudged doom. At this juncture James T. Brady, Esq., although not permitted by law to receive any compensation for his services, generously came forward and undertook the defence. Those who had long admired the intellect were now taught to appreciate with equal admiration the courage and generosity of James T. Brady. 'Tis something to be a great lawyer, but it is a much higher attribute to be a good man.

On the 1st of February 1865, BEALL was again brought before the Commission, arraigned and tried. Mr. Brady made an able defence upon the facts, which were proved substantially, as before related in this sketch. The charges were two: violating the laws of war by carrying on irregular and unlawful warfare as a guerilla, and acting as a spy. The Judge-Advocate admitted from the proofs that "BEALL was a rebel officer, and that all he did was authorized by Mr. Davis." For his vindication in history, this admission, based upon the evidence, is perhaps all that it is necessary to publish. As to whether, under the technical rules of war, he was guilty of the charges preferred, it is scarcely worth while to consider.

On the 8th of February, 1865, he was found guilty of both charges by the Commission, and condemned to death. On the 14th General Dix approved their sentence, and ordered his execution between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M., on the 18th of the same month (February, 1865).

Accordingly, and with a view to his execution, he was removed

from Fort Lafayette to Fort Columbus, the latter being situated on Governor's Island, immediately off New York city. Here he was placed in a dungeon, narrow and gloomy, in the interior of the fort. Into this cell no gleam of God's sun had ever penetrated. A little pine table was his escritoire. Papers were allowed to be brought him by the guard. Through the same channel he obtained writing material, while his friends supplied him with books. Over all fell his only light from a solitary gas-burner. His health, we have seen, was delicate; a suppurating wound is not a well of life, nor are Lafayette and Columbus very good *hôtels des invalides*.

It was only on the 13th of February that he was notified of the finding of the Commission. At what period, during the four days which General Dix allowed him to prepare for death, he was notified of the order for his execution, I am not informed, nor under what circumstances this announcement was made. It was accompanied by a recommendation on the part of General Dix to the prisoner to make his will, and facilities were afforded accordingly. How he met the announcement has not been made public. We are at no loss, however, to infer his bearing from the account given by Mr. Brady, who saw him on the eve before his intended execution. Mr. Brady declares in a letter now before me:—"I never before saw a human being whose composure in meeting his doom was equally perfect, while at the same time he displayed nothing of the bravo."

There were not wanting friends to intervene in his behalf for the purpose of obtaining a reprieve or pardon. Conspicuous among these, two were most untiring and devoted, James A. L. McClure, Esq., and Albert Ritchie, Esq., of Baltimore. From the time they learned of his capture and identification, until they laid him to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, these gentlemen spared neither money nor effort, and shrank from no danger nor responsibility in their endeavor to serve him. No stone was left unturned, and to the extent of a short respite for six days they were successful. During this interval every effort was brought to bear to influence the President, or General Dix, either of whom had the power to interpose, but all intercessions were in vain. For days before the execution the President closed the doors of the executive palace against all suppliants, male or female, and his ears against all appeals, whether with the tongue of men or of

angels, in behalf of his unfortunate prisoner. From the first Mr. Lincoln had responded to all applications: "General Dix may dispose of the case as he pleases. I will not interfere."

General Dix, on his part, replied:—"All now rests with the President. As far as my action is concerned, there is not a gleam of hope!"

Thus they stood as the pillars of the gallows on which BEALL'S fate was suspended, and between them he died.

At some period during the respite spoken of, Mrs. Beall, having come on from Virginia, had an opportunity to visit her son. The character of their interview, which took place in the presence of officers, was naturally affecting, though both exhibited that degree of composed fortitude which might have been expected from their characters. The son derived from it great comfort, for, said he afterwards:—"I saw the moment she entered the cell that she could bear it, and that it made no difference to her whether I died upon the scaffold or fell upon the field." He gave her no ground to hope for final pardon for himself. "No!" said he, "they are thirsting for my blood!" And thus parted mother and son, to meet again only in that realm where the changed and spotless are clothed in the transcendent beauty of immortal and incorruptible spirits.

Thus we find BEALL in Fort Columbus, face to face with his doom, all hope extinguished, every avenue of mercy or escape closed. His friends told him there was still a slight gleam of hope. He responded that he himself entertained none, nor would exchange, he declared, the penalty of death for the living death of perpetual or indefinite imprisonment; he preferred an open grave to a vault.

General Dix allowed his friends to visit him freely. Ministers of his own Church brought him the holy unction of their message, and those of other denominations called on similar errands. The Rev. Joshua Van Dyke visited him on the day before his execution, and writes: "I found him to be all that you had described him, and much more. He was confined in a narrow and gloomy cell, with a lamp burning at midday; but he received me with as much ease as if he were in his own parlor, and his conversation revealed at every turn the gentleman, the scholar and the Christian. There was no bravado, no strained heroism, no excitement in his words or manner, but a quiet trust in God, and a composure

in view of death such as I have read of but never beheld to the same degree before. He introduced the subject of his approaching end himself, saying that while he did not pretend to be indifferent to life, the mode in which he was to leave it had no terrors or ignominy for him; he could go to heaven through the grace of Christ as well from the gallows as from the battle-field, or his own bed; he died in defence of what he believed to be right; and so far as the particular things for which he was to be executed were concerned, he had no confession to make or repentance to exercise. He did not use one bitter or angry expression towards his enemies, but calmly declared his conviction that he was to be executed contrary to the laws of civilized warfare. He accepted his doom as the will of God."

Doctor Weston, chaplain of the 7th New York regiment, visited him on the 18th of February, the day whence a respite deferred his execution to the 24th of the same month, and BEALL received him "with marked courtesy." He found him provided with a Bible, but without a prayer-book. Yet, (as he tells us in his diary) as early as the 29th of December, the doorman of the police headquarters had bought him "a Book of Common Prayer for $1.00." What then had become of it, that on the morning first appointed for his execution he had no prayer-book? It is almost too sadly sacred to relate. He had sent it, a gift of life from the hands of death, to his betrothed!

His Bible had been obtained in prison; upon opening it at random his eyes fell first upon these sublime verses: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal." He had written on the margin several hymns — old hymns, which stand in relation to the prayer-book collection as the essential oil to the remainder of the plant.

His friend, Mr. Ritchie, visited him on Thursday, the day preceding his execution, which was fixed for Friday the 24th.

The jailor, Major Coggswell, U. S. A., exacted a promise that he would not furnish the condemned man with any instrument by which he could take his own life. Mr. Ritchie related this promise to BEALL, who replied (throwing his left foot over his knee, and tapping it with his finger), "In my left shoe here I have had

all the time a little steel saw, with which I could have opened a vein at any moment, had I wished to do so, and I should like you to remind me of it in the morning."

This little saw, made of a steel watch-spring, and which was found on experiment to go through iron with rapidity and ease, was cut from between the double upper-leathers of his shoe after his death; indeed, two of them were so found.

The morning of the 24th of February opened fairly. Mr. Ritchie had spent the preceding night in the fort, and until midnight had remained in the cell with BEALL. On Wednesday night he had slept soundly, and happy dreams of home and childhood had visited him. But on Thursday night the tooth-ache, to which he was subject, and with which he was suffering when arrested, attacked him again, and to some extent robbed him of his last night on earth. He would have liked some laudanum, he said, to still the pain, but declined to ask for it for fear of being misunderstood. Nothing, however, disturbed the tranquillity of his soul.

The execution was ordered between twelve and two. Messrs. McClure and Ritchie were left in the cell with the prisoner alone uninterruptedly for about an hour. This time was spent in calm, quiet, pleasant conversation. Old friends were inquired after, old scenes recalled, and the circumstances connected with his own participation in the raid on Lake Erie, and on the Dunkirk and Buffalo railway, gone over. He spoke of his approaching death, and gave directions for the disposition of his body. He dictated his own epitaph, which was to be:—"Died in defence of his country."

As the hour waned, McClure looked at his watch. BEALL noticed the movement, smiled, and inquired the hour. It was twelve o'clock. The execution, by the order, was to take place between twelve and two. His voyage was, therefore, drawing rapidly to a close. The sails could be seen in heaven coming up from the under-world. Destiny was making the last entry in the log-book of life. The harbor and the steeples of the city were in sight.

Very soon Major Coggswell came in to bid his prisoner farewell. This officer himself had once been held in Richmond as a hostage, with the sword of Damocles above him, and he could, therefore, sympathize with a soldier under similarly trying circumstances.

Like all around him, also, he had been drawn into the magnetic circle of BEALL'S friendship.

After partaking of some nourishment, which Dr. Weston and Mr. McClure shared with him, BEALL was left alone with his spiritual adviser. After him, the officers of the law entered to make the customary preparations. While the officers were performing their mournful duty, BEALL addressed them:—"All I ask," said he, "is that there be no unnecessary consumption of time in the execution; for, after all, it will be to me but a mere muscular effort."

His friends returned to find him hooded, and a black mantle thrown over his shoulders. Mr. McClure, not observing that his hands were fastened behind him, offered his hand. "I cannot shake hands," said he, smiling; "I am pinioned."

He had dressed himself upon this morning with unusual neatness. His linen was white and clean, and his black silk cravat was gracefully tied beneath a rolling collar. He wore a new pair of dog-skin gloves of saffron color. Just the extremities of his fingers protruded from the blue military cloth cape thrown over his shoulders, which entirely concealed the manacles on his wrists, and the noose about his neck. Upon his head was placed the fatal cap, the blackness of which heightened by contrast the whiteness of the martyr-face beneath it. This face, naturally colorless, was blanched by long and solitary confinement. It was smooth, white, and almost transparently clear. The eyes, whose dulness or suffusion always betrays weeping, nervous agitation, or a sleepless night, were as clear, bright, and calm as an infant's. As he stepped from the threshold of his cell they began to beam, until they shone with an unusual and unearthly splendor.

As he passed out, he turned to Messrs. McClure and Ritchie and said:—"Good-bye, boys; I die in the hope of a resurrection, and in defence of my country!"

The gallows was erected on a gentle slope at the lower extremity of Governor's Island, facing to the south, within one hundred yards of the sea. It was a contribution from the civil authorities. On it they had executed a negro (Hawkins) for murder, a Yankee slave-trader (Gordon), and a pirate (Hicks). There was no drop, but a chair was placed directly under the rope, which ran through an aperture, and along a groove or series of pulleys in the beam above; the other end falling into a rude box, or shanty, where it

had connection with a heavy weight, which by the severance of a subordinate line would bring the noose up with a swift jerk to the top of the gallows-tree. Up and down in the interior of the enclosure containing the weight, paced the man whose business it was to cut the short line supporting it at the signal. This executioner himself was no ordinary Abhorson. He was (it is stated) a *deserter*, long confined on the Island, whose pardon was promised as a reward for the faithful discharge of the hangman's office. It is to portray the temper of the times that history demands these details.

At a little past one o'clock the cortége passed out of the arched sallyport of Fort Columbus. BEALL'S fellow-prisoners were ordered to their cells, and the doors of the Fort were closed. The band struck up the death-march, and the solemn procession moved forward. BEALL caught the step of the regulars, and moved with them. He was a soldier, and knew how to keep step even to the music of his own death-dirge; but his step was lighter than that of the heavy soldiery. Suddenly, upon a little eminence overlooking the spot and instrument of execution, the procession calls a halt. What does it mean? The victim's face is turned full upon the gallows, and upon the rough pine coffin at its foot. "Oh, this is cruel and cowardly!" exclaims one of his two faithful friends who are following afar off. BEALL might avert his face; but he is a soldier, and will not do it. For nine solid minutes, by the watch, he is kept face to face with the gallows, and *tête-à-tête* with his own coffin. He had asked only that there might be no unnecessary delay. Here is an unexplained, an apparently causeless, a possibly wanton delay. For a single instant the thought sinks into his heart, and the waters from the fountains of bitterness well up to his face. The expression is so transient, however, that it escapes the priest and all the reporters; only the friend who knows him so well detects it. There is no discomposure, no blenching, no dismay, no revived hope of life, no relaxation of indifference to death, depicted in this brief change of expression. After the first moment that this unaccountable and unaccounted for suspense lasts, the face of the victim, upon which the sea-breeze plays, is serene and peaceful. The multitude, who, to the number of from three hundred and fifty to five hundred, had assembled to witness the execution, are appalled at this delay; but now BEALL himself no longer regards it. He does not see the

crowd around him. Once or twice he has smiled at their eager curiosity; now he no longer regards them at all. He asks the direction of Fort Lafayette, and remarks that he has many kind friends there. He looks smilingly over the gibbet across the waters of the bay to the hills of Staten Island, and the mountains of New Jersey beyond; thence to the soft blue sky on which they are projected; and finally, up to the glorious god of day himself. Then he exclaims:—"How beautiful the sun is! I look upon it for the last time!"

Again the march is resumed, and the victim passes into the hollow square around the scaffold. Before stepping upon it, he turns with a smile to Dr. Weston, and remarks:—"As some author has said, we may be as near God on the scaffold as elsewhere. He may be thinking of the sainted Abbot of Aquila, "who wished to be buried under a gallows, and it was done."

Mounting to the platform, the prisoner takes his seat upon the chair immediately under the fatal rope. The Adjutant of the post commences to read the charges, specifications, and the orders of General Dix for his execution. BEALL, little dreaming of the test to which he is to be subjected, rises respectfully when the reading is commenced. But finding that, instead of the *last* and briefest order for his execution, the whole prolix and unsoldierly pronunciamento of General Dix is to be gone through with, he deliberately draws up a chair with his foot, and resumes his seat. When he hears himself designated as a citizen of the "Insurgent State of Virginia," his smile grows intensely sad and significant. He sees now the men before him no longer as his own executioners only, but as the executioners of a sovereign State—his own beloved Virginia; and he smiles not in derision, but in protest and remonstrance. At the point where the General denounces his heroic attempt to rescue three thousand fellow-soldiers as "piracy," he again smiles; but when he is accused as a "guerilla," of attempting "to destroy the lives and property of peaceable and unoffending inhabitants," he mournfully shakes his head in denial. Finally, when the Adjutant reaches the concluding passage of the order in which General Dix descants thus:—"The Major-General commanding feels that a want of firmness and inflexibility on his part, in executing the sentence of death in such a case, would be an offence against the outraged civilization and humanity of the age," the reporters declare that "the prisoner

seems to be reminded of some amusing incident in his military experience." The truth is, BEALL hears in the hypocritical cant of General Dix that officer's self-condemnation, and knows that every breath which the commanding General draws is in default of the penalty which he himself attaches to the violation of the laws of civilized warfare. Even the executioner grows impatient, and cannot endure this ordeal:—"Cut it short! Cut it short!" cries he, "the Captain wishes to be swung off quick!" The crowd murmurs, and the reporters call his eagerness to perform his office "brutality." They mistake — he means it in kindness.

The reading over, BEALL promptly rises and announces his readiness. Then reverently turning to Dr. Weston, he bows his head, while over him falls from the lips of the minister, like a spotless mantle, the benediction of the Church's ritual:—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you and sustain you!"

His manner throughout has been one of respectful attention. But when he mounts the scaffold, and sits down under the fatal coil, he turns his back upon the Adjutant while he is reading, and faces in the opposite direction. This attitude he does not change. What does it mean? His face is turned upon his own beloved South. Far over waters, mountains, valleys, and intervening hills, through the deep azure sky travel his thoughts to the land of chivalrous deeds and political ideas, which, rightly understood, gather in their scope the eternal years of God's own truth, and for which no man should hesitate to die. As the martyr sets his face towards Jerusalem, so this hero, dying for the faith of his fathers, turns his face upon the South. Thus he faces when the last duty save that of the executioner is performed. The provost-marshal asks him whether he has anything to say. Turning upon the officer of the day, he speaks in a calm, firm voice: "I protest against the execution of this sentence. It is a murder! I die in the service and defence of my country! I have nothing more to say."

A moment after a sword-flash is seen behind him, which is the signal to the executioner, and the hero's soul is free.

Thus died in the thirty-first year of his age, on the scaffold, JOHN YATES BEALL.

His body, after death, was given to his two faithful friends, whose devotion had halted at no sacrifice in their efforts to save

his life, and they laid it privately to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, near New York city.

His death-scene, as described not alone by his friends who were present, and by the letters to his family and myself of James T. Brady, Esq., and Dr. Weston, but as reported by his enemies, was one of the sublimest spectacles in history. It exhibited courage without bravado, tenderness without weakness, resignation without stoicism, a protest against what he considered a murder without resentment against the murderers. It united to ease dignity; to manliness a sense of responsibility; composure to freedom. It combined at once firmness, self-possession, inflexibility, patience, intellectuality, fortitude, and cheerfulness. It was all that his friends could hope, or Christianity demand; all that his country could be proud of in chivalry, or his enemies dread in the example of martyrdom.

A. RUSSELL MEEM,

Post-Surgeon, Mount Jackson, Virginia.

Dr. ANDREW RUSSELL MEEM, eldest son of John G. and Eliza C. Meem, of Lynchburg, was born in Abingdon, Virginia, on the 27th of June, 1821, and was related through his mother to some of the oldest and most distinguished families, one of whom, the Campbells of West Virginia, were lineal descendants of the noble English house of that name.

In 1837 young MEEM was sent to the University of Virginia, where he remained over a year; thence proceeding to Princeton College, New Jersey, where he graduated with distinction; afterwards attending the Jefferson Medical School, in Philadelphia, and receiving in '44 the degree of M. D. In the spring following he was united in marriage to Ann, daughter of Gabriel Jordan, of Page county, Virginia, and subsequently repaired to his father's estate in Shenandoah, where he practised his profession successfully, and presided as the hospitable and genial host, until called to sterner duties by the harsh necessities of war.

In July '56 he was tendered the appointment of Surgeon on board the clipper *Ocean Foam*, destined to ply between the East

Indies and New York, with the inducement of a larger salary and flattering advantages; but as it was expected to remain on cruise thirty months, he declined, on account of the delicate health of his mother. In '56 and '57 he was appointed by Governor Wise a member of the Board of Visitors to the Virginia Military Institute, and also Proxy of the Manassas Gap Railroad, of which he was afterwards made Director. In '60 he was again appointed by Governor Letcher, Visitor of the Virginia Military Institute; and in the spring and summer of '61 was engaged in recruiting for the Wise Legion, until commissioned full Surgeon in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and ordered to take charge of the general hospital then under construction at Mount Jackson, in close vicinity to his home.

On the advance of Banks's army up the Valley, however, this post was abandoned, and the sick removed to East Virginia. Dr. MEEM was then ordered to take charge of two hospitals in Lynchburg, where he remained until October '63, when it was decided to re-open those at Mount Jackson. This enabled him to spend the winter near his family; but on the advance of the Federals in the spring following, he again removed his sick, and established his headquarters at Harrisonburg, in Rockingham county. The change was but temporary. In '64 he was again transferred to Mount Jackson, and again compelled to close the hospital on the occasion of Sheridan's advance up the Valley. It was not long after his second return to Harrisonburg that he was seized with an alarming attack of gastritis, from which he expired on the 26th day of February, 1865, after four days of intense and unmitigated suffering.

The rapid advance of the Federals at this time made it impossible for his family to hear of his illness or be present at his death. His remains were therefore taken in charge by the Masons (of which body he was a Royal Arch), and temporarily interred in the little cemetery near the town. In November following, the body was removed and placed by the side of his mother in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Lynchburg.

Dr. MEEM was a man of striking and splendid physique; of fine, athletic proportions, and great muscular strength. He was fond of our-door sports, and particularly the chase, in which he excelled, evincing always great skill and prowess. The writer has seen the halls of Mount Airy hung with antlers, the trophies

of a day's sport in the mountains. He was likewise devoted to music and flowers, cultivating both with assiduous care. No warbling bird could raise its morning song or evening carol at his window that he did not pause to drink in the melody, and we have seen him stoop to study the lowliest flower that lifted its dewy head in his pathway. Indeed, his rare and varied accomplishments of mind, his handsome person, his kind, genial, sunny nature which seemed to reach out to all mankind, made him at once the pride and delight of the drawing-room circle, and alas! the very idol of those dearest to his heart, in the far more privileged circle of home.

Dark and desolate indeed became that home when on a dreary, wintry night, through storm and darkness, came the kind and friendly messenger who bore to his wife and children the fearful news of his death. Unexpected indeed was the blow to those who had parted with him but a few days previous in all the vigor of manly strength and glowing health. He went down to the grave beloved and lamented by all who knew him, and by none more than the sick and wounded soldiers who had been the objects of his professional care. Of the latter, they who yet survive will doubtless carry through life most grateful and tender recollections of the prompt and unwearied attention, the earnest sympathy and the thoughtful kindness of their devoted Surgeon, ANDREW RUSSELL MEEM.

He fell not as so many fell,
'Mid the rude sound of shot and shell;
Yet nobly at his post as well.
Aye, nobly laid his brave heart down,
Where grateful lips his worth might own —
Their tender praise his spirit's crown.

GRATZ COHEN,

Volunteer Aide to Acting Brigadier-General, G. P. Harrison.

GRATZ COHEN, the only son of Hon. Solomon Cohen and Miriam Gratz Cohen, was born in the city of Savannah, Georgia, November 3d, 1814. His childhood was cloudless and happy, and his gentle nature, calm temper, brilliant intellect and studious

Grätz Cohen

habits, gave early promise of a future honorable to himself and useful to his fellows.

He was well grounded in the English, French, German, and Latin languages, but the coming war called him from his studies before he had reached seventeen years of age. Early in June 1861, at his earnest entreaties, his parents permitted him to enter the Savannah Artillery as a private, and in that capacity he served for three months; and, boy as he was, he performed faithfully every duty of the common soldier, winning the love and respect of his comrades by his gentleness and intelligence, and the approval of his officers by his fidelity and zeal. At this time the State of Georgia raised two brigades for the defence of the seaboard, and GRATZ was appointed Aide, with rank of Captain, on the staff of General George P. Harrison, commanding a brigade of State troops. This position he held for eight months, when he was incapacitated for further service by "a deep-seated inflammation in the ligatures of both feet."

He was then sent to the Georgia Military Academy; but had to leave after a short stay, from inability to perform the drill and other duties of a cadet. In October, 1862, he entered the University of Virginia, and remained there the whole of that and the greater part of the next session, when, on the advice of his physician, he returned home, and devoted himself to literary pursuits, which he dearly loved, and the study of the law under the tuition of his father.

His stay at the University was rendered peculiarly agreeable from the hospitality of the citizens of the community, and from the love and respect of his Professors and fellow-students. He was elected President of the Jefferson Society by a unanimous vote; and during his second session he was appointed to deliver an address to those students who, having reached eighteen, were called to leave the quiet shades of their Alma Mater for the sterner duties of the battle-field. The address was in poetry, and is as follows, he being then only nineteen:—

An Address to certain students of the University of Virginia who were about to depart for the army, by GRATZ COHEN, *a student of the University; written at the request of his fellow-students:—*

Go where glory waits you. 'Twas thus the poet said;
The cry is echoed back to us in voices of the dead:
"Go, for your soldier brothers need you at their side;
Go, fight as we have fought and die as we have died."

If need there be, a thousand deaths were better than disgrace;
Better that every man should die than live a conquered race;
Better a grave on the battle-field, a martyred hero's fame,
Than all the acres in the land a legacy of shame.

Go where duty calls you. 'Tis written with the blood
Of brothers, friends and kinsmen, the noble and the good,
On every field of battle and on every mourner's heart:
If ye be men and Southrons, shall another do your part?

Another fight for your sisters, your mothers, sweethearts, wives?
Are peace and safety to be bought with hired soldiers' lives?
Turn then the leaves of history, learn the lessons they unfold,
That blessings, such as these we seek, cannot be gained with gold.

Go where our noble soldiers stem the invading tide;
Go where Right opposes Might, where justice strives with pride;
Go where your country needs you, where the foe is ten to one:
The Lord of Hosts will lead you through whom all things are done.

The race is neither to the swift nor the battle to the strong,
For God doth give the victory and right o'ercomes the wrong;
Then cast ye off all selfishness, show your worthiness to God,
And choose the dangers of the fight before the conqueror's rod.

Holy and tender memories call ye: Go.
Who has not lost some friend in childhood loved,
Some brave and generous youth too soon laid low,
Whose fate untimely has our anguish moved?

Who hath not had the chains of friendship riven,
And many of its links forever lost? —
Or rather we may say transferred to Heaven,
Where Jackson's leader of the martyr-host.

Who that is brave or true that does not feel
That such as these, whose earthly work is done,
To every Southern heart do still appeal,—
"Fight on, fight on, until the victory's won"?

Have Bartow, Bee, and Johnston died in vain?
Shall Shiloh and Manassas yield no fruit?
Must we submit to Yankee rule again,
And blast the tree of Freedom, branch and root,

Which we have watered with most precious blood;
Beneath whose shade the bones of heroes lie —
Of heroes, who around the tree have stood,
And did not fear in its defence to die?

Norfolk and New Orleans teach a warning:
Better the land should be one common grave,
Than we the objects of the Yankees' scorning —
The shackled subjects of the negro slave.

All that we prize on earth or hope in Heaven
Inspires us to hasten to the fight,
Nor stop until the peace we seek is given,
And Victory yields her laurels to the right.

In the summer of 1864 he wrote a work of fiction entitled "Edith Brandon," which, after being approved by the literary critic of the publishing-house of Evans & Coggswell, of Columbia, South Carolina, was in their hands for publication on most favorable terms; but it was burned when Sherman, with wanton barbarity, destroyed that beautiful city.

In November 1864, he reached his twentieth year, and in the following month, on the approach of Sherman to Savannah, he determined again to enter the army. When remonstrated with, and reminded of his physical inability and sufferings, he replied, "The enemy have invaded my home, and I must aid in its defence. If I can't stand, I will kneel and fire my rifle."

He left Savannah as volunteer Aide — without pay — on the staff of Colonel P. G. Harrison, Jr., acting Brigadier-General; endured the fatigues, privations, and dangers of that fearful march from the Savannah river to North Carolina, often sleeping on the ground with a single blanket; and, though racked by torturing pains, he uttered no word of complaint. Stern men have often told the writer of this memoir that GRATZ COHEN was ever ready in the hour of danger and trial, that he always had a word of encouragement for the weary and sick, and that in skirmish and battle he sought the post of danger and urged others to follow.

His letters during that period of trial and suffering were full of hope — of pious and trustful hope in God, and resignation to His will; be it (in his own language) a peaceful home or a dismal tomb. He displayed an early piety, a love of God, and a delight in His holy Word.

At the battle of Averysboro' he received from the commander of another brigade a warm and public commendation on the field for his gallantry and cool bravery.

The battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, was fought on the 19th of March, 1865, between Sherman's army and that small and haggard but gallant band under Joseph E. Johnston.

"You are too sick, Mr. COHEN; you cannot endure the fatigue of this battle," said the Surgeon of the division.

"Let me share the danger and the glory of this fight, and I will follow your advice always afterwards," was the reply.

In the afternoon of that day young COHEN was sent by his General to another part of the field to see and report the progress of the battle. He performed the duty, returned to his commander,

and, with a pleasant smile on his face, reported that the enemy were retreating. He had just finished his report when he was instantly killed by a bullet through his head, the smile resting on his beautiful face even in death.

Thus fell one of the noblest spirits who have sanctified the lost cause of Southern Independence.

Two friends buried him on the farm of Mr. Benton, near the battle-field; and in February, 1866, the remains were removed and interred in Laurel Grove Cemetery, near Savannah. His parents have recently erected a chaste and beautiful monument "To our only and beloved son."

GEORGE TUCKER RIVES,

Captain, Company I, 46th Virginia Infantry.

"The roll of Virginia's dead, which a war of four years' duration has recorded, is indeed fearfully long, and embraces the names of her best and bravest children, her choicest treasures. But in the whole list no name will be found which recalls nobler qualities and excites more cherished memories in the hearts of friends, relatives and acquaintances, than the name of TUCKER RIVES." Such was the testimony to the worth of this young officer, given at the time of his death by one who knew him intimately from his childhood until that fatal day.

GEORGE TUCKER RIVES, son of George and Maria F. Rives, of Albemarle county, Virginia, was born February 15th, 1843. The commencement of the war found him in his second session at the University as a student in the academic course, and in the junior Class of Law. Sympathizing in the feeling then prevalent, he abandoned his studies in the spring of 1861, and, then just eighteen years of age, went to the neighborhood of his home to aid in raising a company for the field. This done, at its organization Roberts Coles was elected Captain, Dr. Lewis Randolph 1st Lieutenant, and G. TUCKER RIVES 2d Lieutenant. In July, the company, numbering ninety-nine men, joined General Wise at the White Sulphur Springs, and was assigned to the 46th Virginia Infantry.

The sickness and mortality of that western campaign will not soon be forgotten: among the victims of disease was Lieutenant RIVES. While the Wise brigade was on Sewell Mountain he was stricken down with typhoid fever. He had been for several days suffering with premonitory symptoms, such as general languor and violent headache; but he still answered to the roll-call. Just at this time he was made officer of the day, and though his indisposition was increasing, and a heavy rain was falling, he performed his rounds. The next morning he was so ill as not to be able to walk without assistance. To this too close adherence to principle may be traced in some degree the virulence of his attack. After six or seven weeks of almost constant delirium, during which time he was nursed most tenderly by his parents and a faithful servant, he was restored to partial convalescence. In December our armies withdrew from the country, leaving it open to the incursions of the enemy, and his removal was necessitated. He was brought home feeble as a child, and did not recover his strength until spring.

Meanwhile his company had passed through the disaster of Roanoke Island, in which Captain Coles was killed and the officers and men made prisoners. In the spring of '62 the company was declared exchanged, and Lieutenant Randolph having been appointed surgeon, Lieutenant RIVES was at the reorganization unanimously elected Captain. From that time he was almost constantly with his command, sharing its fortunes until the attack of Butler on our lines near Petersburg in June 1864, when he was shot through the thigh and disabled for several months. In October his wound healed, he rejoined his company, and continued with it until the 29th of March 1865, when he fell gallantly leading his men in the attack of Wise's brigade upon the enemy near Burgess' Mill, about eight miles southward from Petersburg. In that attack our soldiers had pierced two lines of the enemy when they came suddenly upon a third column, hitherto masked by those in their front. At this moment the stoutest hearts began to fail and our line to falter; Captain RIVES sprang forward instantly and endeavored to inspirit his command. Simultaneously the enemy opened a terrific fire, and he fell forward on his face shot through the heart.

The enemy retained possession of the field. Two of Captain RIVES' men sought, in retiring, to carry him off, but found upon

examination that life was extinct, and left the brave young man to sleep on the field of his glory. Two efforts of his family to recover his remains proved unsuccessful.

Though high-toned in all his feelings and principles, TUCKER RIVES was not demonstrative, nor given to self-assertion. He was peculiarly manly and self-poised for a youth of his age, yet averse to excitement. He was possessed of a quiet, unimpassioned courage, however, which discovered itself on all proper occasions. While at College a fellow-student took offence at something he said in a friendly conversation; he at once disavowed the construction placed upon his remark, and for a time endeavored to pacify the gentleman; but finding that peace was not to be restored thus, he demanded that the party should have his satisfaction at once, and stepping into the street with the coolness of manner which always distinguished him, bade him "come on." Thus ended a quarrel which might have seriously interrupted their studies. Swayed by his judgment, and loving moderation and justice, he was early distinguished by his talents for command. In danger he was fearless and remarkably self-possessed, showing the same collected bearing as on ordinary occasions. The sense of duty was always a ruling motive with him; and without making obtrusive professions of patriotism, it is interesting to observe how constant he was to its dictates. He never asked for a furlough but once, and then at a time of inactivity; besides this time he was never absent from his command, except on the two occasions referred to, when on "hospital leave." He was often urged to get a position of less danger than in the infantry, but he gave no heed to the suggestion. In the winters of '64 and '65 his friends were more pressing, and these changes were being sought by many around him. He condemned the practice and deplored the demoralization from which he foresaw the worst results, and determined neither to countenance the one nor contribute to the other. At the close of the winter of '65 it was observed by his friends that his health was greatly impaired by his experience in the trenches, and he was urged to get a sick-furlough; but anticipating the crisis, he refused to leave his post.

Beloved by the men, he held also a high place in the respect and confidence of the officers of his brigade. In a meeting of the officers of the 46th and 34th regiments, held for the purpose of securing the transfer of General Wise from the command of the

"First Military District, Department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia," to his old brigade, Captain RIVES was made chairman, and as such conducted the correspondence. Another instance of official confidence and respect is furnished by the following incident:—While the brigade was in South Carolina, a member of Captain RIVES' company deserted to the enemy, and charges were preferred against another member for aiding and abetting the desertion, and intending himself to desert upon the first opportunity. The testimony was direct and positive, and Captain RIVES was at first thoroughly convinced. But before the meeting of the court-martial he pondered the charges, and then, appearing before the court, stated that while he admitted the force of the evidence, and though he had nothing to oppose to it, he was nevertheless pursuaded in his own mind that the prisoner was innocent, and thought he could give assurance for his conduct in the future if released. To TUCKER RIVES' impressions more was yielded than was warranted by the testimony; but the soldier, remitted to his duty, was faithful even to the end of the war.

The following tribute is from the pen of Major James C. Hill, who, serving in the same regiment, was permanently disabled in the battle of June 17th, 1864, where Captain RIVES also was wounded as already mentioned:—

"SCOTSVILLE, VIRGINIA, *April 12th*, '69.

"GEORGE RIVES, ESQ.

"*My Dear Sir*:— . . . Let me assure you that no one who served with your lamented son, bears testimony to his worth and gallantry with more pleasure than myself.

"In July, 1861, Company I was assigned to the 46th Regiment Virginia Volunteers. With this date my acquaintance with Captain RIVES began. As a 2d Lieutenant, no opportunity was offered to bring prominently to the notice of his associates the rare talent of controlling men, and at the same time gaining their affections, which he in a wider field so conspicuously evinced. In West Virginia he discharged all his duties with alacrity and rigid fidelity. Stricken down by disease, he left the army for several months. In the interim the affair at Roanoke Island occurred, his company losing the gallant, the chivalrous Coles. He rejoined us at Yorktown; and in the month of May 1862, was elected Cap-

tain of his company. From this date we were together without interruption until the 17th June, 1864. I saw him under all circumstances, and knew him thoroughly. As a company commander he was kind but firm and unyielding in discipline, securing the affection and respect of his men, carefully looking after their comfort, and demanding for them all their rights. He was one of the best administrative officers I knew. I served with him on courts-martial, etc., and always found him well informed as to the regulations of the service. In action, he was cool; exhibiting the highest type of courage, calmly discharging his duty under the most terrific fire, and observing with the closest scrutiny the conduct of his men.

"We marched, suffered, and fought together; and it is the verdict of my judgment as well as of my heart, that in the great host of Confederate dead no one served our cause with more fidelity and gallantry than my friend, your noble son.

"With the highest respect, your obedient servant,

"JAMES C. HILL."

WILLIAM H. COCKE,

Assistant Surgeon, 14th Virginia Infantry.

Dr. WILLIAM HENRY COCKE, son of John Cocke, Esq., of Portsmouth, Virginia, was born in that city, March 5th, 1832. As a boy he was known by the sobriquet of "BUCK," and the name attached to him as long as he lived: the fact is mentioned that his friends who may read this sketch may the more readily recognize the man. In his infancy he was a child of suffering, having received an injury in one of his ankles, which after several years of pain and confinement resulted in lameness; this, however, proved to be only temporary. During this trying period he displayed a patience and fortitude which indicated clearly what he would be in maturer life. As he advanced to manhood and his character became more fully developed, he evinced those noble traits which made him so beloved by all who knew him.

Reared and educated by an indulgent father, who was at that time able to furnish him with all the advantages of the best

schools, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, BUCK COCKE was sent to the University of Virginia in 1849, and remained there during three consecutive sessions. As he designed to devote himself to the profession of medicine, his studies were directed to that end. He subsequently attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in medicine in 1853. This done, he returned to Portsmouth and began the practice of his profession.

He had not long to wait for an opportunity to test his abilities as a physician and his courage as a man. The summer of 1855 will long be remembered by the people of Norfolk and Portsmouth, for then appeared that most terrible scourge that ever afflicted this continent, yellow fever. No tongue can describe the consternation which prevailed among the inhabitants of "the twin cities": all who could, fled for safety, for it was counted madness to remain. Dr. COCKE found no difficulty in determining what course he should pursue: he had chosen a noble, self-sacrificing profession, and he took care that no reproach should attach to it by any such act as deserting his post in time of danger. Through the long summer he went about ministering to the sick, careless of his own comfort and regardless of his own safety. At last he was stricken down with the fever, and was conveyed to the United States Naval Hospital, which had been generously appropriated to the use of the sufferers by Mr. Dobbin, then Secretary of the Navy. There, under the kind and skilful treatment of Dr. L. W. Minor, surgeon in charge, and his efficient associates, he was restored to health and usefulness.

After that time Dr. COCKE continued quietly to practise his profession until the breaking out of the war. Being politically of the States' Rights School, true to the instincts of duty which had influenced him during the prevalence of yellow fever, he promptly attached himself as a private to a volunteer company raised in his native city, determined to maintain with his life, if need be, the cause which he had advocated, and which he believed to be a just one.

In 1862, when the evacuation of Portsmouth took place, he followed the Confederate army to Richmond, and participated in several engagements. After returning with his command from the campaign into Maryland, he was appointed Assistant-Surgeon, and assigned to duty with the 14th Virginia Infantry. This office he held with credit to himself until his death.

It was practically at the close of the war when the battle of Five Forks occurred, and Dr. COCKE had done a soldier's duty during the entire period of its continuance. On the bloody field just mentioned, while attending to his wounded men, he was himself wounded and captured, and sent to Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C., where he died of his wounds, April 25th, 1865.

Thus briefly and imperfectly have we sketched the life of one whom nature had prodigally adorned whith her choicest gifts. Brave and kind, genial in his sympathies and generous to a fault, he lived but to endear himself to all. He lived to witness his country's overthrow, but escaped the persecutions and the shame that followed: they who mourn his death are comforted by this reflection.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON PEGRAM,

Colonel of Artillery, 3d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

The life of WILLIAM JOHNSTON PEGRAM affords a notable example of how great a career may be crowded within the compass of few years. In the spring of '61 he entered the military service as a private soldier; in the spring of '65, still a mere lad, he fell in action, Colonel of Artillery, mourned by an army.

Of that career it is difficult to speak worthily within the limits of a brief memoir. For four years it was his fortune to bear no small part in all the great actions of the Army of Northern Virginia. More than once, in desperate and critical events, were grave trusts confided to his prudence, skill, and courage. Thus, to speak soberly, the history of that career is the history of the army to which he belonged.

But it is still more difficult to speak temperately of a character so finely tempered by stern and gentle virtues that it were hard to determine whether his consummate valor won more admiration than his inimitable sweetness of disposition did the affection of friends and comrades.

To those who knew him only as the brilliant fighter, the simplest outline of that character would seem but an ideal picture,

touched by that tenderness which regret so often brings in retrospection; to those who shared with him the rough delights, the toils, the dangers of bivouac, of march, and field of battle, any portrait must seem at best but a blurred picture of the young soldier whose simple, godly, heroic life disdains, as it were, all human panegyric.

To speak of his childhood does not belong to the scope of this memoir.

In October 1860, he matriculated as a student in the University of Virginia, entering the school of Law. He was then nineteen years old, reserved almost to shyness, grave and gracious in his manner, in which there was little of primness and much of the charm of an old-fashioned politeness. His apparent shyness was owing, doubtless, partly to his extreme near-sightedness, partly to the modesty of his nature. To those students who were not his intimates, but happened to meet him occasionally in the rooms of common friends, it was often a matter of wonder and remark how keen a sense of humor there was in this quiet, sober-looking lad, who assuredly yielded to no one in his thorough appreciation of the most delicate witticism.

In the autumn of this year the students determined to organize two companies of infantry, and PEGRAM at once became an active promoter of the enterprise. He entered the first company formed, known as "The Southern Guard," and was appointed 1st Sergeant. He was then a capital infantry soldier, having been for two years a member of the famous "Company F," of Richmond, and proved untiring in drilling his men. In 1861 came Lincoln's proclamation calling for 50,000 volunteers. From that moment books were little thought of in the University: all were eager to exchange gown for sword. PEGRAM at once left College and reported for duty with his old company, which had been ordered to Acquia Creek. With this company he remained but a short time. Sent as drill-master to exercise the artillerymen of Walker in the infantry tactics, he was elected Lieutenant of the "Purcell Battery." It was as commander of this battery that he was destined to achieve his hard-won fame — a battery which was with him from the first battle of Manassas, through every general action in Virginia, to the trenches of Petersburg — which, always skilfully handled in the presence of the enemy, yet lost during its four years of service *more than two hundred men killed and wounded;* and of which he

declared repeatedly when Colonel that "the Purcell men were the coolest and the most desperate men he ever saw in a tight place." Lindsay Walker, afterwards Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery of Hill's Corps, was then Captain of the battery, and was not slow to discover what a thorough soldier he possessed in his young subaltern. Long afterwards Walker generously said that PEGRAM spared him all trouble, and that commanding a battery, the most troublesome thing in the world, became a pleasure with such an executive officer. In the campaign of '61 the battery was engaged at Bull Run; Walker received his majority early in '62, and PEGRAM became Captain on the reorganization. But it was not until the great struggle in front of Richmond, in July of '62, that the battery came into marked prominence. At Mechanicsville it held the post of honor, and paid the price which the post of honor ever exacts. Here first to the army the young Captain gave proof of that stubborn courage and literal obedience to orders which all men thereafter looked for in him. Exposed to a murderous fire of infantry, to the convergent fire of five six-gun batteries, long after night came down the thunder of his guns told that he was tenaciously holding his ground. But there was surprise mingled with admiration when it became known to the army on the next day that of his six guns four had been disabled before nightfall, that two of his officers had been badly wounded, more than half his horses killed, and that of the ninety dashing cannoneers who had on yesterday galloped into action, more than fifty lay killed and wounded on the field.

The day after "Mechanicsville" he equipped thoroughly the two guns which had not been disabled, and again applied to General Hill to have the advance. Everywhere during the Seven Days, that plucky section and its young Captain found their place where the battle raged hottest. Richmond, in her joy of triumph, a joy chastened by the sorrow which victory ever brings, was not unmindful of her youthful hero. The town rang with his praises — praises closest to a soldier's heart! — from the lips of wounded men, who had seen him in the dust and sweat of battle, and who spoke of him as only brave men can speak of each other. His name was introduced into the play by one of the actors at the theatre, and elicited the most tumultuous applause. The player declared that the boy Captain fought at such close quarters because he was too near-sighted to see a dozen yards, and would never

open fire until he saw the enemy. At this the bronzed and bearded veterans in the pit rose and cheered lustily. Meanwhile the young Captain remained modestly at his camp, riding into the city but rarely to visit his immediate family, and blushing painfully when any one spoke to him of the attention his gallantry had excited. Especially annoying to him were the fulsome praises showered upon him by newspapers. His distress at these paragraphs was a great source of amusement to his comrades. "Why, this is simply disgusting," he would say; "every man at the front will be laughing over it." But the men at the front were never prone to laugh at good fighters, and gave even more exaggerated accounts of his achievements than did the florid paragraphs of the journals.

A few days of rest, and his battery, newly equipped and recruited, was on the march to Cedar Mountain with Jackson's flying column. Here again his guns, pushed up within eighty yards of the enemy, were served with such rapidity and precision as won a nod of approval even from the great leader, always so chary of praise. About nightfall, when General Jackson had determined to press the retreating enemy, PEGRAM'S guns, supported by Fields' brigade, were advanced within close range of the spot where the enemy was supposed to have halted. In a few moments a heavy column was seen marching on the flank of the guns. Owing to the uncertain light it was impossible to tell whether it was a column of Federals or of our own men. The officers of the support differed in opinion regarding the matter, and time was precious. PEGRAM at once turned his battery over to his 1st Lieutenant, saying:— "McGraw, I shall ride np close to these fellows; keep a sharp lookout, and if you see me wave my hat, open all the guns." In a moment he was galloping towards the column, now within a hundred yards, reined in his horse close to the silently moving mass, turned, and waved his hat. Another moment and he rode at full speed into the line of guns, where old Stonewall sat on his sorrel watching the column. PEGRAM cried out in great glee:— "Pitch in, men; General Jackson's looking at you!" The enemy were broken in a few minutes by his rapid fire, but speedily put three batteries into position and returned it. For two hours this single battery fought eighteen guns of the enemy, and it was not until ten o'clock that his heated and disabled Napoleons were silenced. His loss was, proportionally, very nearly as great as at

Mechanicsville; but he was determined to push on with Walker's battalion to Manassas, where for the second time his guns did good service on that glorious field. In the investment of Harper's Ferry, where all the artillery was served admirably, his battery and that of Crenshaw won especial attention, owing to their good fortune in occupying a position very near the town and deemed inaccessible. In his official report (April 23d, 1863) of the capture of the place, General Jackson says:—"Lieutenant-Colonel Walker opened a rapid enfilade fire from all his batteries at about one thousand yards range." (Here follow names of other batteries not attached to the Light Division). "In an hour the enemy's fire seemed to be silenced, and the batteries of General Hill were ordered to cease their fire, which was the signal for storming the works. General Pender had commenced his advance, when the enemy again opening, PEGRAM and Crenshaw moved forward their batteries and poured a rapid fire into the enemy. The white flag was now displayed, and shortly afterwards Brigadier-General White, with a garrison of 11,090 men, surrendered as prisoners of war."

On the capitulation of the post PEGRAM was enabled to refit his battery thoroughly from the vast quantity of captured munitions of war, and moved with his battalion up to Sharpsburg. Here he received his first wound, a fragment of shell striking him on the head. He refused to avail himself of leave of absence, and within a fortnight was on duty with his battery. At Sharpsburg his bugler was killed; he at once set diligently to work and learned to sound accurately every call. For many months afterward he sounded all the calls in his battery, from reveillé to "lights out." At the battle of Fredericksburg, the cord by which his bugle was suspended was cut by a bullet and the bugle fell to the ground. He dismounted, picked it up and coolly spliced the cord, under the murderous fire to which his battery was then exposed.

After Sharpsburg came a period of quiet, grateful beyond expression to the worn veterans of Jackson's corps. Recrossing the river, they went into camp after the affair at Shepherdstown, along the Opequan, in the lovely valley of the Shenandoah. Here they basked lazily in the bright October sunshine, enjoying rest and plenty, some of them not unmindful of the glorious welcome which Nature gave the victors — cool streams, gorgeous tints of crimson

and russet woodland, blue mountains fading softly in the distance. Thus passed October.

In November Jackson moved slowly in the direction of Millwood, and in December was ordered to rejoin Lee in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. Here, in the action of the 13th, PEGRAM bore his usual part. General Jackson, riding along the front of Lane and Archer, said:—"They will attack here." On that front, crowning the hills nearest Hamilton's Crossing, fourteen *picked guns* were posted by his order. These guns consisted of the batteries of PEGRAM, and the intrepid McIntosh, of South Carolina, together with sections from the batteries of Johnson, Crenshaw, and Latham. As the sun came bursting through the mist on that glorious morning, the army from its position looked down upon a scene which stirred alike the heart of conscript and veteran. Countless batteries, supported by vast masses of infantry, were marching, in all the pride and circumstance of war, across the plain, sworn to wrest victory from the perch to which she obstinately clung — the tattered battle-flags of "rebellion." Far on the right, as the steady-marching columns passed the river road, the boy Paladin Pelham, his cap gay with ribbons, was seen manœuvring his single "Napoleon" within easy range of the looming masses of the enemy, doing his *devoir* with a valor so gay and *debonnair* as drew to him the heart of an army. PEGRAM, always chary of praise, always generous and quick to recognize extraordinary daring, broke out into excited expressions of admiration as he watched the young soldier stubbornly holding his advanced position. Those who in turn watched his own faintly-flushing cheek, and the light of battle kindling in his eyes, looked at each other and smiled, knowing how he himself was longing to "get in." Nor did he have long to wait. The great columns were marching straight upon his guns. Not until the enemy were within eight hundred yards did these batteries open fire. Before the storm of shot and shell the enemy broke and fled. Again the grand divisions of Hooker and Franklin came surging up, and pierced the gap between Lane and Archer. Jackson's second line was now advanced, and the enemy speedily driven back. In both attacks the picked guns performed superb service, but their loss was severe. Not only were they subjected to a galling fire of infantry, but the artillery of the enemy, admirably served and opposing three or four times as many guns, poured upon them

an unceasing rain of shot and shell. The artillery duel lasted many hours, but the Confederate batteries were never silenced.

During the winter PEGRAM received his Majority. His energy, his devotion to duty, his fighting qualities had won the commendation of all his superior officers from his immediate Chief of Artillery to the General of the army.

He spent the winter much as he had done the last, attending to the administration of affairs in camp and busying himself in promoting the comfort of his men. His letters to his family at this time breathe the constant prayer that he may be enabled to do his duty by his men as a Christian and a good officer. One of his first cares in winter-quarters was to assemble the men and say a few words to them concerning the importance of building a chapel and holding regular prayer-meetings. All these services he himself attended with earnest pleasure; and it was a common sight to see him sitting among his men in the rude log-chapel, bowing his young head reverently in prayer, or singing from the same hymn-book with some weather-beaten private from whom he had ever exacted strictest military obedience. His discipline, indeed, was that which belongs to long-established armies. He justly considered that it was mercy in the end to punish every violation of duty, and he knew that men do not grow restive under discipline the sternest at the hands of officers who lead well in action. He performed with soldierly exactness every duty pertaining to his own position, and held officers and men to a rigid accountability. His closest personal friends ceased to look for any deviation in their favor, from his strict enforcement of the regulations. For four years he maintained such discipline, and with notable results. Not only in his lifetime were his men ever ready, nay eager, to meet the enemy, but when he himself had fallen in action, the old battalion followed its officers, some through their very homes, to the plains of Appomattox, with ranks intact save from casualties of fight.

At Chancellorsville he was with the great leader in his last march "on the flank." At one time during the battle, owing to the wounding of some of his superior officers, PEGRAM held command of sixty guns. The stern joy of that fight never faded from his mind. Long afterwards, when a group of his brother officers were playfully discussing the days they counted happiest in their lives, one of them asked him, "Well, Colonel, what day do you count your happiest?" "Oh!" said he, "the day I had sixty

guns under me at Chancellorsville, galloping down the turnpike after Hooker and his people."

Soon after "Chancellorsville" he sought and obtained leave of absence to visit his home. While there he was prostrated by a severe attack of chills and fever, and was rallying slowly when news came that the army was in motion. Rumor confidently affirmed that our standards were advancing once more toward the border. Despite the remonstrances of those whom he most tenderly loved, he set out at once to rejoin his command. He reached his battalion the day after they had crossed the Potomac. Not only did his officers and men give him joyful welcome on the eve of what all men felt would be the great fight of the war, but General Lee, who had seen him immediately on his arrival, said to General A. P. Hill, whom he met a few moments after, "General Hill, I have good news for you; Major PEGRAM is up." "Yes," said General Hill, "that *is* good news." A staff-officer of Hill repeated this to PEGRAM. The compliment could not fail to please the youthful soldier, and he afterwards said to a comrade that he valued those few words from the General of the army and the General of his corps more than another star upon his collar. The other star he was destined soon to win.

At Gettysburg his battalion suffered severely, as did the rest of the artillery. Many of his officers and men were slain, and he left eighty of his horses dead on the field. But his energy made light of difficulties, and the battalion was speedily in readiness to be "put in" again. During the next winter he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. Of his services in the campaigns of '64 and '65, in which the fighting was continuous, it would be impossible to speak in detail. The time would fail to tell of the part played by his battalion at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Jericho Ford, Second Cold Harbor, Reams' Station, the Crater, the actions of August 18th, 19th, and 21st, for the possession of the Weldon Railroad, second battle of Reams' Station, actions of September 30th and October 1st, on the right of Petersburg, the actions on Hatcher's Run, and the general action of March 25th along the whole line of the army. During these campaigns he was under fire almost every day. As the struggle grew closer and more desperate, his utter devotion to his God and to his country shone forth with such steady lustre as gave encouragement to many other brave hearts in that army.

At Spottsylvania Court House on the 12th of May he commanded the guns immediately at the Court House. In addition to his own battalion, several batteries were ordered to report to him. All the morning, as the battle raged furiously on his right, he walked to and fro among his blackened guns, looking eagerly at every passing courier, burning to "get in." At last the hour came. It became evident about 4 P. M. that the enemy was massing heavily in his front. General Lee sent a staff-officer to him to say that he must hold the height with his guns, that he could spare but little infantry. PEGRAM'S face lighted up at once as he replied: "Colonel, you can say to General Lee that I will hold the place while I have a man to sponge a gun." Soon after 4 o'clock the enemy debouched from the woods. It was a stirring sight — the long blue lines, brigade front, moving across to the attack, colors flying and men cheering. On the Confederate front everything was silent; a dozen rounds of canister had been "run up" to each gun, the guns already shotted, primers fixed and lanyard taut — all waiting for the word. The young commander rode up and down the lines, his voice deep with the joy of the coming fight, speaking briefly to each battery commander: "Captain, shoot the first man who pulls a lanyard until I raise my sabre as a signal." A group of Generals, among whom were Lee and Gordon and Early, sat on their horses among the guns. PEGRAM'S joy was manifest to all. His glorious, boyish face flushed through its bronze, and as the enemy swept up within six or eight hundred yards, he raised his sabre and shouted "Fire!" Within a few minutes the enemy broke and fled, rallied and again came to the charge; but Mahone's and Cooke's brigades were now on their flank, and the fighting was over.

Repeatedly during that campaign did he receive emphatic praise from the Generals of divisions with whom he served, as well as from the General of his corps. In the action of September 30th, 1864, when Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were sent to recover the extension of the line of rifle-pits to the right of Petersburg, his conduct excited especial remark. Soon after the troops became hotly engaged PEGRAM opened all his guns, and then rode forward with the infantry in the charge. The brunt of the fight fell on McGowan's gallant South Carolina brigade, the enemy making a most determined stand in a skirt of pine woods immediately in their front. This little brigade, largely outnumbered, pushed the

enemy steadily through the pines to an open field beyond. Suddenly the Federals put in two fresh brigades. The South Carolina brigade was in turn being pushed back slowly, stubbornly disputing the ground, when PEGRAM, riding through the line of battle, snatched the colors from the ensign and rode with them straight toward the enemy. When forty or fifty yards in advance of the whole line, placing the color-staff on his stirrup and turning halfway round in his saddle, he dropped the reins on his horses neck, raised his hat and shouted out in tones sweet and clear as a bugle, "Follow me, men!" It was a scene never to be forgotten — the glorious sunset, the lithe, boyish form, now sharply cut against the crimson western sky, then hid for a moment by the smoke of battle the tattered colors, the cheering lines of men. With a rousing yell the sturdy brigade closed up, and never after gave back a single inch. The color-bearer ran out to him, the tears standing in his eyes, and cried out: "Give me back my colors, Colonel! I'll carry them wherever you say!" "Oh! I'm sure of that," he answered cheerily; "it was necessary to let the whole line see the colors: that's the only reason I took them." In the action of the next day, October 1st, he received a slight wound, being struck in the leg by one of the enemy's sharpshooters while riding along the skirmish-line. He did not, however, leave the field during the fight, nor would he apply for leave of absence afterwards. In the latter part of this same month General Heth applied for him to be assigned as Brigadier-General to Field's and Archer's (consolidated) brigades, and Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson soon after asked that he be assigned a brigade in his corps. The recommendation of General Heth was forwarded to army headquarters by Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, with the endorsement that "*no officer in the Army of Northern Virginia had done more to deserve such promotion than Lieutenant-Colonel* PEGRAM."

His letter to his mother announcing General Heth's recommendation gives no small insight into the modesty of his nature and that humble dependence on God which characterized with him thought, word, and deed. His chief anxiety in the matter seemed to be lest he should be promoted as Brigadier before his accomplished brother, General John Pegram * received his commission as Major-General. After speaking of the condition of the

* Killed at the head of his division, February 6th, 1865.

brigades, he says (October 28th, 1864):—"Now, my dear mother, you must not think that I am conceited, and that I rely on my own ability, if I get this position and take it. I would not accept the position, but I believe the maxim given me by General Dabney Maury to be the proper one for a soldier to follow: 'Never to seek promotion, and never to refuse it, but leave it to your superiors to judge of you.' . . . If I felt that was from my own merit, I should be afraid to go again on the battle-field. I hope sincerely that before I am promoted to that grade, if it is to be done, brother will be made Major-General; for, otherwise, I shall not believe that they ever promote according to merit. Do not be disappointed if General Lee refuses to have me promoted. He will do whatever is for the good of the service, and I had rather be in the ranks than have him do otherwise. Besides, I believe that God rules in small affairs as in great. He orders all things for the best. If I do get it, I will take it with fear and trembling, trusting to God's guidance and mercy, and constantly praying to Him for help who has been so merciful to me, a sinner."

Fortunately, it was decided that "the artillery could not lose the services of so valuable an officer," and he received instead a commission as Colonel of Artillery, a rank justly reckoned in every service higher than Brigadier of Infantry. General Lee wrote afterwards in regard to the matter:—"The appointment was not denied for want of confidence in his ability, for no one in the army had a higher opinion of his gallantry and worth than myself. They were conspicuous on every field. Colonel PEGRAM had the command of a fine battalion of artillery, a service in which he was signally skilful, in which he delighted, and in which I understood that he preferred to remain." Of the last few months of his life — inexpressibly saddened by the death of his noble brother — it is scarcely possible to speak save in such terms as would seem excess of panegyric.

Fortunately, he happened to be at home on sick leave when news came that his brother had fallen in action. Rarely have brothers so tenderly loved and so sincerely admired each other as did these two; but he bore up bravely under his own sorrow, for the sake of the gentle hearts which had been smitten by a blow more cruel than that which struck down their soldier at the head of his division. To a comrade in the army he wrote (February

15th, 1865):—"Words cannot express the grief this blow has brought upon us all. We can only thank God that He did not take him from this world until he had learned to look above it. While we who are left behind can never cease to mourn for one who was so dear to us, we cannot but feel grateful that his death came to him in such a manner — the manner in which he always wished to die; and above all, we cannot but feel grateful for the belief that he is enjoying eternal rest and happiness now, and for the hope that we may be united with him hereafter." The next week he returned to the army.

The days grew darker and still more dark for "the cause," and like a true soldier, he put aside his own grief to speak cheering words to those about him. In Richmond he had heard much talk in regard to the necessity of withdrawing from Virginia. His love for his State was such as God has implanted in the hearts of all true Virginians; and it was a pang to him even to contemplate surrendering the battle-scarred bosom of the "Old Mother" to the petty tyrannies of those who hated and feared her. "I would rather die," he said slowly, "than see Virginia given up, even for three months; but we'll all follow the battle-flag *anywhere*."

On the 1st day of April, just as the earth was beginning once more to grow glad with flowers, came to him the last of many fights. The brilliant artillerist, the pride of his corps, who during four years of active service had never lost a gun, was to fall at "Five Forks," with all his wounds in front, fighting such odds as had never yet confronted him. For two days previous to the battle he had undergone immense fatigue: in the saddle day and night, with slight intermission, for forty-eight hours; wet, hungry, no blankets; engaging almost continually the cavalry of the enemy. On the very morning of the fight his breakfast consisted of a handful of parched corn, which he generously shared with a comrade. In the centre of the line of battle were posted one gun from his own battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Hollis (Ellett's battery), and a section from Braxton's battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Early. Further to the right, sweeping the Gilliam field, were the remaining three guns of Ellett's battery.

There had been during the morning some snarp skirmishing with the enemy, but everything had grown quiet towards midday, and old soldiers doubted whether there would be any general

engagement. PEGRAM, wearied down by fatigue, was sleeping soundly among the guns on the right, when sudden, ripping volleys of musketry from the centre told him that the enemy were charging his batteries. He instantly jumped into the saddle, and rode at full speed down the line of battle to his guns. Lieutenants Hollis and Early were using double canister at close range, and their cannoneers were serving their pieces in a manner beyond all praise. Within *thirty yards* of the guns the dense columns of the enemy were staggering under their rapid fire. PEGRAM rode in, speaking cheerily to the men, a sweet serenity on his boyish face, but the old light of battle shining in his eyes. "Fire your canister low, men!" he shouted, as the blue lines surged still nearer to the heated guns. It was his last order on a field of battle. Suddenly he reeled and fell from his saddle. Small wonder that he was first to fall. The infantry were lying down, by order, firing over a low "curtain" which they had hastily thrown up; he was sitting on his white horse on the front line of battle, cheering and encouraging his men. He had received his mortal wound, and knew it. "Tell my mother and sisters," he said firmly, "that I commend them to God's protection. It will be a great blow to them at home to lose me so soon after 'Brother'; but for myself, I am ready." He knew nothing of the bitter defeat. When victory no longer perched on the battle-flag of his old battalion, he had received his last promotion at the hands of the great Captain. He met a soldier's death, and had but a soldier's burial. Wrapped carefully in a coarse blanket, he was laid to rest in the bosom of his mother State, Virginia.

Brief as was his life, he had been for six years a devoted member of the Episcopal Church; and a comrade read at his grave her grand and solemn ritual for the dead.

He now sleeps at Hollywood, beside his knightly brother, on a spot sloping to the ever-murmuring James, and overlooking that beautiful city in whose defence both of them so often went forth to battle, counting their lives a worthless thing.

Thus passed away "this incomparable young man," in the twenty-fourth year of his age. It was his lot to be tried in great events, and his fortune to be equal to the trial. In his boyhood he had nourished noble ambitions, in his young manhood he had won a fame greater than his modest nature ever dreamed, and, at last, there was accorded him on the field of battle the death counted sweet and honorable.

FRANCIS W. SMITH,

Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery.

FRANCIS WILLIAMSON SMITH, eldest child of James Marsden and Anne Walke Smith, of Norfolk, Virginia, was born in that city, November 12th, 1838. His paternal grandfather, Francis Smith, Esq., (from Lancashire, England), emigrated to Maryland before the Revolution, (in which struggle he sided with the Colonists), and afterwards removed to Norfolk, where (in 1799) he married Anne, daughter of James Marsden, of the Marsdens of Manchester, England. Their son, James Marsden Smith, married Anne Walke, daughter of Thomas Williamson, of Norfolk, whose father was of "The Brook," Henrico county, Virginia; and from this marriage came the subject of this notice. His childhood passed eventless in the quiet of home, not without indications, such as children give, of the quickness of mind which he afterwards showed. Of this whole home-life we here say no more than that its atmosphere of calmness and love gave free scope to the boy's powers, and permitted his nature to develop itself freely — a thing always of permanent influence in moulding men's characters. In 1847 he entered the Norfolk Academy, where he received his preparation for College. The Academy, (which has played a not unimportant part in the educational history of the old city), was at that time under the control of Mr. F. W. Hopkins, a man of considerable mental culture and force; but, he resigning soon after, the principalship of the school passed into the hands of Mr. John B. Strange, * who was an able teacher, and had much to do with forming the youth of that generation. The curriculum of the Academy was extensive, and the instruction accurate.

In Mathematics (Mr. Strange's department), pupils went through with the Differential and Integral Calculus; in the Ancient Languages (under Mr. R. B. Tschudi, since deceased), there was a thorough study of Juvenal, Tacitus, Homer, and Sophocles, according to the (somewhat defective) system then prevalent; the Eng-

* Mr. Strange, who was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, afterwards removed to Charlottesville, and then to Gordonsville. When the war began he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 19th Virginia Regiment, became Colonel in 1862, and was killed while gallantly leading his men in an engagement during the retreat from Maryland (1862). Many of his old pupils and friends will join the writer in paying this tribute to him as faithful teacher, brave soldier, and true-hearted man.

lish branches were faithfully taught by Mr. G. W. Sheffield, assisted by Mr. (now Rev.) Robert Gatewood; and French by a cultivated Frenchman, M. Magnin, and later by Mr. Odendhal. The pupils were organized into a military corps to which instruction was regularly given by Messrs. Strange and Gatewood, and which attained a creditable skill in manœuvring.

Young SMITH took position immediately on entering the Academy as one of its best students, and annually carried off the highest honors of the school. The examinations, held annually in February, were intended to be serious and real, and were in fact momentous occasions to the youth destined to exhibit their attainments to the admiring or pitying public. The *élite* of the city assembled to witness this annual trial of sons and brothers, and the failures or successes were generally known and discussed. Colonel Strange was inexorable in laying bare the intellectual structure of his pupils, and had what they regarded as the very bad habit of calling on gentlemen in the audience without premonition to conduct the examination, selecting, for example, one who had made his studies in Paris to ask questions on French, and the author of a work on Analytical Geometry to elicit the facts of that branch of Mathematics from the hapless youth engaged with it. The delivery of prizes at the end of the week was necessarily a grand affair, the first-prize boy occupying for the time the position of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and being the hero of the occasion. This honor fell five successive years to the subject of this notice, and he left school in 1853 justly regarded as one of the most brilliant boys who had ever gone from it.

In July of this year he became a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and though very young (under fifteen), entered the third class without difficulty, and graduated (in 1856) with the first honors of the institution, his class-number being 2412.4, while the cadet standing next to him received but 2096. During his last year here he was appointed an Acting Assistant Professor.

From the Institute he went to the University of Virginia (October, 1856), and graduated the first session in Greek, Latin, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The next session he took the remaining schools necessary to the degree of Master of Arts, and would undoubtedly have passed the degree-examinations but for a severe attack of typhoid fever which obliged him to relin-

quish his studies. Virtually he achieved the University Master's degree in two years, a performance the infrequency of which sufficiently attests its difficulty.

In 1858 he went to Europe in company with his uncle, General F. H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, and, after a general tour of five months in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, through the kindness of his friend, Hon. John Y. Mason, then Minister of the United States at the Court of Paris, obtained from the French Minister of Instruction a permit to enter the Engineering school 'L'Ecole Impériale des Ponts et Chaussées.' He had already been designated as Professor of Applied Mechanics in the Virginia Military Institute, and these studies were entered on by way of preparation for this position. Though interrupted after he had pursued them one year, they served a purpose of which he had no thought at the time. The course of instruction in this celebrated school is one of the most thorough in the world. The session begins in November and ends in April, and during the intervening time from April to November students are required to travel and examine bridges, railroads, and at the opening of the session in November to lay before the Board of Instructors the results of their observations, each in a "journal de voyage." The matter thus presented forms in part the basis of instruction for the session. The number of members of the school is limited, and applicants are required to be graduates of the Polytechnic School at Paris, or to have equally good preparation. Mr. SMITH was examined by the Instructor-General of the school on Analytical Geometry, Calculus, Mechanics, Architecture and Chemistry, and would have been admitted as full member, but preferred entering as a foreigner (though he thus forfeited the right to a diploma), inasmuch as he could thus accomplish the course in two years, the ordinary time being three years. He attended the first year's course, comprising Railroads, Common Roads, Applied Mechanics, Bridges, Mineralogy and Political Economy, at the expiration of which (1859) he was called home by a domestic affliction, and never returned to the school.

On reaching Virginia he was elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Military Institute of that State, and entered on the duties of the position, which, however, he did not retain long. The same summer he was induced to accept the Professorship of

Chemistry and Mineralogy in the "State Seminary of Learning" of Louisiana, being made at the same time Commandant of the Corps of Cadets with the rank of Major (the school being a military one).* He entered on his new duties in January 1860, having first gone to Paris to select topographical and mathematical plaster-casts, and remained till the secession of Virginia (April 1861), when he resigned, and went first to Montgomery, Alabama, to tender his services to the Confederate Government. He resolved, however, soon after reaching Montgomery, to return to his native State, of whose forces General R. E. Lee had now been appointed commander. Accordingly, the seat of government of the Confederate States having been transferred to Richmond, he repaired to that city, offered his services to Virginia, and received a Captain's commission, with the appointment of Military Secretary on General Lee's staff, the General's headquarters being then at Richmond. During this time General Beauregard made application to General Lee (in a letter dated June 20th, 1861), to have Captain FRANCIS SMITH transferred to his command at Manassas, where, as he expresses it, "he might be very useful as a staff-officer with me, or as a Brigade-Inspector." General Lee did Captain SMITH the honor to decline the offer and retain him in his service. It was not until correspondence on the subject had ceased between Generals Lee and Beauregard that he knew of the attractive prospect that had been opened to him, and how narrowly he had missed sharing in the glory of the first great victory. In July of this year, having been recommended for promotion by General Lee, he received from Governor Letcher the commission of Major in the Provisional Army of Virginia, and was attached to the 41st Virginia Regiment, then stationed at Norfolk. The following November he was detached from his regiment and sent by General Mahone to command the battery at Sewell's Point. The post, as the outer defence of Norfolk, was an important one. The battery consisted of 36 heavy guns, manned by four artillery companies,† with the 41st Regiment (about eight hundred men) as infantry support, the whole under the command of Colonel Chambliss. The position was exposed to constant fire from the shipping which lay in

*At the same time General W. T. Sherman was elected Principal and Professor of Engineering. When Louisiana seceded he resigned and went to Ohio.

†Norfolk Blues, Captain Grandy; Manchester Artillery, Captain Weisiger; Raglan Guards, Captain Manning; Southampton Artillery, Captain Pretlow.

Hampton Roads, as well as from the battery on Fort Calhoun (Rip-raps), and this desultory combat was kept up till March 1862, when the Confederate steam-ram *Virginia* attacked the United States steamer *Minnesota* and the ships *Congress*, *Cumberland*, and *St. Lawrence*. The brilliant victory of the *Virginia* is too well known to call for description here. The Sewell's Point battery took part in the conflict, and by its fire disabled the United States steam-frigate *Roanoke*, which was advancing to the assistance of the Federal fleet. The next month (April) the evacuation of Norfolk was determined on, and the work of dismounting guns commenced. Before the preparations were completed, however, information of the intended movement was given the enemy by a deserter, and fire was opened on the battery (May 7th) by the *Monitor* and a frigate, backed by a large fleet which kept just out of range of the Confederate guns. Though the best guns had been removed, the garrison under Colonel Chambliss returned the enemy's fire with spirit, succeeding barely in making indentations on the casing of the *Monitor*, which lay at the distance of fourteen hundred yards, and unable to reach the other vessels. During the bombardment the men's quarters were riddled by balls and the Major's quarters set on fire, and the proximity of the fire to a magazine rendered it necessary to remove the ammunition to another, under a continuous cannonade. Finally the approach of the *Virginia* from the navy-yard at Gosport forced the attacking fleet to withdraw. Throughout the engagement Major SMITH directed his command with a cool intrepidity which won for him the respect of the men and heightened the confidence which his military skill and firm discipline had previously produced. Before the evacuation of Norfolk, not having been re-elected by his regiment in consequence of his detachment from it, he had tendered his services to General Mahone as volunteer Aide, and he now accompanied him on the retreat and served with him in the battle of Seven Pines and on the Chickahominy.

Here he remained till June 22d, when he received a commission as Major in the Confederate States Army. He requested permission to report to General Jackson, but was ordered to Drewry's Bluff, where he remained till June 1864, under the immediate command of a naval officer, Captain S. S. Lee. His earnest wish to be with General Jackson, founded not only on the prospect of

brilliant service under that commander, but also on his affection for his old instructor, led him to make a second application for transfer in March 1863, which was also refused. Again, after the battle of Chancellorsville (May 1863), he made an effort to exchange commands with an old friend and comrade who commanded an infantry regiment, and who felt at the time physically unequal to the march into Pennsylvania. The department declined to permit the exchange, and in three weeks from that time his friend fell on the battle field in the first engagement in the enemy's country. Other like attempts to procure a transfer failing, Major SMITH remained in command of the batteries at Drewry's Bluff, having under him a battalion of four companies.* During his stay here of two years there was no general engagement. On the 5th of May 1864, thirty-four gunboats came up the river and landed three or four regiments, which advanced as if to attack the works. The whole care of the defence devolved on Major SMITH, who arranged his small force so as to cover the entire line of breastworks. The enemy, however, did not attack. This was Butler's first demonstration on the Southside (May 7th). A few days after (May 10th) a severe battle was fought, in which our forces at first drove the enemy, and then, coming on their breastworks, were obliged to retire with loss. Then followed a long stay in the trenches under heavy fire of artillery. Altogether, the responsibility resulting from the importance of the post and the continual possibility of attack made the service an arduous and wearing one, and the commandant's physical system was perhaps more severely taxed than it would have been in a more active field.

In June 1864, he was ordered to erect batteries at Howlett's Farm, opposite Dutch Gap, where General Burnside had entrenched himself. Here he had under him four batteries and six companies, his immediate commander being General Pickett. At this post the service was hard. The rations which the Government was able to provide were insufficient in quality and quantity, and Major SMITH would not fare better than his men. There was, however, no lack of cheerfulness in the camp. He had gone there resolved, as he says, to make the place a desirable one. The society was pleasant; he speaks in the highest terms of the soldierly and gentlemanly qualities of the commanding General.

* Norfolk United Artillery, Captain Kevill; Johnston's Artillery, Captain Eppes; Neblitt's Artillery, Captain Coleman; and one company of the Southside Artillery, commanded successively by Captains Jones and Drewry.

Moreover, the activity of the enemy relieved the garrison from fear of stagnation. In the month of June General Butler made his more serious advance on Richmond on the Southside. At the beginning of the movement (June 16th), Major SMITH was enabled to render an important service to his commanding officers. General Pickett had been directed to hold the line, supported by Longstreet's corps under General R. H. Anderson. The two Generals, making a reconnoissance with a long cavalcade of staff-officers, under the volunteered guidance of Major SMITH, who knew the country, and it being necessary to know where our line of skirmishers was, the Major offered to ascertain, rode forward with his couriers, came upon a party in the woods whom he at first supposed to be our men, dismounted to examine them with his glass, soon discovered that they were enemies, and remounted and rode away under their fire in time to save Generals Pickett and Anderson and their staffs from capture. The party in question formed the enemy's extreme left. In the engagement which immediately followed his horse was killed, but he escaped unhurt.

Some days later the battery at Howlett's Farm was unmasked, and did good service, damaging the enemy's fleet, with small loss to the garrison. The summer and autumn of this campaign were marked by frequent engagements of a like nature. In February of the next year, Major SMITH had a gratifying recognition of the efficiency of his battery in the effort made by Colonel Anderson of the artillery to secure his promotion. This officer, though stationed on the opposite side of the river, marked him in a distinguished manner, and urged his promotion as strongly as he could under the circumstances, not being in the same immediate command with him. It was, however, not till two months later that he received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel just before the evacuation of Richmond.

A few days before the evacuation, he obtained leave of absence of several days in order to remove his family to a place of safety. After he had escorted them as far as he could go, his anxiety in respect to his command caused him to return before his leave had expired. Saturday, April 1st, he crossed the swollen Chickahominy in spite of the remonstrances of persons present,* reached his command at daylight next morning, and on Monday, in obedience to orders, he joined the retreating column with his battalion, which

* A few hours later the river had risen so that no one could cross.

he conducted as infantry. He had a presentiment that he would not outlive the march. Physically he was not in the best condition. His service had been uninterrmitted: since February 1862 he had never allowed himself a longer respite than four days, and his health was further impaired by insufficient nourishment. He set out on the march with the conviction that he would not survive a wound received under trying circumstances; and on the morning of Wednesday (April 5th), he expressed (seemingly without depression) to a gentleman near him the belief that he would be killed that day. Towards the close of the day, at twilight, the command being then near Amelia Springs, a report of the advance of General Sheridan caused some confusion in the column ahead. Colonel SMITH advanced with his battalion, and in the firing which ensued his horse was killed and he himself wounded in the groin and leg. He requested not to be left, and so travelled all night, his calm and cheerful tone producing on some of his men who were wounded at the same time the impression that his hurt was not very severe. This night-march was no doubt injurious to him. When he reached Amelia Springs next morning, the surgeon who was with him told him that there was no hope of life. The last hours he spent calmly, sustained by religious trust, in sending the last messages to his family. At nine o'clock the enemy appeared, and his friends left him to join the retreating army. Some of his men remained and ministered as they could to his comfort. At noon (April 6th) he died.

Thus was taken away one of the most brilliant and promising of the sons of Virginia. Having everywhere distinguished himself, Colonel SMITH might have hoped for a career of honorable usefulness. Soon after the close of the war, before his death was known, the superintendency of the Louisiana State Military Academy was offered him. This position had been pressed on him during his stay at Drewry's Bluff, but he would not leave the army. There and elsewhere was the prospect of a most successful professional career. Instead of such usefulness and fame, he leaves us the heritage of his virtue and devotion to honor.

PERCIVAL ELLIOTT,

Private, "Savannah Volunteer Guards."

Far down in the depths of our fallen natures, uniting in one great bond the common heart of humanity, dwells an immortal instinct — a pure, sweet breath from realms of sinless being — which ever prompts us amid the grosser passions of our lives to love the good, to delight in the beautiful, to honor the noble, to cherish the true; and be these attributes expressed in the life of the one or recorded in the history of the many, be they the results of our immortal yearnings worked out in our blind strugglings for things above us and beyond, or be they expressed in the lofty devotion of a national soul to the principles of right and of justice, the promptings of this instinct are still the same; and the noble and the good, and the beautiful and the true, striking within us this deep key-note of our natures, whisper to us ever of the far off realm from which we are aliens and wanderers.

And thus it is that while the narrower passions which rule mankind lead in their sway opposing hosts to days of strife and slaughter, this pure and broader instinct, in some such day, will wring alike from hearts of friends and enemies the spontaneous shout of praise and approbation for the hero who, passing in some devoted act beyond the selfish veil of individuality, stands before the world to illustrate the nobler breadths of our being. And this same instinct stirring in our souls prompts us to merge the individual, the class, the nation, and teaches us to honor and to cherish from the broad sympathies of a common humanity the noble, the good, the beautiful, and the true, wheresoever in the lives of those who have done honor to mankind we may catch their imperfect reflections of the *calm and eternal radiance.*

But to seize and to frame in words the nameless shades of character which make a life beautiful and noble is for the biographer a task as difficult as is that of the artist who attempts to cast the atmosphere of nature over the faithful outlines of his picture. The scene which the artist delineates may be recognized by those to whom its details are familiar, but the nameless blending of the separate features into the soft and beautiful perfections of truth and reality lies far beyond the power of art; and the gazer feels, while dwelling upon the rigid outlines, that from the unsoftened

representation before him, the delicate, transparent mantle is lacking which should give a nameless perfection to the picture.

Noble in the elements of his character, and blameless in the relations of his life, the events of PERCIVAL ELLIOTT'S career in their brief statement can do but imperfect justice to the man as he lived and moved and was known to those around him. Preferring before the applause of others the silent commendations of his own conscience, he achieved for himself a spotless record, telling of duties nobly performed, showing a purpose consistently followed, crowning a destiny bravely fulfilled; and yet in the course of that brief record is still unrevealed the knightly spirit words cannot portray, and which, like the delicate atmosphere to the landscape, enveloped and harmonized the proportions of his nature.

PERCIVAL ELLIOTT was born in the city of Savannah, Georgia, on the 28th day of November, 1840. He was the third son of the late Ralph Emmes Elliott, M. D., of Beaufort, South Carolina, who afterwards removed to Savannah, Georgia, and there fixed his residence. His mother was Margaret Cowper Mackay, of Savannah, Georgia.

We can only pause among the quiet years of his childhood to speak of an illness that befell him in the fifth year of his life, worthy of note since it serves to illustrate the indomitable will with which throughout his after-career he struggled against the tyranny of disease. At this period he was stricken with an almost fatal attack upon the lungs, from which he slowly rallied to regain only a state of comparative health. The effects of the disease were nevertheless permanent, and by the sufferings which they entailed served to overshadow the succeeding years of his life. In consequence of these early necessities of his health, the course of his education was often interrupted, and a regular system of instruction was in a measure replaced by the desultory readings in which his own tastes led him to indulge. But this uncertain pathway to knowledge he trod with safety and success. The sensibilities of a refined nature here served as his guide; and governed by these, his voluntary readings were directed into channels where minds of maturer years and culture found their pleasure and delight.

Nevertheless, in his more advanced life, acutely sensible of the advantages of a systematic course of studies, he could not remain

satisfied with what he deemed the irregularities of his mental culture, chaste though they were; and in 1860, when in his twentieth year, he formed and put into execution a long premeditated resolve to attend a course of lectures at the University of Virginia. It was while pursuing his studies at this institution that there came upon the country those years of darkness and of blood, so often prophesied, so long expected, and it caused the earnest student no second thought to decide his action in the crisis. Regardless of the uncertain condition of his health, he threw himself into the opening struggle with all the enthusiasm of youth.

His first military service was performed at the capture of Harper's Ferry in the summer of 1861, where he was present in the ranks of a volunteer company organized by the students of the University of Virginia. When this company was dissolved he returned to his native city and in the autumn of the same year enlisted in the ranks of the Savannah Volunteer Guards, an old and established corps, then in service near Savannah. While serving here he was offered a commission in another corps, which he, however, declined, suggesting in his stead the name of a comrade to fill the offered place.

After remaining for nearly two years in the neighborhood of Savannah, he passed with his corps into the memorable scenes which marked the defence of Charleston, South Carolina, in the autumn of 1863; and there in some of the hard-fought battles of Battery Wagner he did good and gallant service. But his health now failed him, and he was compelled to seek a field of less arduous duties. Under this necessity he applied for and obtained a detail into the Signal Corps of the army, and in this new capacity volunteered at once for service in Fort Sumter. In connection with this celebrated fortress he remained for nearly a year, and while there discharging his duties was dangerously wounded in the head in December 1863 — a wound which had nearly proved fatal. In the latter months of his service in this fort he was appointed to act as Adjutant of the Post, although the commission to which his position entitled him he persistently declined.

In the autumn of 1864, while he was still at Fort Sumter, the Savannah Volunteer Guards were ordered to join the forces around Richmond, Virginia; and having somewhat recovered his health, and wearying of the monotony of a life from which the engineer's skill had removed the excitement of danger, he gave up his position

and rejoined his corps. Through the following winter, while this corps was stationed at Chafin's Farm near Richmond, we again find him performing his duties as a private in its ranks.

With the opening of the spring of 1865 the Savannah Volunteer Guards were summoned to take part in the eventful scenes of the last campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia; and in the battle of Sailor's Creek, one of the combats which marked the retreat of the army from Richmond, the corps was literally cut to pieces while acting as a portion of a rear-guard to cover the march of the retiring columns. Into that battle the "Guards" carried seventy-five rank and file; and when finally surrounded and captured, fifty-eight of their number had been killed and wounded. Recorded among the latter was the name of PERCIVAL ELLIOTT, who was shot down with a mortal wound while grappling in a hand-to-hand struggle with a Federal soldier.

In his wounded condition he was made a prisoner upon the field of battle; and after being transferred from one place to another, was removed finally to the Lincoln Hospital at Washington. There for a few sorrowful weeks he lingered, until in the fulness of spring, death released him from his sufferings. On the 30th day of May 1865, the shadow of the dark angel passed, and the soldier was at rest.

Such are the events which mark the career of PERCIVAL ELLIOTT: an outline of facts that only hint to us of the spirit which animated them. But that spirit was an existence as consistent as are the facts; and from the first flush of enthusiastic ardor, when the pale-browed student cast aside his book, to the last dark hour, when the weather-beaten soldier lay dying within the wards of a prisoners' hospital, it manifested itself in every circumstance and action of life. In the months of disease-encompassed service around Savannah, it was illustrated no less clearly than amid the exciting scenes of Battery Wagner and Fort Sumter. In the winter campaign in the trenches about Richmond it proved itself no less thoroughly than in the desperate combat of Sailor's Creek. And yet beneath these manifestations which tell us of bravery, of faithfulness, of devotion, still lies unexpressed that central element of the spirit which served to make it peculiar. That pure element it is which in our natures approaches us most nearly to the Divine; that element which we can conceive as inspiring the eloquence of the faithful seraph, when standing

alone amid hostile millions he denounced the counsels of the apostate archangel; that rare element which leads to the performance of glorious actions without a thought of their glory either as incentive or reward.

And this was the keynote of his nature. To his conscience, and through it to his God, he held himself alone responsible for his deeds, and from that source only he asked for approval and reward. And thus it was that self at last came to be silently ignored; that the applause of others ceased to weigh in the decision of his actions; that a noble modesty was begotten to crown the comely statue of his life.

And based upon such principles as these, that life could not be otherwise than pure. To the observer who knew not of the hidden wealth, that purity became its distinguishing feature in the camps, where in word, in thought, and in deed, it was ever apparent and remarkable.

Still another principle there was, intensely human, rooted in the ground-work of his nature. We speak of the love of country. Throughout his military career it seemed indeed the immediate motive of every action, and in its purity and intensity gave to the native elements of his character a breadth and comprehensiveness scarcely to be developed amid narrower scenes of life. The unselfishness which may have there remained but a comely trait was under this influence developed into a noble attribute, of which was born a beautiful self-abnegation and thoughtfulness for those about him, as if it were that through them still he sacrificed to the cause he had at heart. In the conception of his military duty which this motive inspired, he passed beyond the narrow limits which confined it to the mere eye-service of the soldier, and by word and example, no less than by submission to authority, he sought to rise to the lofty standard of his imagination. A quiet and reserved spirit, retentive of its own trials and sufferings, was, in the presence of mighty events and under the inspiration of noble purposes, developed in its strength and taught to bear with silent stoicism and unwavering fortitude the hours of sickness and pain, which could not drive it back from its duty. Truly, amid the circumstances that tried men's souls, the nature of the man seemed to expand to its full limits, as blooms in its perfect beauty the exile flower that again has found its native clime.

But yet a loftier principle there was, completely divine. En-

veloping and pervading the attributes of his nature, purifying every noble impulse and harmonizing every action, floated the spirit of a pure and consistent Christianity. Under the sway of its sacred influence, his duty to his country became a duty to his God, and into his native devotion to her its presence infused the knightly spirit that led of yore the blameless warriors of the Cross. As through his love for his native land each element of his nature had become expanded and intensified, so too within the sphere of this finer influence did that love itself grow in breadth and in depth, until, in the fulness of its perfection, it passed into the sacred purpose of his life.

But the cause for which he died has failed, and beneath the shadow of a nation's sepulchre the soldier sleeps. A Christian's life, a patriot's death, is the brief but glorious summary of his days; and while on earth the study of a noble example can teach us aught of its nobility, or while the contemplation of manly virtues can infuse into our natures aught of their purity and their strength, we may cherish in our memories the spotless record of the fallen soldier, and feel that he has not lived in vain.

REUBEN B. BOSTON,

Colonel, 5th Virginia Cavalry.

Red Hill, the former residence of Captain Reuben H. Boston and Margaret S. Rayland, the maiden name of Mrs. Boston, is handsomely situated on the Rivanna River, in the county of Fluvanna, Virginia. During their lifetime it wore an air of neatness and taste that at the same time bespoke the character of those who dwelt there, and rendered it one of the most attractive places on a stream bordered by some of the finest estates in that section of Virginia. Captain and Mrs. Boston were both native Virginians, and belonged to a class of whom it is sad to think there are but few now remaining. Time, with the bitter experiences of the past few years, has well-nigh swept them all away. Under the roof of Captain Boston, no one, whether guest or stranger, could fail to be impressed with the warm hospitality that reigned there, or depart without carrying with him many kind wishes for those he left behind.

Here, and of such parentage, on the 21st day of April 1834, was born REUBEN BEVERLEY BOSTON, the subject of this sketch. In his youthful days he was not particularly fond of study, and yet at the early age of nineteen or twenty years he had attained such proficiency as a scholar that we find him connected as one of the teachers with a first-class classical school of fine reputation, at Mr. Franklin Minor's, in the county of Albemarle.

In the fall of 1855 he entered the University as a student of law, and pursued his studies there with more than ordinary assiduity throughout the session. He did not offer for graduation; but with less fondness for social enjoyment, and with less field for its indulgence, the close of the session would perhaps have found him qualified for a diploma in this difficult department.

After leaving the University, the groundwork of his professional education laid, he determined to seek a knowledge of the practice in the law-office of William J. Robertson, Esq., then a distinguished member of the bar of the neighboring town of Charlottesville, and afterwards a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia. Here he continued some time, and here perhaps learned the high and honorable bearing which in after-life always characterized his professional intercourse with his brethren of the bar. On leaving the office of Mr. Robertson he emigrated to the State of Tennessee, and in connection with an intimate friend and college associate, Joseph Urquhart, Esq., entered upon the active practice of his profession in the city of Memphis, and in the short space of less than twelve months he won his way to a practice which more than repaid his brightest anticipations. Learning, however, of the failing health of his parents, he returned to Virginia in the fall of 1859; and after a short period of recreation among his friends, resumed the practice of his profession in his native county. It was not long, however, that he was destined to engage in the quiet pursuits of civil life. Possessed of an ardent patriotism and a keen appreciation of the rights of his State and section, as he dwelt upon the many grievances they had suffered, his heart glowed with a warm desire to aid in the attempt to redress them. He no longer felt at liberty to pursue the quiet, unexciting duties of business life. His country had been wronged, and now

"The field of combat was the sphere of men."

Accordingly, early after the commencement of the war, he entered the service of the South. His first military experience was in the scouting service, a branch of duty for which his great daring eminently fitted him, and in which he was of signal benefit to the cause, and won the admiration and applause of all the general officers for whom he acted. He did not long continue in this service, but returned home and made up, in connection with William H. Crank, Esq., of Charlottesville, an artillery company, from his own county and the county of Albemarle. Of this company he was elected 1st Lieutenant. It was subsequently transferred to cavalry, and joined the battalion of Major H. C. Pate, which, with the addition of several other companies, constituted the 5th Virginia Cavalry. In this regiment Captain BOSTON commanded Company I He was acting in this capacity when the battles of Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania Court House were fought. In both of these Captain BOSTON acted with distinguished gallantry; in the latter, engaging by the side of young Modena, of Richmond, in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy at great odds. At the cavalry fight at Aldie, on the 17th of June, 1863, one of the fiercest of the war, then commanding a squadron of sharpshooters, he again acted with most conspicuous bravery. Ordered by Colonel Rosser to the front, with Captain White and Lieutenants F. C. Boston, Ragsdale, and Hoard, and forty-five men, without protection save by a small stack of straw, he held in check for a length of time two full regiments of the enemy. In this engagement Lieutenant Ragsdale was killed, two others of the officers severely wounded, and several of the men slightly. The enemy lost in killed seventeen, in wounded about thirty. Captain BOSTON, with his brother, Lieutenant Boston, and most of the men, were surrounded and taken prisoners; but it was not until Captain BOSTON had fired his last bullet and received one through his clothes that he surrendered. They were held as prisoners about nine months. Soon after the death of Colonel Pate at Yellow Tavern, May 11th, 1864, Captain BOSTON was promoted to the office of Colonel. It was understood that his promotion was intended as but a just testimonial to the gallantry which he had invariably displayed whenever occasion offered.

By a mistake of the enemy's wagons for our own, Colonel BOSTON was again captured at Trevillian's Depôt, in the county of Louisa, in the summer of 1864. This time, however, his

detention was but brief. He was placed in charge of a Federal Sergeant, and, while riding along in company with each other, conversing familiarly upon general topics, the Sergeant courteously proposed a smoke, to which he readily assented, but suggested "some of the old Virginia weed" which he had instead of that offered by the Sergeant. This proposition, seemingly made in perfect good faith and without motive, had the effect of placing the latter entirely off his guard. They filled their pipes, and from the kind manner practised between the two soldiers as they rode along, one might well have supposed they were the best of friends. What, however, was the chagrin of the Sergeant, as he placed his pistol aside for the purpose of enjoying what, at least between them, he had supposed was the calumet of peace, to witness his prisoner dash with the freedom of an antelope across the field, and soon disappear from sight, leaving the luckless Sergeant to enjoy the "old Virginia weed" alone. Colonel BOSTON'S regiment operated with the Army of Northern Virginia, steadily following its changing fortunes to the close. After the retirement of that army from before Richmond, early in the month of April 1865, when almost every hope had perished, Colonel BOSTON still maintained a cheerful demeanor, quietly and unmurmuringly submitting to trials that after that period broke many a less manly spirit; until, at the battle of High Bridge, on the 7th day of that month, while engaged in a bold reconnoissance of the enemy's position, he was shot and instantly killed. His comrades buried him in a shallow grave upon the field, a salute was ordered to be fired above him, and they mournfully turned away from all that was mortal of REUBEN B. BOSTON.

In stature Colonel BOSTON was well-proportioned and full six feet in height, very erect in carriage, and one of the most commanding officers in appearance in the whole army. On the field he was the very type of Virginia chivalry, and by the camp-fire his genial nature and kind manner towards officers and men rendered him the cynosure of every circle which he entered.

A few days after the surrender of the army at Appomattox Court House, under the direction of his relatives, his remains were disinterred. At the old homestead at Red Hill, amid the scenes of his youthful sports, he now rests in a repose from which not reveillé nor roll-call can e'er summon him again to the service of the land he loved so well.

BRECKINRIDGE BROTHERS.

PEACHY G. BRECKINRIDGE, Acting Captain, Company B, and JAMES BRECKINRIDGE, Captain, Company C, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

"*Brothers!*"—what a wealth of power in that word; power for joy, power for sorrow; power to thrill the heart with delight, and power to wring it with anguish! And how often has it forced its way into these pages, eloquent with the griefs of the living and with the glory of the dead! Conrad brothers, Radford brothers, Towles brothers, Massie brothers, Davidson brothers, Wrenn brothers, Wyatt brothers, Chalmers brothers, Meem brothers: all these have found a place in this memorial record. And now we close the record by adding another name to this roll of martyr brothers — a name which was historic before it was written with the point of the sword, and in characters of blood, upon the annals of an ill-starred people.

PEACHY GILMER BRECKINRIDGE, son of Carey and Emma Gilmer Breckinridge, of Botetourt county, Virginia, was born on the 15th of September 1835. His character was a combination of strong qualities, prominent among which was his courage, both moral and physical. It has, indeed, been said of him that he never experienced the sensation of fear; but if he did he seemed not to lose the power of self-possession, even in his youth and under the most critical circumstances. While a boy he was one day skating with his school mates, when the ice broke and he went down beyond his depth. He rose to the surface, but with each effort to extricate himself the ice gave way. One of his companions who was very fond of him was hastening to his assistance, when GILMER shouted to him to go back or he would certainly be drowned. Reaching at length a point where the ice was firmer, he climbed out without help.

His affection for his mother and respect for her wishes was another marked characteristic. When about eighteen, the age at which so many young men think it an evidence of their manhood to disregard the injunctions of their parents, GILMER was visiting some friends who played cards for amusement; they wished him to join them, but he declined, saying he did not know how. They urged him to learn, and when he refused, demanded his reason. He simply replied: "My mother does not wish me to play."

In 1853 he entered the Virginia Military Institute, and there received the education which eminently fitted him for the service his country afterwards demanded at his hands. His first year at the Institute was marked by a determination to resist the tyranny always exercised by the older cadets over the "plebs." Few young men have ever succeeded in their efforts to withstand the combinations of the advanced classes; indeed, the submission of the *plebeians* is a custom so time-honored that very few of them think of attempting to violate it. If it is a custom "more honored in the breach than in the observance," GILMER BRECKINRIDGE paid it the highest respect: *he never surrendered to his seniors.*

He next pursued a course at William and Mary College; and afterwards (in 1857) he entered the University of Virginia as a law student. The following summer he joined the Pacific Railroad Exploring Expedition, under Lieutenant Beale, of the United States Army. One of his adventures during this trip came near costing him his life. The party were halting for several days on the Canadian River, when one morning he took his gun and went out in search of game. In the excitement of hunting he lost his bearings, and was not able to return to the camp. For three days he wandered about, bewildered and without food, in a country filled with hostile Indians and wild beasts. On the morning of the third day he struck the trail, and after walking a few miles saw an Indian running towards him, yelling loudly; others soon appeared, rapidly approaching and making the air ring with their shouts from every direction; but he was pleasantly relieved at finding they were hunters sent out in search of him.

On his return from California he commenced the practice of law, and was rising rapidly in his profession when the war broke out. In 1860 he was married to Miss Julia Anthony.

When the State Convention was called to consider the question of secession, he was nominated by the Fincastle paper as a candidate for that body. He was strongly opposed to the disruption of the Government, and upon his acceptance of the nomination he issued an address to the people of Botetourt and Craig counties, stating clearly his political views. The following extracts from that address serve to show at once his devotion to the Union, his strong sarcastic method of argumentation, and his stern moral courage for which he was conspicuous, illustrated in this case by his bold opposition to the popular feeling:—

" . . . But admitting that slavery is in danger, and that disunion is the only remedy, let us see whether slavery is worth the Union. We must treat slaves as we would other property, and give it its value in dollars and cents. We must lay aside that romantic attachment for this peculiar property which would lead us to sacrifice everything else, and leave us in the possession of it without being able to enjoy it. If we separate from the North, it will be on account of the bad feeling existing between us; so that there will be no hope of our being on terms of friendship hereafter. This, then, would compel us to keep a standing army on our northern frontier. Now, if the Legislature of Virginia allowed the hanging, not the trial or board, of seven men who had been caught by the United States marines, to cost the State $220,000, how much would it cost to keep up an army of 20,000 men? But as we may, after the next general election, be blessed with a Legislature which will have no ambition to hang Abolitionists with military honors, I may state that it is calculated that to support 20,000 men costs $6,000,000 a year. Now, would the slaves of Virginia be worth that much more *out* of the Union than they would be *in* it? . . .

"We are advised to secede, but no one has said what we are to do afterwards. We would have to establish a new Government; but would it be a confederacy, a consolidated republic or monarchy? The party in whose hands the Union is dropping to pieces, is the party which will have to make the new Government. Now, is it likely that men who were unable to manage a Government already made — and said to be the best in the world — could make a better? It is easier to pull down a Government than it is to put up a better. . . .

"While I intend to battle for the Union so long as we continue in it, when Virginia decides to withdraw from it, and calls for volunteers to defend her from invasion, I do not expect to be found far behind those who are now crying out so boldly for blood, unless it be in retreat. He who raises his hand against the Constitution of the United States, which he is sworn to defend, will not be a reliable man even in a slave confederacy. Why is this disunion movement made? Why is slavery in danger? Demagogues, North and South, have fired the hearts of brother against brother. We forget that 'a house divided against itself must fall.' We forget that in destroying this Union we but invite the hostility

of foreign foes. Has every spark of patriotism died out in the souls of the people? If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South Carolina, or New York, or to any one State as the cherished home of its pride? No; we would remember only that we were Americans. We would pine for the land whose goddess sits triumphant on her throne — her foot upon the neck of tyrants — her ensign welcoming beneath its shelter the oppressed of distant nations. Away with your Palmetto flags! Let the banner under which Washington fought wave over every blow that I strike in battle; and if I die the death of a soldier, let me be wrapped in the 'Star Spangled Banner.'" . . .

GILMER BRECKINRIDGE was not elected to the Convention; but when Virginia seceded and called for troops to defend her borders, true to the words that he had uttered, he was among the first to answer her summons. He at once raised and equipped a company of infantry and led it to the front. When the 28th Virginia Regiment was organized, his command became a part of it.

The military career of Captain BRECKINRIDGE is so connected with that of his younger brother, JAMES, that we must now glance at the early life of the latter. He was born September 1st, 1837, and passed his early youth without incident worthy of record. The features of his mind were softer than those of his brother's. His childhood's delight was to read about battles, Napoleon being his model of a hero; and when he advanced in years he was devoted to horsemanship and athletic sports. He was first educated, like his brother, at the Virginia Military Institute; and then, during the session of 1859–60, he pursued the study of law at the University of Virginia. Thus he was just preparing to enter upon the practice of his profession when our national disturbances intervened. When his brother GILMER set out for the field at the head of an infantry company, he, influenced perhaps by his fondness for horses, enlisted in a company of cavalry, which was, upon the organization of regiments, incorporated with the 2d Virginia Cavalry. He was appointed Orderly Sergeant of the company, and afterwards rose to be Lieutenant. In this command he participated in the cavalry service of the first year of the war — arduous and exciting and dangerous, but after all, only a prelude to the exacting duties of succeeding years.

In March 1862, he was married to Miss Fanny Burwell, of Liberty — "a lovely girl, to whom he was devotedly attached."

At the reorganization of the army he was elected Captain of Company C, of the 2d Cavalry; and "in this capacity he continued to serve throughout the war with a fidelity and patriotism which could not be surpassed."

The occasion which gave command to one brother deprived the other of it. In the 28th Infantry GILMER BRECKINRIDGE was not re-elected; but, like Jubal Early, he went into the service not as a Secessionist, but as a Union man, fighting for the rights of his old mother, Virginia. Accordingly, unmoved by this act of injustice, which stung to the quick so many of our best officers, he joined the State Line under General Floyd, recruited a company for it, and was afterwards promoted to a Majority. When at length the State Line was disbanded, he did not hesitate concerning his duty. In May 1863, stepping down into the ranks, he enlisted in his brother's company of the 2d Cavalry. In this capacity, and as Color-Sergeant, he served — and by his faithful service honored his position — until the 24th of May, 1864, when he was assigned to the command of Company B, of the same regiment. On that day occurred the attack at Kennon's Landing, and there he yielded up his life. Some account of that unfortunate assault was given in the memoir of James G. Carr. The following statement of an officer engaged in it may also be added:—

"We dismounted, made the assault, and were repulsed. Major BRECKINRIDGE was wounded in the arm. We then changed our position and charged again through some obstructions of fallen trees and sharpened limbs. Major BRECKINRIDGE pushed on, working his way through the obstructions under a very heavy fire, and got within about fifty feet of the parapet, with only a few men around him, when he was seen to fall."

It was impossible to bring him from the field, and so he sleeps in an unknown grave. His regimental commander, Colonel Thomas T. Munford, thus spoke of him in a letter to his parents:—

"Your noble son had won the admiration of all the officers and men of my regiment. Throwing aside pride at loss of rank, he came forward as a private to defend his country. His gallant bearing as the Color-Sergeant, his uniform buoyant spirits under all circumstances, frequently volunteering when not called upon to go into a fight, had caused me to mention him in my reports, and he had been recommended for promotion and assigned to the

command of Company B, as all of the officers of that company were absent, wounded. It was at the head of his company he fell, striking for all that was dear to him. Virginia has made heavy sacrifices, but no nobler patriot has fallen than your noble son."

Of JAMES BRECKINRIDGE'S subsequent military career there is not space in this volume to go into the details. And perhaps it is just as well; for the heroism of the Confederate cavalry often borders on the marvellous, and many of their deeds would be received with "doubtful credence" by those who have not participated in this service. It is enough to say for Captain BRECKINRIDGE that he was worthy of his company, and of the regiment to which it belonged.

In August 1862, his command remained for a time near Gordonsville, and his wife spent a few days with him at the house of his uncle, Dr. Gilmer. Immediately upon her return home she was stricken down with typhoid fever, and died while he was engaged with Pope's army, and unable even to hear of her illness. It was to him a crushing blow, but through God's mercy it led him to the Saviour; for so He killeth, and so He maketh alive. And so after a time the young soldier was able to regard as his home the heaven to which he believed his Christian wife had been translated. From that time he had little interest in life, except to serve his country, which he did fearlessly and faithfully.

Escaping all the perils of war until just before the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, he was at last missing from his company. No friendly eye witnessed his death; but he had been heard to say he would never surrender, and when last seen on the retreat he was surrounded by the enemy and fighting with desperation. His fate is veiled by the clouds that hung in dark column over the way from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House. He was not present to take part in the sad pageantry of the 12th of April; and he came never back to his home in Botetourt, though wistful, longing eyes watched for him till every hope was lost.

The Conrad brothers sleep together, as they fell, in one grave and under their father's eye. Even this is something to the bereaved. Significant of the ever-increasing heart-burdens of the Southern people; typical, some will perhaps think, of the mystery which still shrouds this Southern land, is the fate of the BRECK-

INRIDGE BROTHERS. They yielded up their lives on different and distant fields, and found their resting-place — none can tell when or how.

But, like the Conrads, they were one in faith. GILMER had long been a devoted Christian and a consistent member of the Episcopal Church; and we have seen how JAMES learned at length to kiss the hand that afflicted him. And so they too triumphed in death, and, springing heavenward, left their names to their countrymen, their graves to their God.

END OF VOLUME V.

APPENDIX.

THE following names, with fragmentary notices, are added with a view to make the catalogue of the University dead as complete as may be. Some of them have been mentioned in the memoirs of their relatives; of others it has been found impossible to obtain information, in consequence of the death or removal of their friends; and for the rest, the author need only say that the failure to secure extended notices of them is due to no lack of diligent effort on his part.

EGBERT J. JONES,
OF ATHENS, ALABAMA;
Student of Law, session 1839–40;
Colonel of the 4th Alabama Infantry;
Killed at Manassas, July 21st, 1861.

THOMAS J. SCOTT,
OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA;
Born July 26th, 1836;
Student in 1857–58, 1858–59;
Private, 3d Alabama Infantry;
Killed at Williamsburg, Virginia, May 5th, 1862.

ROBERT BRECKINRIDGE McKIM,
OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND;
Born December 23d, 1843;
Student in 1860–61;
Private in the Rockbridge Artillery;
Killed at Winchester, Virginia, May 25th, 1862.

A. JAY ARNOLD,
OF ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA;
Born August 20th, 1838;
Student in 1858–59, 1859–60;
1st Lieutenant, commanding Company I, 5th Virginia Infantry,
Killed at Port Republic, June 9th, 1862.

WILLIAM G. FIELD,
OF CULPEPER COUNTY, VIRGINIA;
Born June, 1838;
Student in 1857–58, 1858–59, 1859–60, 1860–61;
Lieutenant on General Jones's Staff;
Killed at Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862.

GEORGE L. GORDON,
OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA;
Born January 17th, 1829;
Student in 1848–49, 1849–50;
Killed at Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862.

JOSEPH PRENTIS,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA;
Born January 15th, 1845;
Student in 1861–62;
Killed at Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862.

GEORGE NOLE LEWIS,
OF MONTEREY, ALABAMA;
Born November 1st, 1837;
Student in 1854–55, 1855–56, 1856–57, 1857–58;
Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862.

JOHN T. THORNTON, B. L.,
OF CUMBERLAND, VIRGINIA;
Graduated Bachelor of Law, session 1843–44;
Colonel, — Virginia Cavalry;
Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862.

HARRISON TILLINGHAST,
OF MARIANNA, FLORIDA;
Student in 1859–60;
Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862.

WILLIAM MORRIS,
OF LOUISA COUNTY, VIRGINIA;
Born April 1st, 1837;
Student in 1854–55, 1855–56, 1856–57;
Wounded at Coal Harbor, June 27th; died October 17th, 1862.

WASHINGTON B. BUTLER,
OF FLORIDA;
Born February 26th, 1840, in Barnstable District, South Carolina;
Student in 1856–57, 1857–58, 1858–59, 1859–60;
Adjutant, 2d Florida Infantry;
Killed at Chancellorsville, May 2d, 1863.

CORNELIUS A. BUTLER,
OF FLORIDA;
Born in 1837, in Barnwell District, South Carolina;
Student in 1856–57, 1857–58, 1858–59;
Captain, 2d Florida Infantry;
Killed at Seven Pines, June 1st, 1862.

JOHN SUMMERFIELD JENKINS,
OF PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA;
Born October 29th, 1832;
Student in 1856–57, 1857–58;
Adjutant, 14th Virginia Infantry;
Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.

JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER, M. A.,
OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA;
Graduated Master of Arts, session 1859–60;
Colonel, 57th Virginia Infantry;
Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.

ROBERT H. POORE,
OF FLUVANNA COUNTY, VIRGINIA;
Student in 1842–43;
Major, 14th Virginia Infantry;
Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.

THOMAS HUNT BISCOE,
OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA;
Born November, 1840;
Student in 1859–60, 1860–61;
Major, 7th Louisiana Infantry;
Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 10th, 1864.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER ROSS,
OF CULPEPER COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
Born November 27th, 1842;
Student in 1860–61;
Lieutenant, Company —, 52d Virginia Infantry;
Mortally wounded, May 30th, 1864.

CHARLES M. RIVES,
OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA;
Born September 18th, 1841;
Student in 1857–58, 1858–59, 1859–60, 1860–61;
Lieutenant, Albemarle Artillery;
Killed, June 3d, 1864.

FRANCIS T. JONES,
OF GEORGIA,
Adjutant, ——— Cavalry, Hampton's Brigade,
Wounded at Trevillian's, and
Died June 20th, 1864.

DR. HENRY C. CHALMERS,
OF VIRGINIA;
Born at "Springfield," Halifax county, July 20th, 1837;
Student in 1854–55, 1855–56;
Surgeon, Confederate States Army;
Died, February 7th, 1865.

ALBERT DAVIDSON,
OF LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA;
Son of James D. Davidson, Esq.;
Born December 25th, 1841;
Student in 1860–61.
1st Lieutenant, Adjutant-General's Department;
Mortally wounded, April 9th, 1865; died, May 6th, 1865.
[*Mentioned in the Memoir of Captain* GREENLEE DAVIDSON.]

WILLIAM HOPE PEEK, M. D.,
OF HAMPTON, VIRGINIA;
Born February 18th, 1838;
Graduated Doctor of Medicine, session 1859–60;
Surgeon, Confederate States Army;
Died in the latter part of the war.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON,
OF LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA;
Son of James D. Davidson, Esq.;
Sergeant, Co. H, 4th Virginia Infantry,
Born March 18th, 1836;
Killed at First Manassas, July 21st, 1861.
[*Mentioned in the Memoir of Captain* GREENLEE DAVIDSON.]

THOMAS H. HOBBS, B. L.,
OF ALABAMA;
Graduated Bachelor of Law, session 1848–49;
Colonel, —th Alabama Infantry.

Colonel THOMAS MARSHALL, of Fauquier county, Virginia.

Captain WILLIAM D. FARLEY, of Laurensville, South Carolina.

Adjutant WILLIAM B. HAMLIN, of Petersburg, Virginia.
Captain RALPH ELLIOTT, of Beaufort, South Carolina.
GEORGE GORDON, of Fredericksburg, Virginia.
ROBERT HALL GREEN, of Fauquier county, Virginia.
KENNEDY GROGAN, of Baltimore, Maryland.
JAMES W. LINDSAY, of Berry's Ferry, Virginia.
REUBEN LINDSAY, of Albemarle county, Virginia.
BERNARD M. TAYLOR, of Caroline county, Virginia.
JOHN D. WATSON, of Charlottesville, Virginia.
A. M. McGCHEE, of Louisa county, Virginia.
WILLIAM B. THOMPSON, of Princess Anne county, Virginia.
JAMES WHEATLEY, of Culpeper county, Virginia.
ROBERT T. LOVE, of Fairfax Court House, Virginia.
L. B. ABERCROMBIE, of Waverly, Texas.
WILLIAM J. VAN DEGRAFF, of Gainesville, Alabama.
FRANKLIN VOSS, of Baltimore, Maryland.
JAMES T. WALKER, of Richmond, Texas.
RICHARD B. SHEARER, of Appomattox county, Virginia.
JOSEPH K. IRVING, of San Francisco, California.
WILLIAM N. WARD, of Richmond county, Virginia.
—— CHAPMAN, of Monroe county, Virginia.

END OF THE UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL.

POEM

READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING, JULY 1ST, 1869,

BY

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

I.

HERE, at the well-remembered gates
Through which we entered Learning's fane,
Led, brothers, by the kindly fates,
In joy we meet again;
And all the troubled Past rolls by
Like storm-clouds from the summer sky,
Till lo! Youth's sudden re-appearing grace,
A golden sunlight, bathes and beautifies the place.

II.

To-day, our Mother greets her sons,
With tender meaning in her eyes,
The lofty and the lowly ones,
The wayward and the wise;
Alike, who, to enrich her fame,
Come laurelled with an honored name,
For virtue, knowledge, proud achievement known,
And those who haply yet can offer love alone.

III.

And this in wealth I freely bring,
As mindful of this careless rhyme,
When only high imagining
Befits the thoughtful time,
When memories round us thickly throng
Had moved the mightiest lords of song
To epic majesty or lyric rage,
Such as still lives and burns on the Miltonic page.

IV.

But well I know that love sincere
Our Mother will not cast aside,
Nor yet with solemn brows severe
Our little failings chide;
To-day, no crabbed tasks she sets
Of cosines or of sulphurets:
The Sibyl's awful tome she shuts awhile,
And bids us all once more be happy in her smile.

V.

Since last these friendly walks I trod,
My rambling feet have chanced to stray
Where rise o'er England's verdant sod
The "antique towers" of Gray;
And where all softly Isis glides
To mirror in her tranquil tides
The stately domes, the immemorial trees,
That give a nameless charm to Oxford's lettered ease.

VI.

But Eton lacked the magic spell,
With Oriel's ivy-clambered walls,
That works its wondrous miracle
In these familiar halls;
That leads our footsteps swiftly back,
In fancy, o'er life's devious track,
Till on, by paths with plenteous roses strewn,
In glad surprise again we reach our twentieth June.

VII.

O Alma Mater! brighter far
To us thy whitewashed brick arcades,
Than Europe's Gothic minsters are,
Or classic colonnades:
More dear these hills of oak and pine
Than all the purple Apennine,
Since here from boy to man we grew in turn,
And lessons daily caught we never can unlearn.

VIII.

Here Nature year by year revealed
The truths that Science would impress,
As Spring threw over copse and field
Her newly woven dress;
And Autumn, walking in her pride
The maple belted mountain-side,
Flung out her scarlet banners to the day,
Till the whole Blue Ridge owned her coming and her sway.

IX.

The Present was a rhythmic ode
That beat to pulses of the heart,
And music from the future flowed
Diviner than Mozart:
That music swells for us no more,
That strain is hushed on sea and shore;
But those who come our places here to fill,
Can catch its joyous burst, its glorious strophe still.

X.

How quick from premise unto proof
Our yet undimmed perceptions ran!
How fair we built from base to roof
Our *châteaux en Espagne!*
Then life was but a reeling sense
Of something like omnipotence:
The lips we loved, the sweetest earthly flowers,
Bloomed, smiled for us, and all the giddy world was ours!

XI.

De Juventute, threadbare theme
In every age of pen and tongue,—
How gladly we dream o'er the dream
We dreamt when we were young!
Nor futile yet this backward view,
Could we our early faith renew,
And with the joy and freshness of our youth,
Revive in all its strength our boyish trust in Truth.

XII.

For soon amid the worldly din
Of man's incessant strife for gold—
What time our hair grew gray or thin—
That early faith grew cold:
Illusions that we dearest held
Were sadly, one by one, dispelled:
The pageant faded, and that boyish trust,
Ere life's meridian hour, lay trodden in the dust.

XIII.

One self-same fortune all have known
Of human life's unvaried round,
Who wandered to earth's farthest zone
Or tilled their native ground:
On far-off oceans rudely tost,
Or deep in roaring cities lost,
All, all have grieved, whatever else was gained,
Some precious chance ill-used, some guerdon unattained.

XIV.

In vain, as boys or men, we seek
The mind's ideal; still it flies
Our eager grasp, from peak to peak,
Beyond the distant skies;
Or from some lofty pathless cliff
Forever mocks us with an *If*,
Until we weary of the idle quest,
And, baffled oftentimes, sit down and long for rest.

XV.

And thus, in ceaseless care and strife,
Man walks the plain or toils the steep,
And then at last "our little life
Is rounded with a sleep":
Thrice happy they who leave behind
Some deathless work of heart or mind,
Some gem discovered in the mines of Thought,
To tell that they have lived, and have not lived for nought.

XVI.

"But why not," some one seems to say,
"O Poet! with your verse infuse
The humor of a livelier lay,
Or woo a merrier Muse?
Why turn in this dejected mood
From platitude to platitude,
Content on trite moralities to dwell,
So often drily taught and only learned too well?

XVII.

"Need poet by what themes be told
The passing hour is best beguiled?
The Graces never yet grew old,
And Love remains a child;*
And woman's neck is still as white
As Helen's, and her eyes as bright:
And 'neath her smile the Future's shadowy scope
In sudden glow assumes the radiant hues of Hope."

XVIII.

The timely hint I fain would heed,
That sadness is not Wisdom's plan,
And scatter from the sportive reed
The jocund notes of Pan;
And yet I do but strive in vain
Some mirth to mingle with my strain:
The lighter fancies bring not their relief,
The pensive humor holds and deepens into grief.

*Les Amours sont toujours enfans,
Et les Grâces sont de tout âge.

XIX.

For, brothers, while your ranks I view,
Another throng, methinks, I see,
And read the Psalmist's line anew
The Dead alone are free!
Some who departed ere the flame
Of conquest and of ruin came,
And some who passed through battle's fiercest fire
Beyond all earthly wrong, and struggle, and desire.

XX.

And death hath to their presence lent
A grace the living cannot reach,
Their silence is more eloquent
Than our imperfect speech—
The calm of an eternal rest
Is in each countenance exprest;
I mark the halo round each shining head,
And feel we are less great, less noble than the Dead.

XXI.

Their praise demands a loftier verse:
Ah! what avails this feeble line
Thy merit, THORNTON! to rehearse;
Or, gifted COLEMAN! thine?
The orator whose deeds eclipse
The memory of his fluent lips,—
The gentle scholar and the faithful friend,
Who Falkland's knighthood seemed with Arnold's lore to blend.

XXII.

While here our sorrowing Mother keeps
His loss as her peculiar pain,
For yet another child she weeps
Who came not back again—
Whose brief career on earth would seem
A tender but unfinished theme—
MAUPIN, translated to the silent shore,
Robed with immortal youth, and fair forevermoer.

XXIII.

What helps it now that I should seek
Of NEWTON'S cherished worth to tell;
Of FAIRFAX, peerless name! to speak,
Among the first who fell;
Of BROWN to sing, whose diamond star
Of death in battle shines afar;
To call up LATANÉ'S benignant shade,
Upon whose early grave some few poor wreaths I laid?

XXIV.

The fame how shall my rhyme declare
Of him, with every virtue sealed,
Who glorious made the name I bear,
On Shiloh's crimsoned field;
Of TERRELL, PAXTON, RIVES, who died
Upborne on triumph's transient tide;
Of CUNNINGHAM, bewailed with costliest tears,
And HARRISON, cut down in manhood's opening years?

XXV.

What pen, though dipped in morning skies,
What sweetest song of living praise,
The unavailing sacrifice
Shall mark to coming days,
Of gallant PEGRAM, loved, deplored,
A saintly life, a stainless sword,—
The young Marcellus of the falling State,
A Virgil's lay alone might fitly celebrate.

XXVI.

Nor yet less dearly mourned are they,
Faithful in council and in camp,
Who perished in the slow decay
Of life's expiring lamp:
I think of TUCKER'S features lit
With music, tenderness, and wit;
Of HEATH'S fine head with Learning's laurel decked,
And RANDOLPH'S brow where sat ancestral Intellect.

XXVII.

Rest, heroes, rest from toil and care,
By mountain slope or ocean's tides,
Or deep in that rich Valley, where
Old Stonewall's ghost still rides:
Albeit no memorial stone
May make your names and valor known,
There fairest maidens scatter blooms around,
And with perennial love your quiet graves are crowned.

XXVIII.

Guard well, ye mountains, their repose;
Chaunt, ocean, chaunt their requiem;
From you whate'er of greatness flows
Was imaged forth in them;
And all on earth that's fair and bright,
Of dearer charm or larger light,
Shall still keep fresh the memory of the brave,
While Alleghany stands, or rolls th' Atlantic wave.

XXIX.

Their varied lives agree in one
The sacred mandate to renew—
What still your hands find to be done
With all your might to do:
They teach that not till we have striven
With all the strength that God has given,
Can we relinquish the appointed task,
And on our feeble work His blessing dare to ask.

XXX.

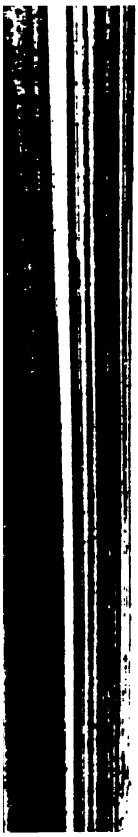
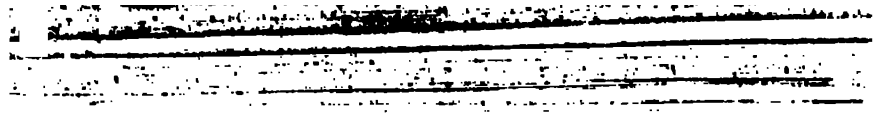
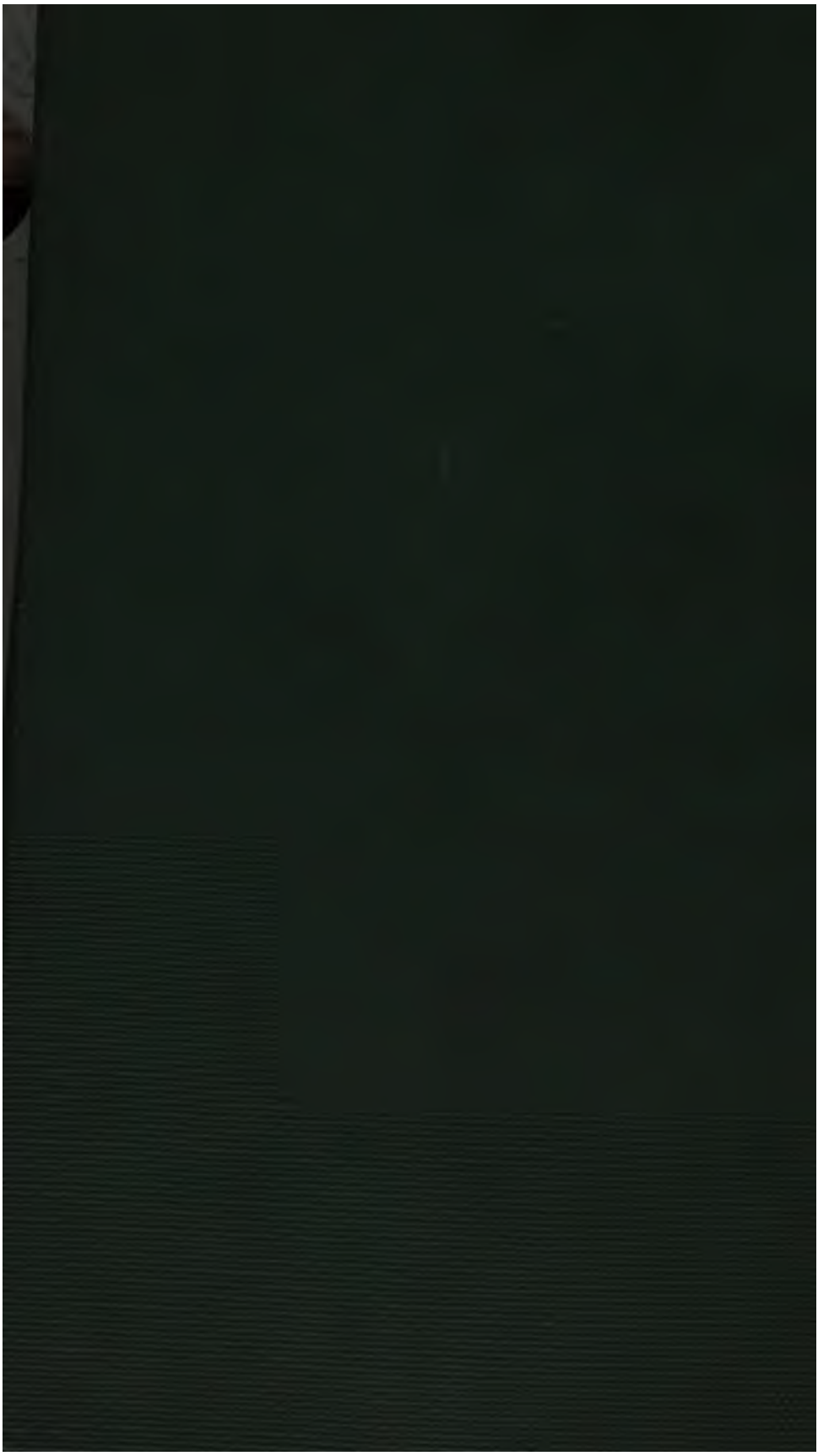
An exile from my place of birth,
I bear, in antique urn enshrined,
No handful of my native earth
To keep the spot in mind:
All that thou wast, that now thou art,
I shrine, VIRGINIA! in my heart;
Thy hills, thy plains, thy rushing streams I see
Upon whatever soil my feet may chance to be.

XXXI.

Her future what though clouds enfold?—
  Brave hands the waste may renovate,
And make her greater than of old,
  Aye, something more than great
In labor, not in listlessness,
  Lies hid the secret of success;
And now, as ever, empire's fruitful seeds,
Bearing an hundredfold, are homely, toilsome deeds.

XXXII.

Wise Nature reconstructs her realm
  In beauty from her primal springs:
The blue-bird twitters in the elm,
  The corn still laughs and sings;
Heaven showers upon the thirsty plain
  The early and the latter rain,
And Plenty waits with ever liberal hand
Her unexhausted gifts to pour upon the land.

XXXIII.

And, casting off unwise regrets,
  We yet may hope that time shall prove
Kind hearts are more than bayonets,
  And force less strong than love:
We *know* that order shall appear
  When God has made His purpose clear;
The darkest riddles shall be understood,
And all the perfect world shall in His sight be good!